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BOTANIZING.

IN this paper I do not intend to treat of the nomenclature and classification of plants, nor of the laws of vegetable physiology. There is a branch of this science, not involving any deep research, but serving rather to amuse the mind than to store it with knowledge, to which I invite the reader's attention. I allude to the study of flowers, or that part of botany which belongs to poetry and romance, rather than philosophy, and affords more exercise to the taste and imagination than to the higher mental faculties. This study is generally regarded by the female sex as one of the most interesting branches of natural history; but the pleasure of the pursuit is derived principally from the cheerful exercise attending the search for plants in field and forest. A ramble in the haunts of birds and flowers on any pleasant day of the year, even when we go out for no particular purpose, is always delightful; and this pleasure is greatly magnified if we have some interesting object in view, like hunting, fishing, or collecting plants and minerals.

But women cannot conveniently become hunters or anglers, nor can they

without some eccentricity of conduct follow birds and quadrupeds to the woods, and study their manners and habits in their native haunts. The only part of natural history which they can pursue out of doors is the study of plants. Even in this field they meet with obstacles not encountered by the other sex. A young woman cannot safely roam at will in any place and at any distance. She is exposed to many annoyances and to some dangers not to be overlooked or despised. While a young man may traverse the whole country in his researches, his sister must confine her walks to the vicinity of her own home and to the open fields and waysides, and in these limited excursions she sometimes needs protection.

My own interest in botany was first awakened by collecting flowers for my sisters which they afterwards analyzed and named. Thus I came to know the names of many plants before I had learned the first rudiments of botany, and could designate their respective haunts before I knew anything of botanical classification or science. Even to this day I am more acquainted with

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the habitats of our native plants and with their forms and beauty than with their botanical characters. While thus employed by my sisters, I felt conscious that I enjoyed the principal pleasure of the pursuit, while they performed all the drudgery; for half the pleasure of the study is lost, if the students be not the collectors of their own specimens. In this case, however, my sisters shared from sympathy a great part of the interest I felt in my own adventures, and valued a flower which had cost me a great deal of search, and some perilous and perplexing travel through bogs, brambles, and thickets, before I could obtain it, as a great prize. My adventures, when I recounted them, gave them an interest in my acquisitions which they could not have felt, if I had just picked them up from the roadside. If at any time I had got a ducking, or had come home covered with mud, or with bruised limbs, or a scratched face, in my scrambling after a rare plant, my mishaps gave it in their eyes an additional value. There is a philosophy in these matters, which has never yet received the attention it deserves, and is still very imperfectly understood, especially by those who would make the path through every field of learning so smooth and easy as to excite nothing of the spirit of adventure.

Hence the perfectly uninteresting character of the study of botany when pursued in a garden. We meet with no adventures here, no dangers, no obscurity and uncertainty of course, no perplexity or suspense, no mysterious intricacy of paths to be unravelled, nothing of that gratification which is the reward of patient and diligent search, no excitement, indeed, of any kind. Botanizing in a garden is like gunning in a poultry-yard. It is like sitting at a sumptuous feast and being fed, instead of killing your game and making your repast under the shade of a wood. Every hunter knows that the pleasure of any excursion is increased by the scarcity of his game and by the roughness and intricacy of his hunting-ground, provided the game

exists there, and the difficulties of his pursuit are not insurmountable.

Though I was never addicted to perilous adventures, I still remember those with the most pleasure that partook in the highest degree of this character, and were followed by the greatest weariness. One of my most agreeable reminiscences was an occasion of a long day's journey with a fellow-student, in quest of the three-leaved Solomon's Seal, — a very rare species, which some years before had been found in a swamp about eight miles from our homes. Our rambles through narrow lanes, and past rustic cottages, with their lilacs and roses, their simple gardens, and their loquacious inhabitants; then down through woodland paths, and over meadows spangled with violets; through bogs and over potato-patches; scaling precipices and wading through ditches, slaking our thirst with the water of musical streams, and appeasing our hunger with a few scattering strawberries, made the whole day one of intense delight. How completely would the pleasure of this excursion have been destroyed, if on our road some florist had exhibited to us a profusion of these flowers in his conservatory! All the pleasures of expectation, of action and resolution, of alternate hope and uncertainty, and finally of fruition, made a hundred-fold more delightful by the toils and hardships of which it was the reward, would in this case have never been felt.

On the next morning, when we were to commence another similar journey, I found my comrade in a fit condition to be photographed as a *lusus naturæ*, his eyes being entirely closed and his face swollen and inflamed with the poison of Sumach. Indeed, his features were not discernible at all; but in the place of them were certain indentations or dimples in his rotund face, giving it the likeness of an enormous red-skinned potato. Here was a new cause of excitement and philosophic inquiry. It awakened our interest in identifying the poisonous plants and learning their properties. Our journey

was postponed, but my comrade, who was both a wag and a philosopher, amused me during his blindness with a lecture on toxicology.

Of the poisonous plants which many persons dread as they would a serpent, there are only two that are known to communicate their effects by being touched or handled. These are two of the Sumachs, one bearing the common name of Poison Ivy, the other that of Poison Dogwood. But, as I am not writing a botanical description of plants, I will only say that neither of these two bears conspicuous or beautiful flowers. Their flowers are of a greenish clay-color, very minute, borne in irregular clusters, and possessing no beauty of any kind. Their fruit also is small, and offers not the least temptation to the sight or to any other sense. The young rambler may therefore put aside all fear of gathering or handling any plant in our woods that bears a beautiful flower or an agreeable fruit. Flowers of great beauty are often the product of plants which, like the Aconite and Stramonium, are deadly poisons, if their juices are taken into the stomach. But any of these may be safely handled. It is remarkable, however, that the flowers of such plants never emit an agreeable odor: they are always fetid and offensive. Nature has so qualified her vegetable productions, that animals shall recognize all those of a poisonous character by their disagreeable odor, and those of a wholesome kind by their agreeable properties of taste and smell.

It will not be denied that the dangers as well as the annoyances to which we are exposed in the wilds of nature are the source of half the pleasure of botanizing as well as of hunting and angling. The interest we feel in a garden is of a different kind. It is generally one of taste, perhaps of ambition; the love of a quiet and voluptuous employment, enlisting all the senses, and gratifying in the highest degree a passion for beautiful forms and colors and their harmonious arrangements. It is like a love of painting, drawing, music, and reading verses. But the study of wild-flowers

is intimately associated with action and adventure, and the rude and sublime as well as the beautiful scenes of nature. Hence we do not find these two habits of mind always united in the same person, and neither of them is like a taste for science, which is quite a different thing. In the garden we generally admire profusion, artful arrangement, and splendor. But, as I have said before, profusion in the fields would destroy all the fascinating interest that attends a botanizing tour. The same flower that would hardly gain from us a look of recognition among the hosts of a garden, awakens the most intense delight when discovered, after several hours of wearisome search, dangling from a high rock or glowing upon us from the opposite bank of a river. In either of these cases our zeal is heightened by our partial disappointment, and by the new difficulties we must encounter, before the flower can be gathered.

I cannot describe the joy I felt, mingled with about equal chagrin, when, after a long and tiresome journey in quest of the yellow Lady's-slipper, I discovered one on the opposite wooded side of the Shawsheen River, — a beautiful stream that wanders through the classic grounds of Andover and Boxford. I thought at first of swimming for it; but there were so many clumps of Button Bush and Dutch Myrtle scattered about the stream, which in this place was widened into a muddy shallow, that it was not safe to wade or swim across it on account of the soft mud at the bottom, and the tangled roots of these aquatic shrubs. My only alternative was to follow the river about half a mile down to a bridge, then cross it and return on the other side. My pains were doubly rewarded by obtaining the plant and by the rare discovery of an oven-bird's nest, which I had never before seen. Thus any such disappointment in traversing the woods may lead to new discoveries by changing our course and guiding us into new paths.

Yet while we are aware that certain perils and inconveniences increase the

pleasures of botanizing, it is not to be understood that we should neglect to study the art of avoiding and surmounting them. This is an important part of the science of botanizing; and it should include knowledge of the best hours of the day for rambling, and the means of performing our intricate and often pathless journeys, and finding our way through the woods without guide or compass. It should treat also of the habitats of different plants and how they are to be discovered. The art of preserving flowers is another thing. This is one of the fine arts, and seems more nearly allied to that of painting.

Several hours of the morning must elapse, before the dews will be dried from the grass and shrubbery. These are a source of great discomfort untended with any satisfaction, especially to the female sex, who cannot with impunity draggle their garments through the wet grass and bushes. For them, if not for all, the best time for botanizing is the afternoon during the three or four hours preceding dewfall. There is a serene delight attending an early morning walk that may be compared only with the bliss of paradise. The earth never seems so much like heaven as on a fine morning in summer, a little while before sunrise. But a walk at this hour is a luxury which only the hardy and robust can safely enjoy, except with great moderation. Some flowers, like the *Convolvulus*, are bright only in the morning; some close their petals before noonday. Some, like the white *Water-Lily*, do not open until they meet the direct rays of the sun; others, like the *Evening Primrose*, wait, except in cloudy weather, until the sun begins to redden in the west. But hundreds of species are bright and beautiful nearly the whole day; so that an early morning walk is not necessary, except to obtain sight of certain flowers of peculiar habit.

We may by chance discover a rare and interesting plant in a situation that would be the last to invite our attention. The apparent unfitness of the place for aught but common weeds

may have preserved it from observation. I have sometimes encountered by the roadside a species for which I had long vainly traversed the woods. On the borders of some of the less frequented roads in the country, the soil and the plants still remain in their primitive condition. In such grounds we may find materials for study for several weeks, without leaving the waysides. Indeed, all those old roads which are not thoroughfares — byways not travelled enough to destroy the grass between the ruts of wheels and the middle path made by the feet of horses — are very propitious to the growth of wild plants. The shrubbery on these old roadsides, when it has not been disturbed for a number of years, is far more beautiful than the finest imaginable hedgerow. Here are several *Viburnums*, two or three species of *Cornel*, the *Bayberry*, the *Sweet Fern*, the *Azalea*, the *Rhodora*, the small *Kalmia*, and a crowd of *Whortleberry*-bushes, besides the *Wild Rose* and *Eglantine*. The narrow footpath through this wayside shrubbery has a magic about it that makes it perfect bliss to pass through it. Under the shelter of this shrubbery Nature calls out the *Wood Anemone*, blue, white, and pedate *Violets*, and in damp places the *Erythronium*, the *Solomon's Seal*, and the *Bellwort*. When I see these rustic ornaments destroyed for the improvement of the road, I feel like one who sees his own paternal estate swept of its productions and measured out into auction-lots.

There are indications by which we may always identify the haunts of certain species, if they have not been eradicated. We know that fallow grounds are inhabited by weeds, and that mean soils contain plants that seem by their thrift to require a barren situation; but they are like poor people, who live in mean huts because the better houses are occupied by their superiors. These plants would grow more luxuriantly in a good soil, if they were not crowded out by those of more vigorous habit. Every one is familiar with a species of *Rush* (*Juncus tenuis*)

called Wire Grass, which is abundant in footpaths through wet meadows. It is so tough that the feet of men and animals, while they crush and destroy all other plants that come up there, leave this uninjured. This remarkable habit has caused the belief that it thrives better from being trampled under feet. The truth is, it will bear more hard usage than other species, and is made conspicuous by being left alone after all its companions have been trodden to death. The same may be observed of a species of *Polygonum*, — the common "knot-grass" of our back yards. A certain amount of trampling is favorable to its growth by crushing out all its competitors.

Most of our naturalized plants inhabit those places which were once reduced to tillage and afterwards restored to nature. Such are the sites of old gardens and orchards, and the forsaken enclosures of some old dwelling-house. The white Bethlehem Star is a tenant of these deserted grounds, glowing meekly under the protection of some moss-covered stone wall or dilapidated shed, fraternizing with the Celandine, the sweet Chervil, and here and there a solitary Narcissus. The Euphorbia and Houseleek prosper in similar places, growing freshly upon ledges and heaps of stones, which have been carted by the farmer into abrupt hollows, mixed with the soil and weeds of the garden. In shady corners we find the Coltsfoot, the Gill, — a very pretty labiate, — and some of the foreign mints. Spikenard and Tansy delight in more open places, along with certain other medicinal herbs introduced by ancient simplers. These plants are seldom found in woods or primitive pastures.

Wild plants of rare beauty abound in a recent clearing, especially in a tract from which a growth of hard wood has been felled, if afterwards the soil has remained undisturbed. In the deep woods the darkness will not permit any sort of undergrowth except a few plants of peculiar habit and constitution. But after the removal of the wood, all kinds

of indigenous plants, whose seeds have been wafted there by the winds or carried there by the birds, will revel in the clearing, until they are choked by a new growth of trees and shrubs. Strawberries and several species of brambles spring up there as if by magic, and cover the stumps of the trees with their vines and their racemes of black and scarlet fruit; and hundreds of beautiful flowering plants astonish us by their presence, as if they were a new creation. We must look to these clearings, and to those tracts in which the trees have been destroyed by fire, more than to any others, for the exact method of nature. Among the very first plants which would appear after the burning, beside the liliaceous plants whose bulbs lie too deep in the soil to be destroyed, are those with downy seeds, which are immediately planted there by the winds. One very conspicuous and beautiful plant, the Spiked Willow Herb, is so abundant in any tract that has been burned, the next year after the conflagration, that in the West and the British Provinces it has gained the name of Fireweed.

But the paradise of the young botanist is a glade, or open space in a wood, usually a level between two rocky eminences, or a little alluvial meadow pervaded by a small stream, open to the sun, and protected at the same time from the winds by surrounding hills and woods. It is surprising how soon the flowery tenants of one of these glades will vanish after the removal of this bulwark of trees. But with this protection, the loveliest flowers will cluster there, like the singing birds around a cottage and its enclosures in the wilderness. Here they find a genial soil and a natural conservatory, and abide there until some accident destroys them. Nature selects these places for her favorite garden-plots. In the centre she rears her tender herbs and flowers, and her shrubbery in the borders, while the trees form a screen around the whole. I have often seen one of these glades crimsoned all over with flowers of the

Cymbidium and *Arethusa*, with wild Roses in their borders, vying in splendor with a sumptuous parterre.

While strolling through a wood in one of those rustic avenues which have been made by the farmer or the woodman, we shall soon discover that this path is likewise a favorite resort for many species of wild-flowers. Except the glade, there are but few places so bountifully stored by nature with a starry profusion of bloom. The *Cranesbill*, the *Wood Anemone*, the *Cinquefoil*, the yellow *Bethlehem Star*, the *Houstonia*, to say nothing of crowds of *Violets*, adorn the verdant sward of these woodpaths; and still beyond them, cherished by the sunshine that is admitted into this opening, *Ginsengs*, *Bellworts*, the white starlike *Trientalis*, the *Trillium*, and *Medeola* thrive more prosperously than in situations entirely wild and primitive. It is pleasant to note how kindly nature receives these little disturbances which are made by the woodman, and how many beautiful things will assemble there, to be fostered by those conditions which accident, combined with the rude operations of agriculture, alone can produce.

Leaving this avenue, we ascend the sloping ground, and passing through a tangled bed of *Lycopodiums*, often meeting with the remnants of a footpath that is soon obliterated in a mass of vegetation; then wandering pathless over ground made smooth by a brown matting of pine leaves, beautifully pencilled over with the small creeping vines and checkered foliage of the *Mitchella* and its scarlet berries, we come at last to a little rocky dell full of the greenery of mosses and ferns, and find ourselves in the home of the *Columbines*. Such a brilliant assemblage reminds you of an aviary full of linnets and goldfinches. The botanist does not consider the *Columbine* a rare prize. It is a well-known plant, thriving both in the wood and outside of it; but it is gregarious, and selects for its habitation a sunny place in the woods, upon a bed of rock covered with a thin

crust of soil. The plants take root on every rocky projection and in every crevice, hanging like jewels from a green tapestry of velvet moss.

As we leave this magic recess of flowers and pursue our course under the pines, trampling noiselessly over the brown, elastic sward, we soon discover the purple, inflated blossoms of the pink *Lady's-slipper*. These flowers are always considerably scattered, and never grace the open field. Often in their company we observe the sweet *Pyrola*, bearing a long spike of white flowers that have the odor of cinnamon. Less frequently we find in this scattered assemblage some rare species of *Wood Orchis* and the singular *Coral Plant*. If we now trace the course of any little streamlet to a glen full of pale green bog-moss, covering the ground with a deep mass of spongy vegetation, there we may be lucky enough to discover the rare and beautiful *White Orchis*, the *Nun of the Woods*, with flowers resembling the pale face of a lady wearing a white cap. This plant is found only in certain cloistered retreats, under the shade of woods. It is a true vestal, and will not tarnish its purity by any connection with the soil. It is cradled like an infant in the soft, green bog-moss, and derives its sustenance from the pure air and dews of heaven. Like the *Orchids* of warm climates, it is half parasitic, and requires certain conditions for its growth which are rarely combined.

Flowers are usually abundant in pleasant situations. They avoid cold and bleak exposures, the dark shade of very dense woods, and wet places seldom visited by sunshine. Like birds, they love protection, and we are sure to meet with many species wherever the singing birds of the forest are numerous. Birds and flowers require the same fostering warmth, the same sunshine, and the same fertility of soil to supply them with their food. When we are traversing a deep forest, the silence of the situation is one of the most notable circumstances of our journey; but if we suddenly encounter

a great variety of flowers, our ears will at the same time be greeted by the notes of some little thrush or sylvia. If I hear the veery, a bird that loves to mingle his liquid notes with the sound of some tuneful runlet, I know that I am approaching the shady haunts of the Trillium and the Wood Thalictrum. If I hear the snipe feebly imitating the lark, as he soars at twilight, and warbles his chirruping song far above my head, I know that when he descends in his spiral course he will alight upon grounds occupied by the Canadian Rhodora, the Andromeda, and the wild Strawberry plant. But if the song of the robin is heard in the forest, I feel sure that a cottage is near, with its orchard and cornfields, or else that I am close to the end of the wood and am about to emerge into the open plain.

A moor is seldom adorned with plants that would prosper in the uplands; but if it be encompassed by a circle of wooded hills, a gay assemblage of flowers will congregate in its borders, where hill and moor are imperceptibly blended. We may always find a path made by cattle all along the border. If we thread the course of this path, we pass through bushes of moderate height, consisting of Whortleberries, Clethra, and Swamp Honeysuckles, and now and then enter a drier path, through beds of Sweet Fern, and occasional open spaces full of pedate Violets. The docile animals, — the picturesque artists who constructed this path, — while grazing upon the clover-patches will turn their large eyes placidly upon us, still heeding their diligent occupation. We keep close to the edge of the moor, not disregarding many common and homely plants that lie in our way, till we discover the object of our search, the Sarracenia, or Sidesaddle plant, with its dark purple flowers, nodding like Epicureans over their circle of leafy cups half filled with dew. This is a genuine "pitcher plant," and is the only one of the family that is not tropical. The *Geum rivale*, — Water Avena, — conspicuous for its drooping chocolate-colored flowers, — and the

Golden Senecio, congregate in the same meadow, bending their plumes above the tall Rushes and autumnal Asters not yet in flower.

Very early in the season, if you are near an oak wood, standing on a slope with a southern exposure, enter it, and if fortune favors you, the *Anemone hepatica*, or Liverwort, will meet your sight, pushing up the dry oak leaves that formed its winter covering, and displaying its pale bluish and purple flowers, deepening their hues as they expand. When they are fully opened, there are but few sights so pleasant as these circular clusters of flowers, on a ground of dry brown foliage, enlivened with hardly a tuft of verdure, except the trilobate leaves of this interesting plant. As oaks usually stand on a fertile soil, there is a greater variety of species among their undergrowth than in almost any other wood. A grove of oaks, after it has been thinned by the woodman so as to open the grounds to the sun, becomes when left to nature a rare repository of herbaceous plants. Yet there are certain curious species which are found almost exclusively in pine woods. Such is the genus *Monotropa*, including two species, the Pine Sap and the Bird's Nest, plants without leaves or hues, with stems resembling potato-sprouts grown in a dark cellar; outside of pine woods, however, on their southern boundary, we may always look for the earliest spring flowers, because no other wood affords them so warm a protection.

In our imaginary tour we have visited only the most common scenes of nature; we have traced to their habitats very few rare plants, and have yet hardly noticed the flowers of autumn, — those luxuriant growers, many of them half shrubby and branching like trees. Some of them have no select haunts. The Asters and Golden-rods, the most conspicuous of the hosts of autumn, are found in almost every soil and situation; though they congregate chiefly on the borders of woods and fields, and seem to take special

delight in arraying themselves by the sides of new roads, recently laid out through a wet meadow. The autumnal plants generally prosper only in the lowlands, which have not suffered from the summer droughts. Hence when botanizing in the close of the season, we must avoid dry sandy places, and follow the windings of narrow streams, that glide through peat-meadows, and traverse the sides of ditches, examining the convex embankment of soil which has been thrown up by the spade of the ditcher. On these level moors we meet with occasional rows of Willows affectionately guarding the waters of these artificial pools where they were planted as sentinels by the rustic laborer. The Gentians, which have always been admired, as much for the delicacy and beauty of their flowers as for their hardy endurance of autumnal frost, are often strown in these places, glowing like sapphires on the faded greensward of the closing season of vegetation.

The great numbers of wild plants which are often assembled in a single meadow seem to a poetical mind as something more than a result of the mere accidents of nature. There is not a greater variety or diversity in the thoughts that enter and pass through the mind than of species among these herbs. Each of them has distinct features, and some attractive form or color, or some other remarkable property peculiar to itself. How many different species bend under our footsteps while we are crossing an ordinary field! How many thousands are constantly distilling odors into the atmosphere, which is oxygenated by their foliage and purified and renovated by their vital and chemical action! There is not a single plant, however obscure, minute, or unattractive, that is not an important agent of Nature in her vast and mysterious economy.

There would be no end to our adventures, if we were resolved to continue them until our observations were exhausted. Hence the never-failing resources of the botanist for rational amusement and pleasure, who is with-

in an hour's walk of the forest. The sports of hunting and fishing offer their temptations to a greater number of young persons; but they do not afford continued pleasure to their votaries, like botanizing. The hunter watches his dog and the angler his line; but the plant-hunter examines everything that bears a leaf or a flower. His pursuit leads him into all the green recesses of nature, — into sunny dells and shady arbors, over pebbly hills and plashy hollows, through mossy dingles and wandering footpaths, into secret alcoves where the Hamadryads drape the rocks with ferns, and Naiads collect the dews of morning and pour them into their oozy fountains for the perfection of their verdure.

A ride over the roads of the same region is nothing like these intricate journeys of the botanist. He fraternizes with all the inhabitants of the wood, and with the laborers of the farms which he crosses, not heeding the cautions to trespassers. He meets the rustic swain at his plough, and listens to his quaint discourse and his platitudes about nature and mankind. He follows the devious paths of the ruffled grouse, and destroys the snares which are set for his destruction. He listens to his muffled drum while he cools his heated brow under a canopy of birches overarched with woodbine, and picks the scarlet berries that cluster on the green knolls at his feet. He lives in harmony with created things, and hears all the voices of the woods and music of the streams. The trees spread their shade over him, every element loads him with its favors. Morning hails him with her earliest salutation and introduces him to her fairest hours and sweetest gales. Noon tempts him into her silent woodland sanctuaries, and makes the hermit thrush his solitary minstrel. Evening calls him out from his retreat, to pursue another varied journey among the fairy realms of vegetation, and ere she parts with him curtains the heavens with splendor and prompts her choir of sylvan warblers to salute him with their vespers.

Wilson Flagg.

THE SHIFTING OF POWER.

BALANCES AND CHECKS IN GOVERNMENT.

WITHOUT change in the written form of our institutions, the spirit and practice of them have undergone a veritable revolution in the last nine years, or may be only in the midst of a revolution not yet accomplished. The seat of practical, immediate, and available power has shifted, is shifting, and will be shifted, either backwards or forwards. If the revolution continues as rapidly for the next ten years, it requires but little foresight to point exactly where it will all land. If there is a reaction in the direction of the ancient balances of the Constitution, its ancient theory and practice may be restored. But such has not been the history of such movements. Since the introduction and practice of representative and constitutional government, in every contest for power between the balancing weights and checking forces, that branch of the legislature nearest to the holders of all power has ultimately vanquished its competitors, and, without formally driving them from the field, has securely held the prize until the next revolution. This fact seems to have been overlooked, or not much considered, by the Senate of the United States, else, in accepting the battle so freely offered them on a late occasion by the Executive, they would not have allowed the heat of battle and the flush of substantial, though not technical, victory to carry them into a war against the office when the officer had been beaten. A far-seeing political wisdom, mere selfishness, — using the word as a political and not as a personal or even as a senatorial epithet, — would aim to keep on reasonable terms with the President, that is, with the Presidential office, for there is something more in such a movement than seems to have been perceived, — a history behind the present phenomena, a law of politics as inevitable as the

law of gravity; and the Senate before many years might find that they had wrested power from the Presidential office, only to find it in turn wrested from themselves by the House of Representatives. The preservation of real balances in politics, while it may be a very good thing, has always been a matter of consent and not of constraint; and consent once thrown aside, and open rivalry for power commenced, the lists are open to all comers, and the strongest must bear away the prize.

The first revolution effected by the late civil war and the legislation of reconstruction established more definite and better understood relations, — whether better or worse is not here the question, — between the general and State governments. It was easy to foresee from the first that the war would do this, that it would vindicate in this country for an indefinite time, perhaps for a very great while, either the doctrine of real and effective nationality, or the doctrine of State sovereignty, and the right of secession. It was foreseen with equal clearness by many that, let the war go as it might, it was the beginning of the end of slavery on this continent.

But no one could very well have foreseen what has happened to our "checks and balances." On the contrary, the general fear was that the result would be an enormous and an almost unendurable increase of Executive power. It was not feared that *that* office would be diminished, almost abolished, while real power would suddenly loom up from the Senate Chamber, to be in turn more slowly but more permanently succeeded by the omnipotence of the House. The civil contest which has been waged since the war closed does not seem to have been engaged in *because* Presidential power had been enhanced. It could not be

said of that power, from 1865 to 1870, as compared only with the same power from 1861 to 1865, that the power of the Executive has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. I speak now simply of the contest for political and administrative power, and not of the contest for the control of the process of reconstruction, with which it was, by accident, so intimately allied. I do not even speak of the Tenure of Office Act, a law which I believe to have been in entire harmony with the Constitution, without here entering upon any discussion of its principle as a permanent policy, its origin and purpose being exceptional and well known. I speak simply and in general terms, and without any specifications of instances, *of the contest for power, in both domestic and foreign affairs*, which has been waged openly by the Senate against the Presidential office, and only less openly between the Senate and House. Nor do I discuss the merits of these controversies, nor the merits of the questions that seemed to be the occasions for them, especially the personal questions. I discuss a political phenomenon, a stage of our political development, with no reference whatever to the merits of political questions, or to the merits or the faults and mistakes, personal and political, of the parties engaged in the contest.

In the contest over reconstruction, referring now only to the question of power, and not to the manner or wisdom of its employment, Congress had the advantage which all representative assemblies have over one man in all such cases, and the two houses of Congress were equally determined in both the defensive and the offensive war of that celebrated contest. But the competition and rivalry for general political power which sprang up in the midst of the controversy over reconstruction, — a controversy as to which department of the government should dominate in all its affairs, and, after that, which branch of the legislature should dominate, instead of each department and each branch maintaining

its constitutional portion of a joint control, was a different contest, — a contest that yet continues, at least on one side, is fought upon entirely different grounds and for different motives, and, smile as we may, at speculative political philosophy, seems about to become one more of many illustrations and vindications of the opinions of the philosophers, the closet thinkers, that all permanent division and balancing and checking of political power are impossible, that it is ephemeral in practice, and always leads, first to a contest for supremacy, and then quickly to arrogation and absorption by one of the rivals, which will then either thrust its defeated rivals out of the field, — as the assembling of estates was nearly everywhere, except in England, suspended after consolidation of nationalities was followed by absolute personal government, — or will tolerate their presence and their nominal power only on condition of prompt and very deferential compliance with the wishes of the dominating victor; just as, even in England, kings and queens used to tell the Commons what they were expected to do, and scold them and dissolve them for any considerable reluctance, — called presumption and meddling with matters which, they were told, they did not understand.

In our own case I do not essay to defend or condemn the President, — or rather his office, — the Senate, the House, or the Supreme Court, but only to discover the revolution that is going on before our eyes. I do not even intend to argue whether the Constitution, or the practice of it, after having been wrenched out of its original line and proportion, should be restored. Many will say it should; and many will say, no; that the tendency is a good one, though the operation is a little rough; that the movement is in harmony with the spirit and meaning, if not with the written form, of our institutions, and they will therefore bid it God-speed, and will demand that we simply let the movement drift to its result, which is, they think, perfectly logical, when

tested by the sovereignty of public opinion. I do not here enter into questions of such portent. I desire only to indicate what seems to me probably the ultimate lodgement and resting-place of secondary, delegated power, which at present is shifting.

This involves a short review and consideration of the history of the theory and practice of "balances and checks" in government.

Government, as first practised among men, was a centralized unit. The patriarch, the tribal chief, the Asiatic despot, the governing body, whether one, few, many, or all; the autonomous cities of Greece, whether oligarchical or purely and simply democratic; the old Things of Northern Europe, were absolute, and combined in themselves all the faculties and powers of government. This was true of those chiefs or leaders of tribes called kings, who, though elective and often even deposable, held and discharged all the functions of government while in office. Later, not at any given period all over the world, but later in the political growth and development of each people, nation, government, when success in war, and money-getting, and slave-capturing, and land-robbing, and other forms of personal, family, and political success had raised up a class generally known as the nobility, a large share of power and of local and personal authority passed into the hands of these magnates and grandees, often giving rise to conflicts of pretensions between themselves, and between them and the monarch; and they checked and balanced each other, not in the interests of the mass of the governed, or at all as a scheme or theory of government, but only in the contest as to who should govern most. Sometimes an oligarchy, a self-constituted senate or chief council, became the sole governing power to the exclusion of the kingly office.

The next step, speaking in general terms, and not as to any epoch throughout the world, but as a stage of development in the history of each people, was the appearance and influence, in

one form or another, of the democratic element attempting either to check or to abolish oligarchy. The most renowned instances of this were in the Greek cities, and in the secession of the plebs and the establishment of the tribunes at Rome. Thus the contest was for a long time between two rival forces, between the nobility and the king, or between the nobility and the people; though as long ago as Plato, Aristotle, and Polybius we find suggestions that the best government is a due admixture of royalty, nobility, and democracy, — a theory that much later became the ideal of perfection, the standard *par excellence* of political thinkers and writers, and that may be called the era of mixed governments and limited monarchies, — the era of balances and checks, not merely as an armed strife for power, but as a part of political science, — a notion from which the world is just now emerging.

At a later period the admixture of a fierce but manly vigor from the North, with certain Roman and Gallic ideas and forms, produced feudality; the Church had become an organized, established, and recognized power in the world; and democracy seems pretty generally to have passed out of the world. New rivals, or perhaps only old rivals under new forms and names, were thus brought into the political arena. For a long time we hear of crown, church, or clergy, and nobility, but little or nothing of the people, and nothing of what is now called PUBLIC OPINION, these three rivals for power resorting to various means of artifice or of violence to check and defeat each other. Later in modern history the democratic element began to appear again in the affairs of the world, partly owing to the formation of guilds, growing into rich and populous self-governing cities of artisans, traders, and merchants; and partly owing to the great *Renaissance*, or revival of learning, which led first to the Reformation, — the mother of political freedom, — then to the religious wars and to the Revolution in the Netherlands, then the two Eng-

lish Revolutions, then to American Independence, and finally to the French Revolution. In the mean time we hear of the three orders or "estates": as, in France, the nobility, the clergy, and the third estate; and in England, the crown, nobility, and commons; the commons answering to the third estate in France, and occasionally, and more logically of four estates, the crown, nobility, clergy, and people, as in Sweden. Parliaments were the assemblages of delegates or representatives from these several estates, in one or more chambers, to deliberate, contend, possibly agree, upon what were supposed to be the highest, if not the only, public interests, — the interests of these estates as such. Hence the origin of checking and balancing; and hence, in great part, the machinery of representation, unknown to the ancients, growing up alongside of democracy, and now universally adopted by it. The long contests of these estates, sometimes with each other and sometimes with the crown, often resulted in anarchy and the most frightful suffering. And the common, indeed almost uniform phenomena, not everywhere at once, but always at the same epoch or stage of development, were, that there was first oppression of the people and defiance of the crown by the nobility, who ground their tenants, villeins, and followers under their heels, and thrust their fists into the face of the king; then came an alliance between people and crown to break the power of the oppressive nobility; and, this accomplished, and national existence and power being consolidated, and executive or royal power being both enhanced and abused, then came the self-assertion of the people to check and limit the power of the crown. These varying contests furnish us with the real origin of checks and balances in politics, and the theory and practice of mixed governments. And it is curious how generally, and for how long a period, the two inconsistent ideas were accepted, that these several estates were the *regular order of nature*, and

that the principal object and highest difficulty of government was so to balance them against each other, and so check their antagonistic pretensions, as to produce a harmonious whole. Man first throws nature into disorder, then mistakes the disorder for nature, and sets himself about harmonizing it.

In the midst of and during these long-continued contests, representation was not invented, but began to grow. We have already seen one element that entered into this growth. Guizot thinks politics borrowed it from the Church, — the example of the bishops and prelates assembled in council. This only presented the idea of a deliberative assembly, acting for an immense region and population, over matters esteemed of vital importance. But the members of such councils would seem generally to have acted more in virtue of what was deemed an inherent ecclesiastical jurisdiction, than of delegated authority to deliberate and determine. For us there is a better origin and explanation. The king of England used to summon, as lord paramount, all his barons in council to grant him aids; and they, finding attendance irksome, began to send up a few to speak for all. This growing into a recognized custom, the king at last began to direct his writ to his sheriffs to hold the elections and return the members. Suffrage and eligibility to the commons began to be enlarged; and when the commons began to refuse aids and grants of money until the crown had redressed grievances, three things were established, — election, representation, and placing the purse-strings in the hands of the legislature.

Still later came that other noble and beneficent improvement in government, *the division of its functions into three departments*, — legislative, executive, and judicial. This, too, was more a gradual growth than an invention, and here again England bears off the palm of praise and gratitude for its introduction into the world. There were faint

traces of it in Roman administration, but the lines were never clearly drawn nor even clearly perceived. But so thoroughly had men's minds become imbued with the old idea of checks and balances, as applied to "interests" or estates, that this division of governmental functions was generally considered as being based on the same idea. And in the nature of things there is much of this result in its operation. But considering that all sovereignty, the paramount moving and directing political power of any community, no matter where lodged nor how organized, must in the last analysis be a unity, and that it is also entirely incapable of legal limitation, the real or a better explanation of this departmental division would be, *labor of administration divided and better performed.*

As the democratic element began to assert itself so strongly as to make the legislative the strongest power in free states, we discover a tendency among advanced liberal thinkers to revert to the ancient idea of the *oneness and unity of governing power*, without destroying the tripartite division in the administration of government. This idea embraced not only the absolute political ascendancy of legislative will, but also the organization of the legislature in one chamber instead of two. It is known that Franklin was partial to this idea; and it was boldly and ably advocated by Turgot, whose criticism upon the organization of political power in America was instrumental in calling forth the elaborate "Defence of the American Constitutions," by the elder Adams, written while he was Minister to England, and before the adoption of our national Constitution.

Now we find in modern history two very significant facts. The first is, that in every country agitated by a revolution undertaken to secure greater political freedom, the provisional political power, between the overthrow of the old order of things and the settlement of the new order, either organizes itself in *one constituent assembly of one chamber, or selects that branch of the*

existing legislature nearest to the people — the popular branch — as its instrument and mouthpiece. The second is, that, without violent revolution, but acting only through gradual change, there is, in every constitutional representative government, directed by a legislature organized with two chambers, a constant tendency of the dominating political power to settle itself in and to express itself through the branch of legislature nearest to the people, the popular branch. Witness several European legislatures, and especially the British Parliament, where the House of Lords was first hated for its obstructiveness, and is now openly contemned for its impotence; and where the House of Commons — not in Blackstone and later books, but in modern practice — is at once the broad basis and the high apex of the British Constitution.

I have not stopped to contend that the balances of our own Constitution could be or ought to be restored. I have only tried to indicate where the present contest and process of change will land us, if we continue to drift. Power will settle in and speak through the House of Representatives.

Different minds will view the prospects of such a change with different emotions and opinions. We must not forget that as any institution grows in power and responsibility it draws to itself more of intelligence, worth, and patriotic ambition than its feebler competitors can command. When Congress was first organized, Mr. Madison's friends, desiring him to become a member, he selected the House as the better theatre for his usefulness and future reputation, as the House of Commons had already become in England. In theory his opinion certainly seemed correct, though in practice the Senate soon became the higher aim and the higher reward. There were special causes to produce this result, but the causes are not strong enough to support an aggressive movement, and probably not strong enough to prevent natural and historical forces from again

asserting themselves. Considering the nature and the persistence of those forces, the fact that both the President and the House are nearer to the people than the Senate, and considering several features in the constitutional organization, generally deemed elements of strength, but really elements of weakness in a contest of this sort, we have probably only to witness the spectacle of the Senate defeating, on material public questions, the joint will of the House and the President, in order to see the revolution rapidly accomplished.

The first establishment of the Tribunes at Rome was only to protect the people against patrician and senatorial domination by the interposition of the celebrated veto. From that they advanced to a joint exercise of legislative power. And from this they proceeded by inevitable stages to the exercise of dominating and absolute legislative power, when the *plebiscitum* became what the *senatus consultum* had once been; and the proud senate subsided into a mere executive and administrative council; what our own Senate may be, if it aspire to overmuch power.

I do not forget the constitutional organization and power of the Senate, its joint voice with the House in legislation, and its joint voice with the President in selecting the agents of administration. And it is possible that the Senate have not yet, in a strict legal sense, exceeded their power, — only using that power in such a way as to make it felt, make it visible, and make it grow. But such rivalries, once begun, have absolutely no regard for paper lines or immemorial customs. Consult any of the older books to learn the constitutional power of the Crown and the Lords, then observe the present practice, and compare the facts with the theory, or even the facts now with the facts then. And the Lords had facilities and advantages for preserving their power which are not available to our Senate. Constitutions, in the long run, are facts, and not theories; they

grow, and are not invented or made to order; and they will, in the long run, express or yield to the demands of the strongest governing power. We may yet see that the voice of the House will await the formal but matter-of-course response of the Senate in all important matters of popular interest, while, as in England with the Lords, any prolonged dissent or hesitation will only amuse or irritate or make more determined, but never alarm, because compliance is certain in the end.

And when senatorial functions have been compressed within less than their present constitutional measure, we may see new relations springing up between the House and the President. We may see adverse votes in the House enforcing Cabinet resignations and Presidential compliance. And if the Constitution is not verbally changed so as to cast away the machinery for measuring out the Presidential tenure four years long to an hour, regardless of what has happened to public measures and public opinion, we may at last see the President made in the House, on the plan of Congressional influence and leadership, as the nominal premier, but real king, is made in England; thus becoming a development, a production of the times, its questions, its abilities, and its wants. We are in advance of all the world in the absolute equality of civil rights, and in the breadth and freedom of the basis of political power; but we are behind every free parliamentary government in the world with our constitutional machinery and practice for bringing the executive and administrative will of the government into harmony with the popular and legislative will. This is unnatural, ought not to last, and cannot.

If I am asked what power is to effect all these changes, I reply, the power of *public opinion* and the necessities of our political development, with or without formal constitutional amendments, and about as easily in one case as the other.

MEHETABEL.

MEHETABEL'S knitting lies loose in her hand;
 She watches the gold of a broken red brand
 That glitters and flashes,
 And falls into ashes.
 The flame that illumines her face
 From the cavernous, black fireplace
 Brings ever new wonders of color and shade
 To flicker about her, and shimmer, and fade.
 Does any one guess
 Of this maid's loveliness,
 That the lonesome and smoky old room seems to bless?
 Mehetabel's mother calls out of the gloom,
 From a clatter of shovel and kettle and broom,
 From her flurry and worry
 Of work-a-day hurry:
 "Our Hetty sits there in a dream,
 With her needles half round to the seam;
 With nothing to vex her, and nothing to try her;
 But never will she set the river afire."
 And back to the din
 Of iron and tin
 One shadow flits out, while another steals in.
 Mehetabel's lover through new-fallen snow
 So softly has come that the maid does not know
 He is standing behind her,
 So happy to find her
 Alone, that he hardly can speak.
 A whisper; — a flush on her cheek
 More lovely than sunset's reflection by far.
 "O Hetty," he murmurs, "the white evening star
 And the beacon-lights swim
 On the ocean's blue rim,
 But I see your sweet eyes, and they make the stars dim."
 Mehetabel's wooer is stalwart and tall;
 His figure looms dark on the flame-lighted wall.
 Outside in pale shadow
 Lie pasture and meadow;
 Dim roselight is on the white hill;
 The sea glimmers purple and chill.
 "O Hetty, be mine for the calm and the storm;
 Though cold be the wide world, my heart's love is warm.
 Knit me into your dream,
 And my rude life will seem
 Like a beautiful landscape in June's golden beam."
 Mehetabel's forehead has gathered a cloud;
 'A thousand new thoughts to her young bosom crowd;
 Her knitting drops lower;
 No lover can show her

The way through her mind's lonely maze.
 He reads no response in her gaze.
 Her heart is a snow-drift where foot never trod ;
 Love's sun has not wakened a bud on its sod ;
 And pure as the glow
 Of the stars on the snow
 Are the glances that up through her long lashes go.
 Mehetael's future, an unexplored land,
 Spreads vaguely before her, unpeopled and grand,
 Its wild paths wait lonely
 For her footsteps only ;
 She must weave out the web of her dream,
 Though flimsy and worthless it seem
 To her mother's eye, filled with the dust-motes of care ;
 Though it bar up her path from the heart that beats there
 In the gathering gloom,
 Breathing odor and bloom
 And sweet sense of life through the dusk of the room.
 Mehetael's dream, — you will guess it in vain ;
 Only half to herself is unwound the bright skein.
 She is but a woman,
 As gentle as human ;
 Yet rooted in hearts fresh as hers
 Is the hope that the universe stirs ;
 And broad be her thought as life's measureless zone,
 Or narrow as self is, it still is her own ;
 And alone she may dare
 What she never would share
 With friendship the dearest, or love the most rare.
 Mehetael's answer — it has not been told.
 To ashes has fallen the firelight's red gold.
 No mother, no lover,
 For her, the world over.
 The work-a-day jangle is still.
 An empty house stands on the hill.
 The rafters are cobwebbed, the ceiling is bare ;
 But always a wraith haunts the carved oaken chair :
 And early and late
 There's a creak at the gate,
 And a wind through the room like a soft sigh of "Wait !"

Mehetael — Hetty — the dream of a dream,
 The film of a snow-cloud, a star's broken beam,
 Were a tangible story
 To hers ; but the glory
 Of ages dims down to a spark,
 And dies out at last in the dark,
 Among questions unanswered, unrealized dreams.
 Still the beautiful cheat of what may be and seems,
 Flashes up on night's brink,
 Where the live embers blink,
 And the tales that they mutter, we dream that we think.

Lucy Larcom.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

FIFTH PAPER.

PRESIDENT WAYLAND. — ABOLITIONISM.

PROVIDENCE, July, 1834.

"THE visible objects of curiosity I saw were the Arcade, — the Market, — the broad, nay double bridge, over the Pawtucket which runs thro' the city's heart, — Brown University, — the Quaker College, — The Dexter Asylum for the Poor, — the windmill, for working machinery in the comb manufacture. From the top of the windmill house had an excellent view of nearly the whole city. Ascended the Hill to the University, to see Dr. and Presid't Wayland; but he was engaged in a Bible class. . . .

"After supper, visit to Dr. Wayland. A hundred things — *defendit numerus*. But I'll try a few.

"130 students. Most board and sleep in the college; which Dr. W. much disapproves, because it engenders many bad habits and principles, to herd so many youngsters together, away from the parental roof. He discourages the town students from living in college, but they all desire it. No Law, Physic, or Divinity taught. In his lectures, he likes for students to interrupt him with questions. They often do so — sometimes point out, and ask him to explain apparent discrepancies in his own doctrines. He is pleased at this. . . .

"Dr. W. has the most just ideas anent college discipline, — the social footing proper between professors and pupils, — the mildness *in modo*, the energy *in re*, by which even refractory spirits are ruled.

"In Rh. I. not nearly so much has been done for popular education as in Mass. and Conn. For 7 or 8 years, \$10,000 a year have been given by the Legislature for common schools. Dr.

W. does not know its exact mode of disbursement — but the effect salutary, in diffusing knowledge, and a love of it, among the lower and middling classes. Under its indirect influence, several good Academies have arisen; and a growing demand for good teachers. A singular fact as to teachers — that of all who go hence seeking employment, few or none find it in Conn. — Tho' many do in the adjoining states. Ascribable to the usage in Conn., of choosing teachers solely or chiefly by their cheapness. The man for their money, is he who will teach for the least pay — i.e. for \$10 or \$12 a month — the common rate in many towns of that state.

"Abolitionism has few partisans here. But colonization, too, has not many decided friends. The million are neutral — unknowing, and unthinking, on the subject. Dr. W. is anti-abolition. Knows Garrison slightly — a Presbyterian — a young man, of ardent temperament, but rude, coarse, and fanatical.

"We tabled various other topics — slavery — gradual and sudden emancipation — ditto by Legislative enactments, or by appeals to the reason, justice, and humanity of the owners — ditto by exciting discontent, and the spirit of revolt, among the slaves — Mr. Leigh — Mr. Chapman Johnson — Mr. Madison — John Randolph — Patrick Henry — Mr. Wirt — Fisher Ames — &c. &c. Having spun out to 2 hours a visit which I had almost sworn should last but half an hour, I left Dr. Wayland at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, with mutual regret, — if his earnest professions were not merer words than one would expect from his roughbuilt, country bred look and manner. I have scarcely met with a man, so much to my mind. He is a Baptist."

THE TAPPAN MOB.—ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

July 13.

"Off for Boston. A fellow passenger, just from N. Y., lent me a paper containing accounts of the mob there, on the 10. and 11., directed against the free negroes and their synonymes, the abolitionists. The Tappans, especially Arthur, to whom I have now a letter of introduction from my kind, dear old friend Tommy Kite,—are among the main objects of mob-fury. All in the stage seem rather pleased at the outrage, and would render a verdict 'sarved 'em right,'—except my single self; who am sorry, and indignant, at the use of such means to put down even the atrocity of Abolitionism. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis, tempus eget.* Would that the mayor had charged upon the mob with his cavalry! . . .

"The vicinity of Boston, even before entering Roxbury, is a continued village: And the city itself, viewed from several points without the Neck, is imposingly grand. There seem 50 steeples at once within the eye's ken.

"The driver not knowing that I meant to go to the Tremont House, drove me to the postoffice, and almost all around the city, to points at which he had to set down other passengers; affording me an unexpected opportunity of seeing many streets. But I do not understand their plan, if any. The Tremont House (called by Fame the finest in the U. S.) is so full that I am lodged tonight in a large room, with 5 or 6 others. But a single room is promised me tomorrow."

MESSRS. THATCHER, GILMAN, FESSENDEN, AND LEE.

"BOSTON, Monday, July 14.

"Up at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5—after slumbers much disturbed by the rumbling of carriages thro' the livelong night, on the stone paved street, just under the window, close to which my little camp-bed is placed. Found several letters in the postoffice. Directly after breakfast moved into a single-room, in the

4th story; commanding, from its one window, a noble prospect of perhaps a third of Boston, one of the Islands in the Harbor, Fort Wm., and some of the country beyond the Peninsula.

"The streets are complicated and irregular, past all my preconceptions. They well justify the origin attributed to them—the cow-paths, made through the woods that grew here, when the first settlers came. It is lucky for me, that I have been used to the intricate bridle-paths thro' the chinquepin woods of Louisa and Goochland; to say nothing of the no-paths, found in hunting squirrels and deer in Kentucky and Alabama.

"... Went to see Mr. B. B. Thatcher, a lawyer, and staunch colonizationist—editor of a paper devoted to that cause—'The Colonizationist.' A young man, not over 26, by his looks. Thinks the Abolitionists few in Mass., and feebler still in intellect than in numbers. Garrison is not above 30—about to be married. . . . Saw in Mr. T.'s office Mr. Gilman, a young lawyer of Bangor, Maine. He mentioned Fessenden (orator at Bangor on the 4th) as the most promising young man in Maine. F. was a Vice President of the young men's convention at Washington a few years ago—is about 28 years old. . . .

"Called on Henry Lee, merchant—who has so great a name in the South, as a political economist—the first in the Union, we deem him. He has been run for Congress, and for the Vice-Presidency, on the Free Trade and State Rights Ticket. Doubtless, 'tis his being of our side on the Protection question, that makes us rate him so very high. He was at his counting room, on India Wharf. In reading my letter of introduction (from P. P. Barbour) he could not make out the signature: I had to tell him. He then welcomed me very cordially, and followed up general offers of service by proposing that we should go, tomorrow, to see some cotton factories at Waltham, 7 ms. off; and immediately, to the Athenæum. To the Athenæum ac-

cordingly, we went. It is a collection of about 26,000 books, and a vast variety of engravings, etchings, lithographs, &c. in atlases and portfolios; and of medals, and medallions; with plaster casts of some famous statues—the Laocoon group, Apollo B., Venus de M. &c. &c. The collection is made by an association of gentlemen, subscribers. Mr. L. introd'd me to the Librarian (Dr. Bass) and had my name entered on the Strangers' Book—which gives me ingress, &c., for a month. From the Athenæum proper, entered an exhibition-room of paintings, annexed: and stood 1 or 2 hours. Many pictures—and some very fine; but none equal to the Healing of the Sick, or the Descent from the Cross."

MR. LEE ON NULLIFICATION.

"Much talk with Mr. Lee, about the subjects which are his *forte*, and my favorites—Political Economy, and some branches of Politics.

"He leans to Nullification, as the only practicable mode of restraining the encroachments of any interested majority which may for the time sway the Federal councils. A strict constructionist, and anti-U. S. Bank, tho' he blames the Removal of the Deposits, as extremely ill-judged, and as having greatly aggravated the commercial distress which one or two other causes already made impending. Anti laws restraining usury; and approves the partial repeal of them made by the last Mass. Legislature. (This Act, allows either unlimited, or a greatly increased interest, upon some sorts of mercantile paper.) Anti-Abolition. He says the abolitionists are imbecile and miserable fanatics; but thinks they will multiply sufficiently to agitate the subject in Congress—that Abolition will in a few years be proposed, and carried there—and that whoever be President, Northman or Southron, he will sign the Bill, if a decided majority of the people be for it. The only defence, then, will be Nullification. He thinks Nullification alone, or chiefly, produced the reduc-

tion of the Tariff, and the compromise which now promises a nearly total abandonment of the protective system. Nothing else would have made Mr. Clay step forward, as he did; and no other man could who would, or would who could. Mr. Webster's opinions of the protective policy have not changed. He advocates it now, purely because it suits the will and interests of his constituents. They reluctantly, and even by Southern men (Mr. Calhoun, nay P. P. Barbour himself, in 1816) were *morally compelled*, i. e. irresistibly encouraged,—to engage in manufactures; invested immense sums, and acquired great skill, in them; and were then converted into Tariff men by the most natural and powerful of all processes."

WEBSTER ON THE TARIFF.

"Mr. Webster, besides his duty of speaking the voice of those he represents, maintains that they having been thus drawn into manufacturing, justice and good policy both plead for a continuance of the protection which is now their life-blood. Mr. Lee says, this view at least establishes their claim to exemption from a *sudden* withdrawal of the hothouse warmth, which has thus far kept them alive. . . .

"Dinner at the Tremont House lasted 50 minutes. I would describe the fooleries, by which it was so prolonged; but they vex me too much, and time is too scarce. I sat them out with seeming patience, merely thro' curiosity."

CAMBRIDGE.—MR. FELTON.

"At 4, set off in an omnibus from Brattle Street, to Cambridge. Crossed Charles River on a bridge $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile long—thro' Cambridgeport, to Harvard University, where I was set down. Had letters to Mr. C. C. Felton, the Greek Professor. After a troublesome search, found him closeted with President Quincy, in his study. So just handed my letters, received offers and promises of attentions tomorrow; and went forth, to stroll, unguided, over any accessible parts of the college grounds and buildings.

"Entered the Law-Library; where 2 students were reading and writing. They received me very courteously; and one, of admirable physiognomy, manners, and good sense, was at great pains to tell all I wanted to know, and show all I wanted to see. This Law Library has above 3000 volumes—including a full and valuable collection of writers on the Civil Law, presented by Sam'l Livermore. They cost over \$7000."

JUDGE STORY.

"The Law school has two professors—Judge Story, *Dane* professor (so called after Nathan Dane, who founded and endowed the Law school)—and Mr. Simon Greenleaf, *College* professor. Much talk about the Judge, who is a rare compound of learning, loquacity, labour-loving, *bonhomie*, and vanity. His indefatigableness as a book-builder. His work on Bailments highly praised in England—where a recent editor of Jones on Bailments owns himself indebted to Judge S. for nearly all of many large additions to that text. The Judge himself, as the clever student archly informed me, told this to the class.

"The 2 professors do not lecture, but hear recitations and examine the class on its reading, day by day—alternately."

THE LAW SCHOOL.

"This Law school has 40 odd students. The whole college, 300 or more, of whom 240 board and lodge in college. Mr. G. presides over the Jr. and Judge Story over the Sr. Law-class. They encourage students to ask questions and moot points with them in the Lecture Room. A moot court is held once a week. A law point is given out for argument—usually, one which Judge S. has met with in practice or on the bench—often, one which he has, at the time, under consideration as judge: in which case, he sometimes decides a question here, before he does in Washington, where it arose and was submitted to him. Four students, in

rotation, are appointed to argue causes in the moot court: 2 on each side. No others ever engage in the argument. Jury cases are very seldom given."

PROF. GREENLEAF ON ABOLITIONISM.

"When I rose to go, Mr. Greenleaf proposed to walk with me about the grounds, and show me the notable things. After the several college buildings, he pointed out the place where General Washington's tent stood first, in 1775, near a huge elm, probably as large then as now—i. e. of 15 or 20 feet girth: and the very spot on which Washington is supposed first to have drawn his sword before his army, as Commander in chief.

"Slavery and abolition being mentioned on our walk, Mr. G. very earnestly assured me of the abolition sect's worthlessness, and contemptibleness: that it embraced none of the enlightened, and exceedingly little of the respectable, of New England society: that here, as in other communities, there is always floating a certain quantity of moral *virus*, like a noxious gas, which embodies itself continually in some such form as this of Abolitionism. Once, it was anti-masonry; Abolitionism, in 2 years, would be prostrate as anti-masonry is now. It may spread fast and boldly, meanwhile; it may create great disturbances and alarms: it may prevail so far in some districts as to have representatives on the floor of Congress, who will there bring forward some scheme of emancipation: but triumph finally, or even extensively in the North, it never can.

"In truth, putting together all the testimonies that meet me on this subject, I am satisfied N. England is essentially sound: that the disposition is well nigh universal, to let us alone; to meddle not with the ulcer, which is too irritable for any but our own hands to touch.

"At parting, Mr. G. invited me to attend the delivery of an Oration, and a Poem by 2 graduating students, in

the chapel here, tomorrow morning. Walk home (to Tremont House) — 3 miles. Arrived a little before 8. . . .

"BOSTON, Tuesday, July 15.

" . . . After breakfast, call on Mr. Thatcher. He took me to see the New Market, 300 feet long — of granite — built in the mayoralty of Josiah Quincy, in a style of great elegance. Then visited Faneuil Hall — about 70 feet square, to judge by the eye — can hold 2000 people — requires a very strong voice to fill it. Ours in loud colloquial tone, were lost in the vast space, as in the open air."

A BROTHER EDITOR ON MR. GARRISON.

"Repaired to No. 45, Brattle Street, at 10, to enter omnibus for Cambridge. Mr. Thatcher introduced me to a Mr. Adams, editor of a daily paper (the Columbian Centinel), — who was also going to Cambridge, to hear the oration and poem. On the way, in the earriage with a dozen people the promiscuous, chance-crowd of such a vehicle, Mr. Adams told me aloud, that Garrison was a miserable *fan'atic*, held in no sort of respect here. No one, by look or word, gainsaid the remark. This seemed the best evidence I had yet had, of a prevailing anti-Garrisonism. Mr. A. pronounced *fan'atic* as I have marked it — accent on the 1st syllable."

COLLEGE AFFAIRS.

"At Cambridge, after fine music, vocal and organic, and a prayer, the oration began in the Chapel at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, — lasting rather more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. A very neat — even handsome, and tolerably appropriate performance. It was a valedictory. Orator, J. H. Williams, of Maine. The student who had been selected to write and recite a poem, and who had written, and was quite ready to recite it if permitted, — now rose from his seat on the rostrum beside the orator (they were both in long, black-silk robes), and with sulky look and angry tone read to his classmates a note from the ruling powers,

prohibiting the recital, because of some indecorous reflections in the poem, upon the Faculty. He made a brief and wrathful comment upon this act of authority, and sat down, amidst tremendous and long continued applause. A riot was expected; but none ensued. Another interview with my yesterday's friend; whom, on asking him the name of one who had laid me under such obligations, I find to be of Louisiana, named Bullard — nephew to a member of Congress from that state."

PROFESSOR FELTON.

"He now attended me again to Professor Felton, — whose reception was the most cordial I ever met with from a stranger. He shook my hand with both of his. No two heroines of romance ever were more instantaneously friends. Mr. F. said he boarded at Mr. Asahel Stearns' (whom I mentioned yesterday): to whom he would fain introduce me, if I would go to dinner with him there — which was just then ready — 1 o'clock. Went, nothing loth, tho' engaged to Mr. Lee's at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. Enjoyed a most pleasing half hour with Mr. and Mrs. Stearns; ending with an invitation that I should return, stay all night, and tomorrow go with Mr. S. in his chaise to the Lexington Battle ground. Agreed, gratefully and eagerly. Then, walked $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Mr. Lee's — arriving $\frac{1}{4}$ before 3. Dinner waiting. Kindly received by host and hostess. Two young gentlemen at dinner — Mr. Lee's son, and Mr. Eustis, nephew of Dr. and Govr. Eustis — both students of Harvard. Dinner till past 4. Thunder shower hindered our drive to Waltham; so we went to Bunker Hill. By a spiral stairs, ascended the Monument, of which only about a 5th or 6th is finished — 30 or 40 feet. It is a square obelisk; of hewn granite. Cost, hitherto, \$60,000, including the ground."

BUNKER HILL.

"Mr. L. pointed the place where the British landed to the attack; Copps' Hill, whence their batteries played on

the little redoubt; the positions of the men of war that bombarded it; and that, whence other ships swept Charlestown Neck with grape shot, to preclude reinforcements; the site of the forlorn little fortress itself, still marked by distinctly visible mounds, rising in oblong form, 3 or 4 feet high; the ground where stood the Provincials whom the redoubt would not hold, — rather veiled than protected, by two post-and-rail fences, interfilled with hay; and the spot where Warren fell! — Gracious Heavens! with what a coolness, that smote upon my conscience as well nigh impious, did I survey a scene, the thought of which, and of the events it displayed, has so often made my tears flow, my hair rise up, and the blood trickle almost audibly along my arteries! — But now, at my elbow stood my calm and shrewd guide — around lay piles of hewn and squared granite, speaking the presence of peaceful industry — yonder were Charlestown and Boston alive and roaring with “the busy hum of men,” all too matter-of-fact to suggest or tolerate a single touch of sentimentality. I had not a tear to shed. . . .

“CAMBRIDGE and LEXINGTON,
Wednesday, July 16.

“Breakfast at 7. Directly after, Mr. S. and I set out in his chaise for Lexington, 6 miles off. Cambridge common. The Elm where Gen. W.’s tent is said to have stood, is on the Common. Mr. S. questions if the tent was there: but points me more accurately to the spot where W.’s sword was first drawn — between the elm, and Mr. S.’s house — 50 or 100 yards from the elm. . . .

“As we drew near Lexington, thoughts of the great 19th of April excluded every other topic. My most kind guide told numerous incidents of that day, tho’ he was a boy, too young to know them personally.

“The speed with which the various bodies of militia gathered to the scene of battle, when they heard that blood had been shed at Lexington, was in-

credible. Indeed, the march of British troops out of Boston, on the morning of the 19th, for which a sharp look out was kept, and tidings of it carried as by the wind, was the signal for many companies of minutemen to get under arms and push away to the expected point of attack. A company at Lunenburg (40 odd miles off), Mr. Stearns’ and Miss S.’s native place — got the news towards noon that day; were under arms at 2 or 3 p. m., and reached Concord that night. The battle ground in Lexington. The church, and its yard where Capt. Parker’s company of militia were assembled. The spot was shown me. His men were about 70 in all. The place where Lord Percy’s cannon fired and checked the Provincials, when they were chasing the tired and badly beaten troops back towards Boston. We had with us an eyewitness of the scene, one Hastings, who was a boy of 14, and saw the British approach, heard Major Pitcairn’s order ‘Disperse, you d—d rebels, disperse!’ saw him fire his pistol at them, followed by an immediate discharge from the troops — saw the American 70, slowly scatter and then break into a run, some of them, however, returning the fire — saw one man killed, as he was clambering over a stone fence, where a wooden one now is; and several others, as they were making off. The British fired as long as they could see any Americans within their reach: and certainly fired first. Hastings told us many other particulars. The meeting house was not the same which is now there: but some parts of the old were used in building the new; and various bullet holes and other signs of battle are visible about it. In the yard stands a monument erected to those who fell; giving their names.”

MR. EVERETT. — COMMODORE ELIOTT.

“Returned to Cambridge about 11. Dinner at Mr. S.’s. Survey of Harvard Library with Mr. Felton. 42,000 vols. Drive with him to Charlestown.

Call on "Professor" Everett, whose manners appeared to me freezing and haughty. He walked with us to the navy yard near his house, and seemed willing to play chaperone to a reasonable extent: but upon my intimating a design to visit Com. Elliott, with a letter of introduction which I had (from Com. Barron) Mr. E. begged to be excused from joining in that call—with quite an air. Mr. Felton had, or manifested, no such scruple; and in we went to the Commodore's. He was a very round bodied, bluff visaged man, in a short jacket; with as little ceremony in his manners as in his dress. Little was said, beyond an expression of my wish to see the Navy yard. Ringing up a servant, he ordered him to call the officer of the day. That officer made his appearance, — Mr. Walker (Lieutenant). The commodore gave us in charge to him; ordering him to show us whatever we desired about the yard. Mr. W. did so, very handsomely — The Columbus 74, the Frigate Constitution, &c. Arms room — a dazzling spectacle. We saw the outsidcs of the Vermont 74, the Boston Frigate, — and the drydock."

LOWELL.

"July 13.

"Carried a letter of introduction from Mr. Stearns to Mr. Luther Lawrence, a large proprietor in some factories here. Found him at the Rroad bank. He devoted himself to me for some hours, driving me in his chaise to the several Factories. Cotton Factory — Woollens, ditto — Calico printing — Carpets — rugs at 5 to \$11. Brussels, Wilton, and Kidderminster Carpets, 1 to \$3. A weaver does 3 or 4 yards a day, at 37½ cents a yard. Carpet weaving is a mystery insoluble to me; as indeed what sort of weaving is not — or even common knitting? One cotton Factory has 3,500 spindles — 136 looms. I went all over it. From the numbers visible in the houses I entered, I can easily credit Major Downing's story about the 'miles of gals,' that went in procession to honor

General Jackson. Their wages are low. A girl (shown me) who attends 2 looms, receives but 58 cents a day, and finds herself. . . . Materials used in scouring cottons for calico — woollens.

"School for operatives — Sunday Schools — Lyceums — Lectures. Mr. Lawrence gives a very favorable account of the morals and intellectual culture of the factory hands. Lowell has 13,000 inhabitants. In 1822, it was little better than a waste piece of ground. . . .

"Friday, July 18.

"Up at ½ past four, and off at 25' past 6 — after a hard scuffle to get breakfast in time. The Merrimac House apes the Tremont in grandeur of style; but succeeds (like all imitators) in catching only the faults of its model — its exorbitancy of bill, and its want of good waiting upon. For \$1.50 *per diem*, a single biped unfeathered never found much less of solid comfort than at the M. House. Our stage road ran for several miles up the bank of the Merrimac. Saw the small steamboat, Herald, plying between Lowell and Nashua — a distance of but 15 miles."

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

"From Lowell to Fitchburg, a young man and his sister, of Keene, N. Hampshire, were passengers. Temperance flourishes much in N. H. A periodical at Concord, sent to every family in the state. Some will not receive it. Samuel Kittridge, a lawyer (one of whose addresses I had read some years ago), once a great drunkard, is now a regular and powerful advocate of the Reformation. He is paid \$400 a year by the Temperance Society, for going about, and lecturing on Temperance. He is a married man, and now aged 40 or upwards. Abolition rife in Concord, N. H."

GOVERNOR DAVIS.

"At Fitchburg, was transferred to another stage, in which was Gov. Davis. Sickened somewhat, I rode outside; and so had no opportunity of

handing him a letter of introduction I had, till we reached Leominster, 6 miles on the way to Worcester. Passed thro' Leominster, Stirling, West Boylston. At Stirling, strengthened my stomach with some cheese and crackers (for stage sickness is aggravated by fasting), and then got inside. Had much talk with Gov. D. He is plainer in speech and manners than any man of his degree that I have hitherto met with: especially in New England, — where, it seems to me, they do not wear official rank so easily and unvauntingly as in the S. and West. . . .

"Reached Worcester (called *Woo-ster*) at nearly 5 p. m. — 50 m.s from Lowell as we came, tho' but 45 by another route. Gov. D. makes me such strong instances to stay here (his place of abode) tomorrow, and let him show me the town, its environs, and curiosities, that (it being o'er late, too, to see any tonight) I must stay. And next day affording no stage to Northampton, this involves a stay till Monday. I'm afraid, if there were a stage on Sunday, that would "shine no Sabbath day to me." Shaved, and supped. Then came a note from "Mr. Davis," asking my company at his house this evening. It was brought by a tall, coal black negro servant — truly, *rara avis, nigroque* &c., here. At meeting with a Southron, (being himself from the D. of Columbia) his broad mouth dilated into a grin of pleasure, displaying two rows of the whitest teeth.

"I went to Gov. D.'s, soon after 7; and staid 2 hours. His introduction of me to Mrs. D. was, '*my wife*, Mr. Minor!' and his usual address to her was '*wife*.' — Capital. She is a daughter of Dr. Aaron Bancroft, a venerable minister who still has charge of the Unitarian Church here, and who wrote a *Life of Washington* that I read some years ago; and she is sister to Mr. George Bancroft, who lives in Northampton, and is writing a *History of the U. S.* of which one volume is out. Mrs. D. is dark complexioned, and plain spoken and mannered; but evidently intelligent and tinctured with letters.

So is her husband, when you come to probe him. He seems about 45 — perhaps 48 — she, 40. I plead guilty of 2 glasses of wine, — one, because I was tired of refusing; and the other, to wash down whortleberry cake — very good cake, however.

"Gov. D. tells me of the factory hands here (about 1000 in number) what Mr. Lawrence did of those at Lowell. They are as moral as any other class of the population. The females watch each other's deportment with most jealous vigilance; and the smallest slip is at once exposed, and punished by expulsion. There is a Lyceum, for their improvement — lectures by amateurs — the Drs., Lawyers, &c. about town — on a great variety of subjects, physical and moral. . . .

"WORCESTER, Sunday, July 20.

"... Attended the Unitarian Church. Mr. Hill, Dr. Bancroft's alternate, preached a neat, sensible discourse, rather a moral disquisition than a sermon (more to my taste) — on the importance of family prayer. Text, Joshua, 34, 15. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The music, before sermon, struck me as very fine. I doubted not that it was an organ, till, looking up to the gallery, I saw a gentleman in black plying a violin, and another a violoncello, with might and main. 'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders'; but it was all nothing to the pother that some of our rigidly righteous would make, could they see this abomination. My thoughts ran upon the dance of witches and warlocks in Kirk Alloway; the gentleman in black, to my fancy, represented auld Nick,

'A tawsie tyke, black, grim and large —
To gie them music was his charge';

and I did not know what horrid catastrophe might come, from the profanation. Happily, however, nothing dreadful occurred; and we all got home unhurt."

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"Mrs. B. says, the white servants are far more unmanageable and useless,

since factories multiplied, and wages grew so high. Two dollars a week must be given for a female house servant. The vexation attending them is hardly less than that resulting from slaves in Va. The worst part, is insolent language. Mrs. Rice has just parted with one "help," (they wont bear to be called servants) and been treating with another. She will engage, only upon condition of being considered a member of the family: which implies, that she is to sit at meals with the family, sit in the parlor, &c. 'But how can she wait on the table, if she sits down to it with you?' 'O, she will have to jump up, when any thing is wanted.' It is usual, for one *help* to do all work — cook, bring water, clean up the house, &c. Those who can afford it, hire a second for these and other jobs. The carriage driver is commonly a distinct personage — takes care of the horses, &c., &c."

RELIGIOUS STATE.

"WORCESTER, Monday, July 21.

".... Gov. D. told me, there is no longer any legal obligation upon any person in Mass. to give a penny for Religious uses — towards keeping a church or minister. The old Law, requiring such tribute, was repealed last year, or the year before. Almost every body is a member of some religious Society; which, however, is not the same thing as communicant of a church. And all such members have to contribute for church-support, under the by-laws of the Society. These religious Societies have a corporate existence and corporate faculties given, not by a special law for each of them, but by a general law, saying that whenever one is organized, by appointing officers, assessor, collector, &c. for building a church and employing a minister, it shall be, *ipso facto*, a body corporate, with power to levy contributions, &c. The contributions are prescribed by an assessor, elected in a general meeting of the members; and are collected by a collector, similarly appointed, who can distrain for nonpayment."

POLITICAL USAGES.

"My Lowell friend in the cambray frock has been elected to the State Legislature (the H. of R. in the 'General Court'); and has, besides, taken an active part in getting others elected. He gave me much insight of the machinery by which elections are carried here. No man ever proclaims himself a candidate, or comes forward as one, of his own mere will; much less electioneers, either by going about, or making stump speeches, or otherwise. To do any of these things would be inevitable death to his aspirations. His way is, to convey his wishes, in some indirect method, to an influential friend who sounds others; and all his favorers make interest for him till a caucus can be assembled, which is carefully formed of the kindest possible materials for him. This caucus usually speaks the will of one or a few leading men, who are now, we will suppose, in favor of our aspirant. Of course he is nominated, as the people's candidate, or at least as the party's; and is elected in the former case perhaps without opposition, or in the latter by such majority as his party can give him.

"The tendency of this system to direct all the courtship of aspiring men to the wireworkers of the caucus, instead of to the people, is obvious: and consequently to deprive the people of that respectful demeanor towards them, which a sense of dependence upon them would otherwise insure. Further — it prevents those oral discussions of public measures, before the masses, which are the best means of rousing and fixing their attention, and of enlightening their minds, as to such measures. It therefore at once lessens the people's agency in government, and impairs their capacity to do their part in it. My shrewd acquaintance evidently regards the caucus system as thus striking at the foundations of popular government. Our old Virginia fashion for me! — of every man's bringing *himself* forward as a candidate; and, in stump speeches, showing what stuff he is made of.

MR. BANCROFT.

"NORTHAMPTON, —.

"To see Mr. Geo. Bancroft, on Roundhill, with Mr. Felton's letter of introduction. (He is Mrs. Govr. Davis' brother, as I said.) A deal of talk. He is ravenous for information upon various Virginia topics whereon, for my pretensions, I find myself very scantily furnished. He is full charged; and gives it off like an electric jar. Voice a thin treble, or tenor at least; but clear, and not unpleasing. In 1763, there were upwards of 5000 slaves in Massachusetts. In 1780 some hundreds less. That year, the Constitution was adopted, with the Bill of Rights declaring "all men born free and equal." Upon this, some slaves demanded their freedom, and their masters yielded it. One (in 1781) sued his master for trespass, assault and battery, and false imprisonment. The master pleaded that the plaintiff was his slave. This plea was demurred to, and held naught. A decision which virtually abolished slavery in Mass. *No Legislative Act ever passed*, for doing so. Abolition was effected similarly in N. Hampshire. There never were any slaves in Vermont. It was a mistake of the last census, to mention slaves in Mass. Explanation of it, and correction by Gov. Davis. Slavery was abolished by *Legislation* in N. York, 179-, when there were 21,000 slaves, in a whole population of 340,000. (Va. has 460000 slaves, in a whole population of about 1,100,000.)

"Mr. B. thought it might be so effected in Virginia; by declaring all to be free, born after a specified time. He did not know that this idea (called the *post-nati* principle) had been discussed in the Va. Legislature, and had been as obnoxious as any other plan whatever, to our anti-abolitionists. Left him, after an hour, agreeably spent. Invitation to a family dinner, at 1 o'clock. Excused myself. Then to tea, at 6. Agreed."

ABOLITIONISM.

"Mr. Stearns in his visit this morn-

ing, introd'd me to a youngish lawyer, Mr. Charles Huntington — sensible. Disposed, I think, to abolition. Indeed Miss S. has mentioned the family to me, as thither inclined. He asked, if one going into Va. to speak on the subject not to slaves, but to the whites, would be heard? I tho't not, — unless they felt assured that he did not design, directly or indirectly, to operate upon the slaves, or to stir up the non-slaveholders against the owners."

MR. BANCROFT.

"Descended the mountain after $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour's stay; and got back to town just time enough for me to reach Mr. Bancroft's a little after the appointed tea hour. Introduced to his wife, mother, and sister. The mother a very good looking, affable old lady.

"Mr. B. led me into his back piazza, to enjoy the view. It presents all the Northamptonward part of the prospect from Mt. Holyoke, with some additions and improvements. From Mr. B.'s the landscape is less picture-like, — more like reality. We see quite across the valley, to Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and their associate ranges — Mt. Tom more satisfactorily than from Mount H. — and away to the north, appears a range running at right angles with the Holyoke range, having one of its gaps filled by the dim blue mass of Monadnock mountain in New Hampshire, far in the background. Thus, North, East, and South, the mountains, in the gray twilight, seemed an evenly defined, close wall, bounding the spacious garden of the valley: A garden, filled with green meadows and cornfields, orchards, clumps of elms and sycamores, virgin forests, gay villages of white houses surmounted by beautiful churches (all white)

'Swell with merry peals the breeze,
And point with taper spires to Heaven.'

".... Mr. B. and I had much, and to me very interesting conversation. The 1st vol. of his *History of the U. S.* (just published) comes to 1660. The 2d will come to about 1745. The 3d just *into* the Revolution. The 4th will

finish the Revolution, and tell of the forming of the present Constitution — 1787'8 — and the organization of the government under it. The 5th (and last) will extend thro' President Jackson's administration. The vols. will come about one a year — if life and health. — Mr. B. seems justly impressed with the importance of condensing his narrative — of avoiding details, except where necessary to show general results, or fulfil his general plan. Thus, the memoirs or adventures of individuals he will usually pretermit. But where they strikingly illustrate the spirit or character of the people or the times, — he will give them. Thus he thought 2 incidents which I told him, worthy of insertion — the hanging of 2 Tories in my native neighborhood, by the country people — and a gallant feat of Thomas Pemberton (a cornet in Lee's Legion) told me by his son-in-law, Mr. A. Bryce. Mr. B. listened eagerly to the recital of these 2 facts. The latter he said was the affair of Horatius Coclès over again.

"Thinks he can tread the delicate ground of contemporaneous history — even the history of our party-politics — steadily and impartially: and be able to set forth the Internal Improvem't and Tariff questions, Nullification, Bank, and Indian question, all, so as to show the world their true aspects and merits, without giving umbrage to either party. He will put himself, in imagination, in the place of the party whose views he is explaining, and view the controverted ground with their eyes. Says he has ample materials for the Va. portion of his History. Finds Henning's Statutes at Large very valuable. Has Stith's History, Burke's, and Girardin's — The Life of Capt. Smith, that of Rd. H. Lee, &c. He caught voraciously at my mention of Sample's Hist. of the Va. Baptists, and the Memoirs of Samuel Davies, as narrating some religious persecutions there, in the 18th century; and took down the names. He lately received a letter from Mr. Calhoun, giving suggestion as to the way Nullification

ought to be treated, if it have justice. Has lately also received a letter from Mr. Leigh, offering any aid in his power towards Virginia History; inquired if I thought Mr. L. possessed of much information concerning the early history of Va. I tho't not particularly so, except the legislative and constitutional history. Mr. B. understands that Mr. Madison has many mss. shedding great light on the history of the country, which he designs one day to see the light; and asked, if I tho't Mr. M. w'd probably suffer them to be examined for Mr. B.'s purpose? No doubt he would — but it must be at Mr. M.'s own house. Mr. B. contemplates a visit thither on purpose.

"Came away at 20' before 10. Mr. B. keeps early hours, he says: never indulges in night studies. Goes to bed at 10. He is an example of the youthfulness of appearance usual among these northern people, — age considered. He is about 40, Mr. S. tells me; yet looks much younger than I do, who want 8 years of that age. Has not a gray hair. This climate certainly has a something conservative of health and freshness; when colds, and their offspring consumption do not interpose. But a still better conservative is the mode of life — especially the kinds and quantity of food. Cold light-bread does wonders, in preserving the teeth, complexion, and constitution. It has potent auxiliaries too, in other parts of diet — in warm dressing, comfortable houses, and frequent ablutions of the body."

"CONCLUSION.

"Here the Notes of my Tour may as well end — since I now return upon my former footsteps, home.

"No other 6 weeks of my life have had compressed into them half so much excitement, or half so much interest. Those Northern States have very far the start of us Virginians, in almost all the constituents of civilization: yes further than my State pride will even now let me own without a struggle. They are more public spirited than we.

They are more charitable — they possess better organized social and civil institutions. Their usages are more favorable to health, to virtue, to intelligence — and in their thorough, practical understanding of the word COMFORT, (which is said to be unknown in any language, save the English) they are as far before us, as we are before the Hottentots or Esquimaux.

"Great good — very great good — would result to Virginia or any other Southern State, if her farmers and planters, and their wives, would come often among the Yankees and observe their ways. Some things would be seen, to be shunned ; but many more, to be imitated. I shall always preach up to my countrymen and countrywomen the

utility of such a jaunt. I shall particularly exhort them to quit the great highways of fashionable touring — the steam and stage lines — and explore the simple, rural districts ; for instance, Windham county in Connecticut, and Worcester and Berkshire, or even Hampshire or Hampden, in Massachusetts. There I w'd have them stay, for several days, in a village Inn, or (better still) enter as boarders in a farm House ; and, themselves in plain dresses and with no equipage, so as not to awe their entertainers into reserve, quietly note their ways. One day with my kind hostess in Windham (with whom I breakfasted so on the 11th of July) could not help being pleasant and profitable."

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

SECOND EXPEDITION.

THE first expedition against Fort Fisher failed to capture the fort, but it acted as a successful reconnoissance by which information of the most important character was obtained. When the first attempt was made, it was supposed by the Secretary of the Navy and the Lieutenant-General that the navy could run the batteries and isolate the Rebels. Admiral Porter decided, in the light of his experience on the first expedition, that this was impracticable. The second expedition enjoyed all the benefits of the experience gained by the failure of the first, and it sailed to execute certain definite instructions. Its action was not to depend upon the result of reconnoissance or experiment. Immediately upon the receipt of the news announcing the unsuccessful character of the first expedition, Secretary Welles, at the suggestion of the President, telegraphed Lieutenant-General Grant, requesting him to order the return of a force sufficient to render certain the fall of the

defences of the port of Wilmington. True to that tenacity of purpose which always characterized the action of General Grant throughout the whole Rebellion, he immediately ordered that preparations be made to re-embark the troops for another attempt, in co-operation with the navy, to carry these strongholds, so useful to the life of the Confederacy and so dangerous to the success of the Union arms.

On the 1st day of January, 1865, Major-General Benjamin F. Butler and Brevet Major-General Alfred H. Terry had an extended interview with Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, at his head-quarters at City Point, Va. It was here determined that the second expedition should be intrusted to the command of General Terry. On the 2d of January orders were issued to the troops that were to take part in the enterprise, and on the night of the 3d they were marched to Bermuda Hundreds, where they were embarked on ocean transports, under the direction

of Colonel George S. Dodge of the Quartermaster's Department. On the morning of the 5th of January the fleet was at Fortress Monroe and in readiness to sail.

The army force consisted of the same troops which composed the first expedition, together with the Second Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, under the command of Colonel J. C. Abbott of the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers; Battery E, Third United States Artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Myrick; a siege train; a detail of artillerists; and a company of engineers. These troops taken together numbered about eighty-five hundred men. There were twenty-one first and second class transport steamers, and a third class of small vessels and tenders. General Terry made his head-quarters on the McClellan, General Ames on the Atlantic, and General Paine on the Champion. On the morning of the 6th of January this fleet sailed under sealed orders. Everything seemed to have been admirably and expeditiously managed. On opening the orders, the point of destination was found to be twenty-five miles off Beaufort, N. C. Here the army fleet once more found that of the navy, which had withdrawn to this point. It was the misfortune of this expedition to experience a gale almost equal in fury to that which the first encountered. This heavy weather commenced immediately after the sailing of the fleet, and continued until the 11th of January. Some of the vessels had become scattered, and others driven into Beaufort, and delays were occasioned, so that it was not until the morning of the 12th that Admiral Porter steamed out and led the fleets in the direction of New Inlet. This day was a beautiful one, and the Atlantic had the appearance of an immense placid lake. At about ten o'clock in the evening both fleets came to anchor at a point five miles north of Fort Fisher. Early on the following morning the Brooklyn, the double-enders, and other gunboats opened a fire on

the woods directly in the rear of the position upon which it was decided to land the troops. The first troops were landed on the beach about four miles north of New Inlet. Pickets were thrown out in every direction. The enemy did not make any opposition to this movement. In fact, not a single shot was fired at our troops at this time. During this day eighty-five hundred men were landed, with forty rounds of ammunition, six days' hard bread in bulk, and three hundred thousand additional rounds of small arms ammunition. The landing was accomplished amid the greatest enthusiasm of the soldiers. Cheer upon cheer went up, clearly indicating their splendid *morale*. The surf gave some trouble at first, but it seemed to subside as the day progressed. This favorable condition of the surf continued through the three days of active operations which culminated in the accomplishment of the object of the expedition. Paine's division of colored troops having been successfully disembarked, it was marched a short distance toward the fort, and then directed across the peninsula to the Cape Fear River. After the line had been established across this narrow strip of land, the troops threw up a strong intrenchment from the ocean to the river and facing Wilmington. It was undoubtedly General Terry's object to prepare himself against an attack from that direction. It was well known that Hoke's division of Rebel troops had been relieved from Richmond and transferred to the defences of Wilmington about the 22d of December, 1864. This division probably numbered about four thousand men, and would undoubtedly have attacked the army forces, had they believed that there were no earthworks in their front. Colonel Abbott's brigade also formed a part of this line. On the 14th of January Captain Lee's and Lieutenant Myrick's batteries were landed, and placed in position on the line already described. In this way General Adelbert Ames was left free to operate against the fort, without any fears of an attack upon his rear. The

enemy would have had to destroy a division and a brigade of troops before they could interfere with this more direct attack. On the 14th the first brigade of Ames's division was moved up toward the fort, while the other two brigades were held in reserve. The skirmishers were advanced to within one hundred and fifty yards of the work. In doing this an outwork was captured, and an unsuccessful attempt made to turn the guns against the main fortification. Active preparations were continued for the bloody conflict, which finally took place on the following day. On the entire 13th and 14th the navy maintained a tremendous bombardment of the fort. The Admiral had adopted a different plan of attack, which seemed to be successful in materially damaging the fortification. On the evening of the 14th General Terry went on board of the *Malvern* to arrange with Admiral Porter the plan of attack for the next day. The Admiral says (see page 189, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War): "It was arranged between the General and myself that the ships should all go in early, and fire rapidly through the day, until the time for the assault to come off. The hour named was five P. M. I detailed sixteen hundred sailors and four hundred marines to accompany the troops in the assault, the sailors to board the sea face, while the troops assaulted the land side." The following are among the directions that were given to the sailors and marines to regulate them in their landing upon the beach, and in their assault upon the sea face of the fort:—

"GENERAL ORDER NO. 81.

"FLAG SHIP MALVERN, January 4, 1865.

"... That we may have a share in the assault, when it takes place, the boats will be kept ready lowered near the water on the off side of the vessels. The sailors will be armed with cutlasses, well sharpened, and with revolvers. When the signal is made to man the boats, the men will get in, but not show themselves. When signal is made to

assault, the boats will pull around the stern of the monitors and land right abreast of them and board the fort on the run in a seaman-like way." (See page 198, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

"LANDING ORDER.

**"FLAG-SHIP MALVERN,
OFF NEW INLET, January 15, 1865.**

"... No move is to be made forward until the army charges, when the navy is to assault the sea or southeast face of the work, going over with cutlasses drawn and revolvers in hand. The marines will follow after, and when they gain the edge of the parapet they will lie flat and pick off the enemy in the works. The sailors will charge at once on the field-pieces in the fort and kill the gunners. The mouths of the bomb-proofs must be secured at once, and no quarter given if the enemy fire from them after we enter the fort. Any man who straggles or disobeys orders is to be sent to the rear under a guard. The men must keep their flags rolled up until they are on top of the parapet and inside the fort, when they will hoist them. . . . If, when our men get into the fort, the enemy commence firing on Fort Fisher from the mound, every three men will seize a prisoner, pitch him over the walls, and get behind the fort for protection, or into the bomb-proofs." (See pages 194 and 195, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

Sunday, the 15th day of January, 1865, proved to be a bright and beautiful day. The air was mild and balmy as a May day. The sun shed its bright rays upon the scene through a cloudless sky. What little wind there was blew off shore flattening the surf and ocean to a calm seldom experienced off the coast. But this was not to be a day of rest for the boys in blue on sea or shore before Fort Fisher. The storm of human conflict was soon to burst forth.

Early in the morning General Ames, at the head of Bell's and Pennypacker's

brigades of his division, took up his line of march toward the fort. As this advance was made, the Tallahassee, a Rebel gunboat in the Cape Fear River, opened fire upon this body of men. A number of officers and men were killed and wounded; a captain was obliged to have his leg amputated. This vessel was soon afterward driven off and did not make her appearance again. Immediately upon the arrival of Pennypacker's brigade, directly in front of the fort, the First Brigade was moved forward in line of battle to a new position about two hundred yards from the fort; the right resting near the Cape Fear River, and the left extending toward the ocean and parallel to the front of the fort, and covering one half its land face. The skirmishers were about a hundred yards in advance of this line. This movement had to be executed under a sharp musketry fire and an occasional discharge of grape and canister. The Second Brigade, under command of Colonel Pennypacker, was now moved forward, also in line of battle, to a position of five hundred yards from the fort and parallel to the line formed by the First Brigade. The Third Brigade, under command of Colonel Bell, was formed in a similar manner about seven hundred yards from the fort. This column of brigades was formed on the open sandy beach, directly in front of the land face and opposite the westerly side of the fort. The men were moved up quickly, and as soon as they were properly placed, they threw up small rifle-pits for temporary protection. While these operations were taking place, General Terry and staff and General Ames and his staff occupied a prominent position near an old earthwork about five hundred and fifty yards from the fort. General Ames gave a personal supervision to every detail of these preliminary manœuvres; going himself, and sending his staff to the front and to the flanks in order to correct and establish the lines of attack. All these evolutions were executed with the precision and order of a

parade. At this time a number of brave men volunteered to go forward in advance of the skirmishers and cut away the palisade. They were provided with axes for this purpose. In the mean time, while these operations of the army had been going on, a force of sailors and marines, numbering two thousand men, were landed on the sea-beach under the command of Fleet Captain K. R. Breese. The head of this column had been pushed up to within a few hundred yards of the fort, by means of a succession of intrenchments and rifle-pits, which were promptly occupied by the United States Marine Corps. The navy had kept up its terrific fire upon the fort. Nevertheless at no time was it entirely silenced. The Ironsides and monitors hurled forth their immense projectiles; the grand old frigates boomed out their heavy broadsides; and the gunboats poured in their whistling shots upon the doomed stronghold. Probably the fire of the navy was not so rapid as on some of the previous days of the attack, but it was certainly far more accurate and effective. It was the wonder of the army artillerists to see how it was possible for ships at sea to direct an artillery fire with such precision. By means of army signals, General Terry was in continued conversation with Admiral Porter, who was over a mile distant. In this way the navy were requested to direct their fire either against the parapet or against the palisade. By this time the assaulting column of soldiers, sailors, and marines, numbering about five thousand two hundred men, were in readiness to charge. If Abbott's brigade, which was brought up toward the close of the action, be counted, then the assaulting column numbered in the aggregate six thousand three hundred men. At half past three o'clock the signal was given to the navy to cease firing. At the instant the steam whistles shrieked out this signal, General Curtis, who commanded the first line, sprang to his feet and shouted the order of advance to his brigade. With

a wild cheer his men charged forward ; many passing through the apertures in the palisade, across the ditch and up to the parapet, the rest charging across a bridge which led around to the left and rear of the fort. This charge was under the direction of a staff-officer of General Ames, who was the first man on the parapet of the fort, and was stricken down, severely wounded, while planting a color on the top of one of the traverses. Three other members of his staff were struck at this time ; of these Captain Dawson afterward died of his injuries. The Second Brigade was now ordered forward and successfully entered the fort. The most of this brigade entered by the bridge already mentioned. The planks were torn up, leaving the soldiers to cross upon the string-pieces. At this juncture Colonel Pennypacker was so seriously wounded that his life was despaired of for many months. This charge of the two brigades was met by the enemy with a vigorous resistance. They sprang to their guns and fought with desperation, contesting each traverse and bomb-proof inch by inch. A half-hour's fighting gave the army possession of about five or six of the immense traverses and also a firm footing to the left and rear of the fort.

The brave sailors and marines at the signal had rushed to the attack. They met with a murderous grape and canister and musketry fire. Their ranks were rapidly thinned beneath the fearful storm of iron, but the survivors pressed bravely forward to close up the gaps. Great gallantry was displayed by the officer who led these men into the "deadly breach." Lieutenants B. H. Porter and S. W. Preston were instantly killed. They had been classmates and messmates, they had been captured and suffered imprisonment together, and at last died fighting side by side. Captain Breese, in his report, says :—

"Finding the rear of the men retreating, I hastened toward it to form them under cover, and have them use their rifles, but they were too far distant for me to reach them, and I ac-

cordingly returned to a position near the works. As I did so the remaining men, notwithstanding all attempt to stop them, fled, with the exception of about sixty, among whom were Lieutenant-Commander James Parker, C. H. Cushman, T. O. Selfridge, and M. Sicard, and Lieutenant N. H. Farquhar and R. H. Lamson, the latter of whom was wounded, and several volunteer officers whose names I unfortunately do not know. The fire of the enemy was so severe that the few of our men remaining had to seek such cover as they could, and there remained until dark, when a demonstration upon the part of the Rebels induced all to make a rush, and most succeeded in escaping." (See page 193, Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

This part of the assaulting column, having been driven back in confusion, was not again brought in requisition against the fort. In the latter part of the fight they were rallied to man the position out of which Colonel Abbott's brigade was moved. The sailors did all that could have been expected of them. They had not been properly armed for such service. Cutlasses and revolvers may be the suitable weapons to arm men with for the purpose of boarding a vessel at sea, where the fighting is necessarily confined to a small space, but they will not do for an attack upon a strong fortification, defended by artillery and infantry.

The First and Second Brigades of General Ames's division had been gallantly fighting all this time inside of the fort. The troops had gained by their desperate valor a number of the traverses and had advanced across the west part of the *terre-plein* almost to the centre of the fort. General Curtis, who had been conspicuous throughout the day for his bravery and coolness, fell, badly wounded by a canister shot. Colonel Bell's brigade was then advanced. His manly form was seen at the head of his column, as it darted forward over the bridge and into the fort. But this was the Colonel's

last charge, for at this point the brave and noble soldier fell, mortally wounded. His brigade was moved forward against the sea face of the fort. The ground over which the brigade had to charge was obstructed by the *débris* of the barracks, while the enemy was protected by the traverses and magazines. The navy had recommenced their fire upon the sea face, after the repulse of the sailors and marines. This fire assisted in sweeping the traverses for the advance of the men. It ceased at dark, and was again reopened for a short time, but it was soon found that the fire was killing and wounding our own men. It was therefore finally discontinued. The impetuous resistance of the garrison would not permit darkness to cause a cessation of hostilities. The fearful encounter was continued. The enemy kept up a continual artillery fire from the mound upon the soldiers who held the western part of the fort. The bursting of shell, the rattling of musketry, shouts of the men, groans of the wounded, all went to make up a perfect Pandemonium.

General Ames, who had entered the fort at the head of the Second Brigade, remained there fighting with his men until the close of the action. He had been made particularly conspicuous, not only by the prominent and advanced position he had occupied, but by a brigadier-general's full dresscoat, which he wore on that day. It was next to a miracle to see him go unscathed, while his officers and men were continually falling by his very side. There he stood among his troops. No advice to retreat, no request to postpone the engagement until the following morning, found a listening ear with him. "Advance, drive the enemy from their works," was his repeated order. To his determined bravery and skill on this occasion the country owes more than to any other one officer either in the army or navy. Although the garrison was already showing signs of weakness, still General Ames, wishing to make "assurance double sure," at about eight o'clock sent to General

Terry for reinforcements. He immediately forwarded Colonel Abbott's brigade, which went gallantly to the rescue. At the same time General Terry, who had continued to occupy the position he had held in the first part of the assault, so that he could be in perfect communication with the fleet, entered Fort Fisher. Abbott's brigade was formed near the river, while a portion of these reinforcements, armed with Spencer's carbines, were ordered to advance on the sea front. At about nine o'clock a general assault was made, and the Rebels retreated out of the fort toward Battery Buchanan. Cheer after cheer now rang out upon the night air; the fact of the capture of the fort was signalled to the fleet almost immediately. The navy vessels sent up rockets in celebration of the glorious event. In the excitement and joy of the moment, the killed, the dying, and the wounded were apparently forgotten.

Abbott's brigade was now ordered to advance upon Battery Buchanan. Here General Whiting and Colonel Lamb were found both badly wounded. The garrison, to the number of about nineteen hundred men, surrendered at this place, and were marched back to the vicinity of Fort Fisher. Thus, after one of the most stubbornly fought battles of the war, this fortification fell into the hands of the Union forces. The sacrifices of the army, navy, and marine corps, in killed and wounded, amounted to eight hundred men. The Rebel loss was trifling compared to the Union.

In the language of General Ames, "the name of every officer and man engaged in this desperate conflict should be mentioned"; but space at the present will not allow the recital of the sacrifices and acts of heroism of that day.

The next morning a terrific explosion of the main magazine of the fort occurred. By this accident, one hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded, and many a brave man who had survived the conflict of the day before lost his life. It was undoubtedly

caused by some person entering the magazine with a light, without knowing its nature.

On the night of the 16th of January, the Rebels having lost the key of the position, blew up and abandoned Fort Casswell and the works on Smith's Island. The United States forces triumphantly entered Wilmington, N. C., on Washington's birthday.

Every circumstance of the second expedition was most auspicious. So favorable was the weather, that constant communication was kept up with the fleet and transports, and the navy was accorded three successive days for bombarding the fort, so that when the column moved to the assault there were but few guns to oppose them.

General Terry deserves the highest encomiums for the manner in which he prepared and organized all the details of the operations which culminated in the attack upon Fort Fisher. It is true that some reinforcements had been thrown in the fort after the first attempt to carry it, but General Whiting has stated that they were not of good material. (See page 108, Report on the Conduct of the War.)

Admiral Porter's theory in relation to the force necessary to take the fort was, that after he had bombarded it, any land force could successfully assault it, and when they had carried the parapet, that the garrison would capitulate. The Admiral makes use of the following statements in describing the events of the first expedition: "The works were battered and burnt to that degree that there appeared no life within the walls. . . . Until late in the day on the 26th the forts laid at our mercy, and if the men had not been brought off, the Rebels would have surrendered when they marched up and the navy opened fire." (See Report Committee on the Conduct of the War, page 178.) "They (the forts) were so blown up, burst up, and torn up, that the people inside had no intention of fighting any longer. . . . There never was a fort that invited soldiers to walk in and take possession more plainly than Fort Fish-

er. . . . We have shown the weakness of this work. It can be taken at any moment in one hour's time." (See Report Secretary of Navy, page 51.)

To the superficial observer the final capture of the fort might seem to prove the correctness of these views; but it establishes the contrary. It appears from the experience of the second expedition that assaulting the fort was but half of the work to be done; for after the troops had gained the inside and rear of the fort, the fight continued for over six hours. The troops first got possession of the west part of the fort, and then the fight partook of the nature of a battle of infantry against infantry. Assaulting the fort was one thing, capturing its garrison was another. This great fact seems to have been entirely lost sight of by those who believe that the engineer officers showed timidity on the first expedition. However, Admiral Porter afterwards changed his mind materially on the subject of the strength of the fort and the forces necessary to carry it. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (see page 190) he says: "I have since visited Fort Fisher and the adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder even now how it was done. The work, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff Tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England; and yet it is captured by a handful of men under the fire of the guns of the fleet, and in seven hours after the attack commenced in earnest."

Bearing in mind all the difficulties that surrounded the first expedition, and at the same time the remarkably favorable events of the second, it must be admitted that General Butler's withdrawal of that part of his troops which had been landed, from their exposed position before the walls of Fort Fisher was a duty which he owed to his soldiers and to his country.

H. C. Lockwood.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

PART I.

THERE was a young gentleman in Montpier who attracted to himself considerable attention, not a hundred years ago. Two sad hearts in the town were sad because of him. One was his own, the other Ellen Hepworth's.

After he had declined the partnership with his old employers, Smithby & Co., because, as he had the courage, or rather the impertinence, to tell them, he could not approve of their way of doing business, he surprised everybody by the course of dissipation upon which he entered.

It really seemed as if he had exhausted his virtues when that decision in reference to the partnership so long looked forward to was made. Nobody pretended to understand him, least of all Ellen Hepworth. This "careering" was so unlooked for that she finally concluded that it partook of the nature of the whirlwind, and so must spend itself, and remain among the facts forever inexplicable. The instinct of self-preservation she would not allow a hearing. Is the sun to be less honored, because for an hour eclipsed? "For better, for worse, until death doth us part," she said.

When the lover came to the hard pass of apology and repentance, which would yet be repented of, and sought to excuse his wild wanderings, the young lady said, looking into a face that was not in the least like the face of any one of the gods that have swayed in their day the hearts of women and men, but a face that had, nevertheless, a portion of beauty, which was intended to represent some sort of divine order: "You understand me perfectly, and I go with you. Take me down to ruin if you please. Where you choose to go, I go."

It was wild talk for a well-behaved young person, unless she had discovered that somewhere in the heart of

Alexander was an unsunned depth which a ray of heavenly light might reach yet, and therein work its wonders.

She believed she had discovered as much. The indifference he had shown to mere gain, must it not have proceeded from a dislike to everything that was a discredit to human nature? Nevertheless, all Montpier saw that Alexander was going to the dogs.

This constancy on the part of his Ellen rather annoyed him when he began to understand it. It arose, he perceived, from no misconception with regard to his conduct. Once he had held the opinion that nothing in life would be worth having without Ellen Hepworth. Now he began to see that it was likely she would be accounted a martyr, and his feelings took a turn. A fellow was a great fool to put his head into a noose, and his feet into the stocks, and give himself over day by day to hard work and decency, just for the sake of others. A rich girl who had money to make life easy to a man was another matter. That was a kind of marriage to be thought of patiently; but Ellen Hepworth had n't a dollar in her own rights. She was merely a good girl, bright enough; yes he would say for her, bright as the day, and pretty enough, — in fact, handsome as a rose. He had proved, though, to Plummer, the saint, that he could carry off before his eyes the finest girl in Montpier, that sufficed.

Still, here she was, solemn as a nun, lecturing him, by her sad looks only, it was true, on his shocking habits, yet averring to her friends, who were out of all patience with her, that nothing would induce her to give him up. He would see as to that. He would bring her to the point, perhaps. He would n't have people saying of any girl, that she was a sacrifice to him.

In short, it was clear to the one girl

who loved him that Alexander was not himself; some sort of nature his, and not his, had got the better of him, and her heart went into deep mourning over his captivity. And his heart, too, as I have said, and as everybody in Montpier might have known, — his heart, too, was sad.

Ellen's sole consolation now was Mr. Smithby, of the firm. She had known him all her life. She owned her grief to him.

He said to her: "I am as much surprised as anybody by this conduct, but don't worry. Alexander will come out of it. He has his whims, like all the rest of us. This one is as unaccountable to him, I have no doubt of it, as it is to you or me. There's just one thing clear to me. He may say what he pleases, but we'll have him back with us. I'll not quite say he may come on his own terms, but I believe my partner would; he's daft about Alexander; he don't say much, but if the boy were his own flesh and blood he could not be more anxious or more patient. You could n't make him see this, may be? He has n't been near us for a month."

Ellen Hepworth was a happy woman when she walked out of Mr. Smithby's counting-room.

As she went homeward she turned over in her mind what had been said, doubting whether it would be worst or best just now to go to Alexander with this message from his former employer. It might incense him to suspect that she had been consulting with anybody on his case; or he might say to himself, "See how all these people run after me"; and so the day of humiliation and repentance would be perhaps fatally postponed.

Meantime, while she hesitated, the object of her doubts and fears, attired in a handsome white linen suit, was riding in a stage-coach towards Flagg River Forks, admiring the scenery, and rather glad, on the whole, that he had broken away from Montpier, and especially enjoying in prospect the consternation with which by to-morrow or next day

people would begin to make inquiries for him.

As he goes we may read the letter which has put him into the white linen suit and within the stage-coach. It is dated

BOLTING, 25th 7th mo. 18—.

SIR:— Thee has an aged relative living in this place who names thee as his heir. He sends for thee by my hand. If thee will come here directly, thee may find him alive, and this he looks for. I may say he prays for thee to come. And thee must come alone; he says so. His mind wanders a little. It has wandered more or less for 'a long time, but it is clear he wants thee.

Thy friend,

OWEN HAPPY.

But urgent though the tone of the letter was, Alexander had let twenty-four hours slip by, and had changed his mind as many times, before he decided that he would attend to the summons.

Of course he did not understand the letter. What aged relative had he? His mother, who had married a second time, and now lived abroad with a husband and children whom he had never seen, had never told him that he or she had any relative living in the land. This man might be of his father's kindred. He did n't know. He did n't care. He doubted the story. Yet why should any one invent anything so stupid? And where upon earth was Bolting? Finally, his curiosity got the better of him; he thought that here possibly might be a tide in the affairs of men! So he left Montpier without exchanging a word with any person on the subject.

Montpier then said what it pleased. It got up a dark suspicion of debt and involvement, and Smithby & Co. were obliged to declare, in the most open manner, that there was n't a word to be said against the business honesty and uprightness of their late book-keeper, and that the place of responsibility and trust he had long occupied awaited him any day he would return to it.

Then Montpier lamented ; it was ten thousand pities a man should prove so great an enemy to himself ; but Ellen Hepworth said, " All this is a freak," and she waited for the day when her love should have justified itself. There was something in this confidence quite sublime.

The inhabitants of Bolting lived in the midst of their gardens between the north and east branches of Flagg River, in the fear of God, the love of the Brotherhood, and the honor of the President. The spirit of the place was stamped upon it, and even the driver who had brought the doubting heir over from the Forks, entertaining him by the way with a humorous account of the simple-hearted folk who flourished in the community, touched his horse with a gentler stroke, and spoke in a softened voice, as they passed up the street.

As they approached the village pump the young gentleman decided that it was time to make inquiries ; so he threw away his cigar and asked a boy who had his hand on the pump-handle if he could tell him where Owen Happy lived.

The lad pointed across the street to a house which resembled every other small white cottage on the line beneath the shade of the great elm-trees, only perhaps in the yard sweet peas and yellow marigolds bloomed more abundantly.

" I will get out here, then." And having paid the driver for his service, Alexander slowly crossed the street, not impressed profoundly by a sense of the mystery which enveloped the place and himself. His destiny might hang now, as they say, trembling in the scale ; but his opinion was, as he looked around him, that it would not be a bad thing for any man to fall heir to a bit of real estate in Bolting !

The longer his mind dwelt on this thought, the less prominent became his speculation in regard to the probable commercial value of one of those white houses and its surrounding garden. It was even suggested to him as he

walked along, — and he did not resent the suggestion, — that Ellen Hepworth would clap her hands with satisfaction at the prospect of a home in the country like that, as he had seen her do sometimes, poor girl ! Yes, and the last time he had seen her do it was when he told her that he had explained to Smithby & Co. that he preferred to decline partnership rather than do business in the manner they were doing it ! Did n't she understand then that he had thrown up his great chance ?

They had been looking for him in that little house, anxiously looking, all day. But, before they could say to the old man who was dying, " He has come," Owen Happy heard his wife saying, " He has gone," meaning that the breath of life had floated out of the body before them to return no more.

Thus they met the young gentleman, whose appearing and whose presence not a little surprised them, with this salutation, " There has come too late. What a pity ! He wanted to see thee so. It was the only wish he had."

Then and there, in the entry of the little white house, before they could speak a word further, this new-comer repented the hours four-and-twenty he had wasted in his indifferent hesitation. He was capable, therefore, of repentance.

Passing from this Eden of a Bolting, where, though there is no almshouse there must be a grave-place, to Hemlock Creek the way is long, and few persons, self-guided, would be likely to go swiftly and directly from one point to another.

The reader will be pleased to spread his wings, pass over miles of level sandy roads and stretches of hills, until he comes to the Bald Eagle Inn on Hemlock Creek, and there alight.

It is high noon, and the sun looks with an almost malignant eye on Bynner's tavern, every hatefulness of the place is so remorselessly exposed. In the early morning, when mists creep

along the creek and up the hillsides, the little house, surrounded by tall hemlock-trees, looks like a bower fit for romance. So also at twilight the charm of the spot is irresistible. Travellers have been known to indite poems in the best room of the Bald Eagle, from the fulness of the satisfaction felt on being set down at the end of a fatiguing day in that beautiful, shadowy dell. But at high noon, in midsummer, when the shade of the hemlocks becomes as a vain pretence, and the low walls of the whitewashed cottage are seen in the glare which betrays their poverty, it is a place to pass quickly, and forget as soon as may be.

Still, Mark Bynner, who stands on the doorstep waiting for the stage-horn, has no need to seek the favor of stage-drivers; they all know that a good meal awaits them at Bynner's.

The stage is now about three minutes behind time. Why does n't it come? The potatoes and the fish and the coffee are ready to serve, and the passengers approaching can never know how Nanny Bynner has fought for that mess of string-beans with her geese, ducks, hens, and turkeys, since the 1st of June! Bread and butter, milk, eggs, and wild berries, all of the best, wait upon the table; why does n't the sound of the horn come floating down from the top of the hill? Ah, there it is!

The driver, Anthony, is on the road to-day, guides the horses down the rather steep declivity at a quicker pace than usual, throws the reins over the horses' backs in his best style, and jumps from his elevated seat; in all these proceedings conforming to a line of conduct altogether familiar to the keeper of the inn. But when he has gone so far, his action takes a turn. He does not begin to shout at man and beast according to custom, nor does he throw open the stage door with a flourish, and the yard gate with a bang. Instead, he quietly goes to the stage box, and after a slight delay, which may indicate some hesitation in his purpose or reluctance in his hands, he assists a passenger to alight,

who seems incapable of helping himself; then he produces a small black trunk from under the seat, places it beside the gate-post, and says to Mr. Mark Bynner that the folks in the coach are in a desperate hurry to get to the Corners by six o'clock, and he has promised to put 'em through. He watered his horses in the creek t'other side of the hill, and nobody wants dinner but himself; he *does* con-foundedly, but he shall have to wait. There is that gentleman, though; he don't feel able to go on, and so he must stay behind.

While he makes these statements the driver is taking his seat on the box again, and gathering up the reins; Mark Bynner has hardly time to ask a question before Anthony nods, as if in answer, and drives on.

Nothing was to be done, then, but to invite the stranger into the house. The innkeeper accordingly went to the gate and picked up the trunk, shouldered it, and glancing at the owner said, "This way, sir." He might as well have given the direction to one of the hemlocks. Looking back, after he had proceeded a few paces toward the house, he saw that the gentleman, in attempting to follow him, had fallen back against the fence and leaned there, incapable of helping himself.

It was high time to call his wife. But she had already come to the door to ascertain what was going on, the delay in ordering the dinner was so unusual.

"See here," he said when he saw that she stood there looking at him, "there is n't anybody to eat, but this sick man is going to stay over." He fixed an eye full of sharp inquiry on his wife while he spoke, and was not surprised when he saw her lift both hands and exclaim, "Good gracious, Mark, it's small-pox!"

"I thought likely," he returned. "Blast that Anthony! He's just turned him in on to us. What'll we do?"

"We can't leave him here," said she. "Fritz is gone; we might give him

the shed chamber; but — good gracious!"

"Yes," said her husband. "Just so. And who's going to take care of him?"

"We must."

"We may as well shut shop then!"

"It can't be helped."

But during this brief and rapid conversation the behavior of the husband and the wife had not been in the least like that of persons who halted in their opinion as to the course they must pursue.

The innkeeper had already set the trunk down in the entry, and now he was assisting the stranger into the house with as little shrinking in his touch as though he had been merely a cripple or a paralytic, and so incapable of helping himself.

As they entered the dining-room the eyes of the stranger fell on the neatly spread dinner-table. Mark Bynner, true to his calling, would have placed a chair for him; but he shook his head, and said, and for the first time they heard his voice, "All I want is a bed," and his head drooped as if he were incapable of another word.

There was a little bedroom off the dining-room. With a sudden kindly impulse, Nanny Bynner, who was full of kindly impulses and quite capable of working herself to death in anybody's service, opened the door and looked in; but a second thought led her to close the door again, and she said, — her way was to express her thoughts aloud, even when quite alone, — "It will be too warm and noisy in there. He would hear all that was going on, and the drivers don't know what they're about, always."

The stranger startled her by making an answer, in the peremptory manner of desperate sickness, "Put me anywhere you like, but be quick about it. Let me lie down. I think I shall die in about five minutes."

This was bringing matters to a point. The eyes of the sick man had lost their dull stupor; as he spoke it seemed as if the conviction that his

death approached made him attempt to arrest the work of destruction for a moment. Out of the kindest and sweetest of brown eyes he looked at Nanny Bynner, and said: "I see. It's too bad; but you must send the trunk on. Mother and Zeb —"

There he stopped. After a moment he tried to continue; then he shook his head and would have fallen, but the innkeeper and his wife closed round him, a supporting wall.

"He's dying!" exclaimed Nanny, her voice unsteady with feeling.

"I think not," returned her husband, and for a moment he became as forgetful as she that small-pox within the house would be likely to send dinner-parties ten miles on.

If Nanny intended to conduct the stranger to the north bedroom, they must lose no time.

To the north chamber, therefore, they conveyed the young man, and five minutes passed, but he still breathed.

The driver who had left the passenger at the gate did not stop to inquire after his health on his return trip, neither did he drive on, chiefly careful to avoid further risk. That ride, beside contagion from Culver's Creek to Bynner's, had done the business for him, he said, and he hurried back to the Culverstown Hospital to die there within a fortnight. Mark Bynner was not sorry when he heard of it; the driver had tossed a load on to his shoulders which he had no mind to bear.

The stranger at the inn lingered one month. The greater part of the time he was delirious, and during his few lucid intervals apparently incapable of thought or of speech. Still, more than once his eyes fixed on Nanny Bynner with a gratitude in them which she never could forget.

What a north chamber that was during those four weeks! and what a multitude of horrors was concealed by a door from the stage-coach passengers who came and went up and down the narrow stair! What a life that gentle nurse and that woman of all work lived, from the Saturday noon when

the sick man came, to the Saturday night a month later, when he died!

And the poor young man! Hemlock Creek then was his destination when he set out on his journey! But whence had he come, for what place had he started? These were questions which naturally suggested themselves, but who could answer them? Nanny and Mark Bynner might say to themselves that they had done their duty, all that could be asked of the best of good Samaritans, but they would have liked an answer to their questions.

On Sunday after the burial had been accomplished, and the north room had been whitewashed and cleansed for the reception of Monday's travellers, the innkeeper sat down to examine the contents of the trunk. Nanny was with him, and the business in hand was, evidently, the business to be performed, otherwise how should they ever know whom they had sheltered underneath their roof? The sick man had communicated no information whatever with regard to himself, and the only occasion on which he had attempted to express a wish he had as good as failed to do so.

From the contents of the trunk it began to dawn on the mind of the chief explorer that the traveller must have been on his way from some mining region, and that he was going to leave the country. In his trunk were beautiful specimens of ore and crystals, and a few vials of gold-dust, besides clothes marked with initials, and a quantity of papers and letters, all of which were addressed to, or bore the name of, Ephraim Butler.

He, then, was Ephraim Butler who had died. Mark said so to Nanny, and she said so to herself, — "Ephraim Butler." Besides wearing apparel and the papers mentioned, there was a good deal of money in a wallet, — money in coin and in bank-notes.

The innkeeper reserved this for consideration until after the papers, letters, and other documents, which were carelessly tied together with a cord, should be disposed of.

"We have got off very well," he said; "but if we leave these things lying around, the children will be coming down with small-pox first we know." Therefore he burned the papers. But the dead man's clothes he reserved for the pedler who once a month stopped at the tavern overnight.

It was after he had burned the papers that his wife saw him counting the money. She came into the room unexpectedly while he was thus engaged; for an instant he appeared to be confused, but then he said: "Come here, Miss Nan, I want your help. You can count as high as a hundred, can't you?"

Nanny rather thought she could, and she sat down opposite him, and they counted coin and bank-notes until ten thousand dollars lay between them. Then Bynner laughed, and Nanny laughed because her husband did, but with something like a doubting interrogation in her face and voice, thinking of the dead young man, — not a lively theme of thought. The sounds of merriment were brief, though. Pushing the heap of wealth away from him, the innkeeper took up the seal ring which he had helped the sick man to draw from his finger when his poor hand became so swollen. Finally, from playing with it, and looking at it, he put on the little finger of his left hand, and said that it was a remarkably good fit. His wife looked still more anxious. Finally she said, "How are we ever going to find his relations?"

"That's so," answered her husband. "Any way," he went on, not caring to leave his wife to the useless task of going over all that ground through which he had made for himself a short cut, — "anyway, Nanny, we know he had the best of care. There ain't many folks who would have tended on him as we did. If he had been my own brother, I know I could n't 'a' done more for him."

It was a rare thing for Nanny to entertain an opinion on any subject at variance with that held by her husband. Though in a state of bewilder-

ment just now, she nodded as much as to say, "It is so." And in fact it was so; why should n't she nod?

"I'm not going to bother myself hunting for heirs to the world's end," he continued. "Good enough heirs are to be found nearer, — that's you and me. Who has a better right?"

"There's these —" But Nanny had gone only thus far when she perceived that this was a piece of business which Mark would manage for himself, and that he wished not to be interfered with in the management. And of course he knew about business, and of course she did n't. Her part was to manage the house, get up good dinners, and keep the children tidy. She must n't be forward now, because he had asked her to help him count the money. He meant kind by her. She had best not offend Mark Bynner.

"You'll let me manage this business, Nanny," said he, not as if asking a favor. "I would n't 'a' run the risk of spreading small-pox by them papers, for all Californy. What right has anybody to ask it of a man? I've put away them papers. I looked at 'em, and saw they did n't tell anything I wanted to know. Could n't make head or tail of 'em."

Nanny looked down. She felt a chill creeping over her body. She knew now what that smell of burning papers meant, and it seemed to her like the smoke of that fire which, she had heard, ascends for ever and ever.

Perhaps her husband, who was not dull, guessed what was passing in her mind, for he hastened to speak again when she said nothing. "You're no fool, Nan," he said, in that voice of his which, kindly as now, could have led her over the earth at his pleasure. "This is a stroke of luck. It would have been a long time before we could have got a start like this. I did n't ask for it. I never expected, as you have, ever since you joined in with me for pardnership, to see a fortune dropping from the clouds. Now it's dropped, I ain't going to shut my eyes. I'll take what's sent."

"Well, Mark," said his wife, brought rapidly into consenting mood by the tone of his voice rather than by what he said, — "well, Mark, *he* was sent, any way. We did n't ask the gentleman here. He came, whether or no."

"Yes," he answered, evidently pleased at the turn her thoughts had taken, for it would have gone ill with him if Nanny had stood out against him in this, — the influence over him of the little plain-faced, sandy-haired woman being out of all manner of proportion to her suspicion or to the probabilities, — "yes," he repeated, "and I take it as a hint that it's time for me to get away from this. I am thirty-one years old, and no money laid up yet. We have worked hard, and see how we get on! And there's the children! I guess, Miss Nan, you must make up your mind to say good by to the Bald Eagle and your cooking-stove. I'll plant this money where it'll grow, and bring in a good crop. We'll go where there are people, and then I won't hear you groaning that the children have n't a chance."

That was wisely said. Nanny was a woman who could venture and endure for her children's sake; and she would not forget that she had given up the north bedchamber to the poor young gentleman; and that he had tried to express his gratitude for the care bestowed upon him, and his wonder that such care could be bestowed. Two things that Mark said at this time would also never be forgotten: one was that he felt perfectly certain that the gentleman's property was in the hands of the persons he would have chosen to hold it; he had seen the money of men who died without making a will, often and often had seen it, and had read of it in the newspapers besides, going into the hands of heirs-at-law, who would never have touched a penny of it had the deceased been capable of expressing a wish in the matter. And, moreover, he had said, what right had these foreigners to make their wealth in the country, and then go home to spend it? The rich-

es of a land of right belonged to the native-born citizens!

There was a village waiting for just such a man as Mark Bynner was capable of becoming. He sold the Bald Eagle, became part proprietor of a prosperous stage-line, bought him a small house in that village, and began to expand. Ere-long Howesbury recognized in him the "go ahead" she had needed, and in various ways showed that she considered him a leader. It was, of course, not at once that Mark understood this fact. When he did understand it he was not likely to be overwhelmed by timidity or a sense of unworthiness. He accepted the situation, held up his head, built an addition to his cottage, and divided the honors with his wife, who had already won a reputation as the best cook in the neighborhood.

The manner in which her husband bore himself put Nanny at her ease twice over. Her confidence in him was justified, and, whatever might be in store for them, he was more than a match for circumstances. But one thing did trouble her. Mark wore the ring which he had helped "the young man" to remove from his finger when his poor hands became so swollen, and so — oh! horrible recollection. It was always, at unlucky moments, recalling what she would have buried without the gates of memory, a forever unvisited grave. It was as a key which in somebody's hands — whose hand? — would yet unlock the chamber of terrors.

By and by, when her husband's taste began to manifest itself in strange ways of personal decoration, the ring became less conspicuous. Neck-ties and fashionable coats and diamond studs, as it were, swallowed it up, and it became evident, even to her eyes, that the ring was not the thing about Mark Bynner which would be first noticed and last recollected.

If Nanny had seen in him in other days a man to whom she was summoned by all within her to yield, it is not easy to tell what she beheld in

him, now when people quoted him, deferred to him, ran after him, seeking even in their church building, though he was not a professor, the aid of his judgment and his purse!

It was something to hear, the way Bynner laid down the law about fortune and the best methods of securing her favor. In his opinion, making money was easy enough as soon as a man got so far ahead as to invest a little. Of course there must be no shilly-shallying. Fortune had more common sense than anybody. Just make up your mind what you want, and she will help you to it. The talk, you perceive, of a man born to success in money-making. Certain poor men, who heard him talk in this way, regarding Bynner as a kind of oracle, were filled with despair. They understood the reason there was in the words; but seek as they might they never hit on the path which would lead to prosperity.

Then there was Nanny, herself, and the children, Pauline and Alick; how young and how pretty even the mother became, now that her days were no longer consumed in the cook-stove! Her kindness toward the sick, and her sympathy with the poor, gained for her a favor which extended through the length and breadth of the village. Her experience in that north bedchamber had made her wonderfully pitiful toward the helpless and the dying.

As the children grew in years and in stature, they passed through as many transformations as did the little cottage. By the time they had reached the ages of twelve and fifteen, this nest of a place had become a goodly mansion, handsomely furnished, flanked by a conservatory and a smoking-room, and was the centre of much eating and drinking and of that open-handed kind of hospitality possible to a people among whom stage-coaches prevail. The Bynners were, outside of the church, and perhaps even within it, the most conspicuous people of Howesbury; they kept handsome horses and a carriage, and the house was as taste-

ful in its decorations and its ornaments as could be made merely by money and a promiscuous fondness for beautiful things. The children attended the best schools, whereof their father was a conspicuous trustee; and Pauline bade fair to be a beauty. She had curling black hair, and a steady gray-blue eye, and there was something in her demeanor which told of cool blood and quick wit, and whithersoever she would she might lead her flexible brother. You would never have heard that girl aluding to life on Hemlock Creek.

Nanny had been troubled, I said, when her husband first decorated himself with that ring, and the trouble had been lessened when other ornaments obscured this souvenir. But it was a question which often returned to her. Had Mark forgotten, altogether, the events which she never could forget?

Often she would yield herself to a haunting remembrance which cast its shadow over her, and go over the events of the last days of "that young man," until she sat at the table with Mark counting the tens and the hundreds and the thousands, and then the smoke of those burning papers would ascend as from the Pit, and float upon the air. Who was Zeb? Where was he? And where was that young man's mother? Was this the way to set up an independent conscience? For this thinking was done, of course, in secret.

And was Mark Bynner never troubled by any event of his past, because he made a point of poohpoohing a thought away which by indulgence might prove troublesome? The growth of conscience is as easily pronounced upon as the growth of a tree. The way the sap is encouraged to run, that way swing the branches.

When their boy and girl began to take prizes at school, and it became so evident that their chances in life were equal to those of their mates, that even their mother could no longer doubt, Mark's exultant, "Well, old woman, what you say now?" was quite intelligible to her. It was an assur-

ance over again that Fortune was on the side of the successful, and that their success was the evidence of her favor. So much more reached her ear in the words than any third person would have been able to suspect.

And if you will consider, Nanny as a mother had a great deal on which to congratulate herself. Pauline might still have been running with hot dishes from the kitchen to the table surrounded by stage folk! this proud, handsome, Pauline! Alick might still have been waiting, barefoot, with pails of fresh water from the spring, on passengers and on horses, the companion of drivers like Anthony and Jim and Jack! Bynner might still have boasted before quite a different audience from that which listened to him now, of his wife's skill in cooking, and she have been distracted and at her wits' end when the cupboards and tables were empty, and the house full of hungry travellers. She shuddered; where is the poor mother who, having passed up to a point of observation so commanding, would not have shuddered, looking back! So precious seemed all they had gained, that even a higher price than they had paid must have appeared small in comparison.

But who will secure to the kings of the earth even, the darlings born to the throne? Alick, that boy of promise and hope, that quiet and studious lad, who must have won renown indeed to have satisfied the household expectation,—Alick, Mark's one son, was thrown from his Indian pony one Saturday afternoon and killed instantly.

They had a funeral service which was like a pagan pageant. That was Mark Bynner's way. He directed everything, and the obsequies were worthy of reporting for the newspapers. In the compact columns of the "Witness," it was recorded that Mr. Bynner's only son, etc. That was the first blast of fame Mark heard from abroad, trumpeting his glory,—a death-dirge. It could not heal his wound.

Still he carried himself gallantly through his tribulations. One source

of pride was cut off, but there remained Pauline, and it was in Pauline that his satisfaction found its centre.

Pauline, plotting, ambitious, and vain, willing to amuse when it would "pay," was a girl to have lovers. Young Nathan Lester was, as people say of devoted admirers, "her shadow." He was the one youth in Howesbury who dared aspire openly to the honors of getting himself talked about in connection with Pauline Bynner up and down the village streets. What observation should he heed, so long as he had hers!

But that was a mere affair between children, as was proved when Dr. Trenton came to town to consult Mark Bynner. There were a dozen reasons why the Doctor and Pauline should have felt a mutual attraction, and a dozen reasons why Pauline's father should say to himself, "He is the man."

This gentleman had come to Howesbury inquiring for one citizen, and one only, and he was the notable stage-coach proprietor. Everybody he had talked with heretofore had advised him to go talk with Bynner of Howesbury. The impression made by his first conversation, conducted with no little tact, was that no such man as he had ever before thought it worth while to court Mark Bynner. Trenton's purpose was to consolidate stage lines, and ward off the railroad men until such time as the railway he had himself projected should be rendered desirable. Travel in this quarter, the mode of it, and the rates of it, he intended to control, and he was confident, with that kind of confidence which convinces others, that a fortune was involved in the controlling.

Mark Bynner listened to the young man with surprise. Possibly with a little doubtful shaking of the head, at first, but the sign was not repeated.

The Doctor belonged to an order of human beings capable of winning Mark's utmost respect. He had education and experience, and was a fearless projector. He had lived much, and in places of widely contrasted charac-

ter,—in an old college town as a college graduate and a medical student and practitioner, and in California in its worst days, among the roughest of the gold-diggers. His chief desire was to be rich; and as he was no quack, he had used his knowledge of medicine chiefly as a friend of humanity, reaping the reward humanity usually renders for such services. From unsuccessful mining enterprises he had returned to the East, still to plan and to execute, but whether to gain the prize he sought was yet to be seen.

Some of his early friends, steadily growing in the work to which they had given themselves at the beginning of their career, were disposed to consider him erratic and visionary, and to predict no brilliant results, whatever he might attempt. But he was never more sanguine than when he went to Howesbury and found Mr. Mark Bynner. Is it not a wonderful and a beautiful spectacle, the world made over and over again for men, each time emerging out of old chaos in finer shape and fairer promise? To have heard Dr. Trenton talk, you would have lent a willing ear, Miss Reader, and have listened enchanted, as did Pauline and her father, to say nothing of the mother of the house.

The new man had everything to commend him,—a fine presence, brave eyes, and a beautiful head, stature, weight, self-possession, enthusiasm. Yet he would have said of himself to another who had won his utmost confidence, that his fortunes were desperate, that he belonged to the "low-down people," and that the evidence of such facts lay in his courting a family like this. Yet Pauline Bynner would make a handsome woman, and it was too late now for him to look for any other wife than one who would show well.

Suppose his inmost thoughts had been discovered as he came and went so often Bynner's guest! Suppose Mark, preparing to be led whithersoever the young man should lead, had, looking into his eyes, fairly met the desperate spirit looking out! Or, suppose

that Mark had himself been discovered to Trenton! Would there have been a clasp of hands, recognition, "Hail! fellow, well met"?

One day at the Bynner supper-table the Doctor exploded a shell so suddenly, that it was really wonderful how little came of it. Looking at his host with a surprise which reserved not a particle of itself, he exclaimed: "By George! is that Eph Butler's ring, Bynner?"

Mark was as imperturbable as a fortress with all the flags flying on a sunny day. No arsenal more innocently and serenely good-natured. It was "yes" or "no" with him, and then to take the consequences. "Yes," with explanation perhaps, and an after-life "above-board" that was rather pleasant to contemplate.

But "no," he said. That was the simplest way of disposing of "Eph Butler."

"Of course not," said the Doctor, sitting back in his chair, as if with the fire of the exclamation the electricity had all passed out of him. "I beg your pardon. That ring you wear looks so much like the one I gave him when he left San Francisco, for an instant I thought it must be the same. I have gone so far that I may as well tell you now, it was his leaving the mines that brought me East again, — much as anything."

While the Doctor was speaking Mark Bynner had drawn the ring from his finger; he now handed it to his guest. The Doctor took it, and just then Nanny, who had been detained by visitors, came into the room. When she saw what was going on she stopped, and the next instant surprised her husband, and won of him an admiration which was also a surprise to him. She stopped to look at the ring, and when she recognized it, said she had supposed it was something new, and quietly took her seat at the table.

There were initials inside the ring; "M. B." the Doctor read. "There is n't so much as a straw of hope for me to catch at," said he. "I begin to

think I never shall hear of Butler again."

There sat Nanny, looking a little embarrassed, by her ready sympathy, of course; the Doctor could see how gladly she would have heard him say that he had succeeded in finding the straw. His friend's name once spoken, it seemed as if the Doctor would never have done with it, till by his reminiscence he had *compelled* the presence of the absent in the midst of this little circle of friends.

By this talk they learned that Butler had amassed and lost two fortunes in the mines, and that it was because he became persuaded that the future comfort of his mother and the fortunes of a younger brother depended on the speed with which he "got out of the country" with the little money he still had left, that he determined to go back to England and invest his earnings there to their advantage.

Well? They waited with interest for the sequel of the story, Nanny Bynner sitting at the head of her table dispensing its bounty, Mark Bynner opposite, their guest between, facing pretty Pauline. But that was all. He could tell no more; for since he bade Ephraim Butler good by, not one word of him or from him had the Doctor heard.

Meanwhile the muffins were cooling, and other delicacies suffered from neglect. Nanny called attention to the fact; her effort to divert the thoughts of the guest were appreciated, and gradually conversation took a turn in a cheerfuller direction.

But after tea, as they sat smoking on the piazza, Mark Bynner returned to the theme.

"A ring is a ring," said he. "One seal's as good as another, if it answers the purpose. This one reminds you of your friend. I wish you would accept it from me. We seem to be getting mixed up quite a good deal in business. This ring will stand for a sign that all's fair between you and me."

This was not the first time that Dr. Trenton had found occasion to pro-

nounce Mark Bynner an "odd fellow," and he was evidently pleased with his overture, and at the manner in which it was made. It showed the shrewd young man, intent on business, that there was a vein of generous sentiment in the stage-line proprietor. He therefore accepted the ring with a pleasure which his countenance expressed.

His eyes glistened, his hand was not quite steady, neither was his voice. "Thank you," he said. "I feel as if I had taken Eph by the hand again. I shall like to wear the ring for his sake. But I can't wear a seal ring on both hands. Shall we exchange? I bought this for myself after I had come to the conclusion that he was lost. In memory of him."

With a reluctance which he liked not to feel, Mark slipped the ring the Doctor gave him over the finger from which he had removed the other.

"You see now," he said to Nanny, "we might as well have dropped that money into the sea as sent it on to be swallowed up by the British government, just as I told you. There ain't an heir alive. If there was, the Doctor would know it."

"Tell the Doctor all about it!" exclaimed Nanny. Just let him know the whole. He might advertise if he saw it was worth while."

"Are you crazy, Miss Nan?"

"Perhaps so. Do you think I am?"

There was a tone in her voice that Mark did not like, and he hastened to say: "You are not a fool, any way, and what business is it of his?"

But in spite of all he might say, Mark had his misgivings; and he admired the Doctor all the more for what he had told him while they sat and smoked, — that he had sent money to "the other side," which had been paid unexpectedly on some old claims his friend had left in his hands, to the address of Butler's mother, and that he had received an acknowledgment from her, with anxious inquiries after her son which he could not answer, though he had advertised in every direction for information.

Mark could not, therefore, say to himself again, whatever he might say to Miss Nan, that the British government would have swallowed up the money belonging to "the young man," had he sent it to the address which was written on that large yellow envelope, so long since transformed into a grain of ashes.

"Speak of the Devil and he will appear at your elbow," said the Doctor next day to Mark Bynner, when they met on the public square. "Here's Zeb Butler turned up, all because I mentioned his name to you. Look at this letter written two years ago! It has visited every post-office in the country, if you can judge by its look."

Then he produced a letter which did present a travel-worn appearance indeed.

"Written to tell me that Eph's mother having died, Zeb was coming to the country in search of his brother. The letter has followed me till here it is. I suppose the boy came out. If he is in the hands of some of the fellows I left behind me, there could n't anything worse happen to him. I think I shall write him to come here. If the letter ever finds him, and he wants work, I can put it in his way. The fact is, I want to see somebody who has Eph Butler's blood in his veins."

"Never give up looking for what you want," said Mark. "It always comes. I've seen it happen hundreds of times."

But all this was perplexing. Many days of much thinking passed before Mark said to himself, "I see." Then he told his wife that he had made up his mind, for her sake, to pay the money which he had loaned of the Butler estate into Dr. Trenton's hands, and so have done with it.

"Do it," she said eagerly, "if it takes every dollar you have."

When she said that, Mark thought for a moment that she must know how badly some of his investments were paying him; but that was impossible;

there was only one of his business transactions which his wife knew all about, and the way she behaved under the influence of that knowledge was sufficient to prove to him that no woman had the nerve for money transactions. He wondered what she would say if he told her he should be obliged to mortgage the last bit of unencum-

bered property in his possession in order to raise the money.

Nanny now began to wonder what the Doctor would think of the transaction her husband proposed.

"Wait till he asks for Pauline," answered Mark. "He tells me he has n't seen a girl like Pauline, never. And, by George! I never saw but one."

Caroline Chesebro'.

THE ROBIN.

MY old Welch neighbor over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
 My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
 Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,
 And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
 Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

John G. Whittier.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

II.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

VISALIA is the name of a small town embowered in oaks upon the Tulare plain in Middle California, where we made our camp one May evening of 1864.

Professor Whitney, our chief, the State geologist, had sent us out for a summer's campaign in the high Sierras, under the lead of Professor William H. Brewer, who was more sceptical than I as to the result of the mission.

Several times during the previous winter Mr. Hoffman and I, while on duty at the Mariposa gold-mines, had climbed to the top of Mount Bullion and gained, in those clear January days, a distinct view of the high Sierra, ranging from the Mount Lyell group many miles south to a vast pile of white peaks, which, from our estimate, should lie near the heads of the King's and Kaweah Rivers. Of their great height I was fully persuaded, and Professor Whitney, on the strength of these few observations, commissioned us to explore and survey the new Alps.

We numbered five in camp, — Professor Brewer; Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, chief topographer; Mr. James T. Gardner, assistant surveyor; myself, assistant geologist; and one man of all work, to whom science already owes its debts.

When we got together our outfit of mules and equipments of all kinds, Brewer was going to re-engage as general aid a certain Dane, Jan Hoesch, who, beside being a faultless mule-packer, was a rapid and successful financier, having twice, when the field purse was low and remittances delayed, made us advances after what he called "dealing bottom stock" in his little evening games with the honest miners. Not ungrateful for this relief, I however detested the fellow with great cordiality.

"If I don't take him, will you be responsible for packing mules and for daily bread?" said Brewer to me the morning of our departure from Oakland. "I will." "Then we'll take your man Cotter; only when the pack-saddles roll under the mules' bellies, I shall light my pipe and go botanizing. *Sabe?*"

So my friend Richard Cotter came into the service, and the accomplished but filthy Jan opened a poker and rum shop on one of the San Francisco wharves, where he still mixes drinks and puts up jobs of "bottom stock." Secretly I longed for him as we came down the Pacheco Pass, the packs having loosened with provoking frequency.

The animals of our small exploring party are upon a footing of easy social equality with us. All were excellent except mine. The choice of Hobson (whom I take to have been the youngest member of some company) falling naturally to me, I came to be possessed of the only hopeless animal in the band. "Old Slum," a dignified roan mustang of a certain age, with the decorum of years and a conspicuous economy of force, retained not a few of the affectations of youth, such as snorting theatrically and shying, though with absolute safety to his rider, Professor Brewer. Hoffman's mount was a young half-breed of fire and gentleness. The mare Bess, my friend Gardner's pet, was a light bay creature, full of spring and perception as her sex and species may be. A rare mule, Cate, carried Cotter. Nell and Jim, two old geological mules branded with Mexican hieroglyphics from head to tail, were bearers of the loads. My "Buckskin" was incorrigibly bad. To begin with, his anatomy was desultory and incoherent, the maximum of physical effort

bringing about a slow, shambling gait quite unendurable. He was further cursed with a brain wanting the elements of logic, as evinced by such *non sequiturs* as shying insanely at wisps of hay, and stampeding beyond control when I tried to tie him to a load of grain. My sole amusement with Buckskin grew out of a psychological peculiarity of his, namely, the unusual slowness with which waves of sensation were propelled inward toward the brain from remote parts of his periphery. A dig of the spurs administered in the flank passed unnoticed for a period of time varying from twelve to thirteen seconds, till the protoplasm of the brain received the percussive wave; then, with a suddenness which I never wholly got over, he would dash into a trot, nearly tripping himself up with his own astonishment.

A stroke of good fortune completed our outfit and my happiness by bringing to Visalia a Spaniard who was under some manner of financial cloud. His horse was offered for sale, and quickly bought for me by Professor Brewer. We named him Kaweah, after the river and its Indian tribe. He was young, strong, fleet, elegant, a pattern of fine modelling in every part of his bay body and fine black legs; every way good, only fearfully wild, with a blaze of quick electric light in his dark eye.

Shortly after sunrise one fresh morning we made a point of putting the packs on very securely, and, getting into our saddles, rode out toward the Sierras.

The group of farms surrounding Visalia is gathered within a belt through which several natural and many more artificial channels of the Kaweah flow. Groves of large, dark-foliaged oaks follow this irrigated zone; the roads, nearly always in shadow, are flanked by small ranch houses, fenced in with rank jungles of weeds and rows of decrepit pickets.

There is about these fresh ruins, these specimens of modern decay, an air of social decomposition not pleasant to perceive. Freshly built houses,

still untinted by time, left in rickety disorder, half-finished windows, gates broken down or unhung, and a kind of sullen neglect staring everywhere. What more can I say of the people than that they are chiefly Southern immigrants who subsist upon pork?

Rare exceptions of comfort and thrift shine out sometimes with neat door-yards, well-repaired dwellings, and civilized-looking children. In these I never saw the mother of the family sitting cross-legged, smoking a corn-cob pipe, nor the father loafing about with a fiddle or shot-gun.

Our backs were soon turned to this farm-belt, the road leading us out upon the open plain in our first full sight of the Sierras. Grand and cool swelled up the forest; sharp and rugged rose the wave of white peaks, their vast fields of snow rolling over the summit in broad shining masses.

Sunshine, exuberant vegetation, brilliant plant life, occupied our attention hour after hour, until late in the middle of the second day. At last, after climbing a long, weary ascent, we rode out of the dazzling light of the foot-hills into a region of dense woodland, the road winding through avenues of pines so tall that the late evening light only came down to us in scattered rays. Under the deep shade of these trees we found the air pure and gratefully cool. Passing from the glare of the open country into dusky forest, one seems to enter a door and ride into a vast, covered hall. The whole sensation is of being roofed and enclosed. You are never tired of gazing down long vistas, where, in stately groups, stand tall shafts of pine. Columns they are, each with its own characteristic tinting and finish, yet all standing together with the air of relationship and harmony. Feathery branches trimmed with living green wave through the upper air, opening broken glimpses of the far blue, and catching on their polished surfaces reflections of the sun. Broad streams of light pour in, gilding purple trunks, and falling in bright pathways along an undulating floor.

Here and there are wide, open spaces around which the trees group themselves in majestic ranks.

Our eyes often range upward, the long shafts leading the vision up to green, lighted spires and on to the clouds. All that is dark and cool and grave in color, the beauty of blue, umbrageous distance, all the sudden brilliance of strong local lights tinted upon green boughs or red and fluted shafts, surround us in ever-changing combination as we ride along the winding roadways of the Sierra.

We had marched an hour over high, rolling ridges, when in the late afternoon we reached the brow of an eminence and began to descend. Looking over the tops of the trees beneath us, we saw a mountain basin fifteen hundred feet deep surrounded by a rim of pine-covered hills. An even, unbroken wood covered these sweeping slopes down to the very bottom, and in the midst, open to the sun, lay a circular green meadow about a mile in diameter.

As we descended, side wood-tracks, marked by the deep ruts of timber wagons, joined our road on either side, and in the course of an hour we reached the basin and saw the distant roofs of Thomas's Saw-Mill Ranch. We crossed the level disk of meadow, fording a clear, cold, mountain stream, flowing, as the best brooks do, over clean white granite sand, and near the northern margin of the valley, upon a slight eminence, in the edge of a magnificent forest, pitched our camp.

The hills to the westward already cast down a sombre shadow, which fell over the eastern hills and across the meadow, dividing the basin half in golden and half in azure green. The tall, young grass was living with purple and white flowers. This exquisite carpet sweeps up over the bases of the hills in green undulations and strays far into the forest in irregular fields. A little brooklet passed close by our camp, and flowed down the smooth green glacia which led from our little eminence to the meadow. Above us towered pines

two hundred and fifty feet high, their straight, fluted trunks smooth and without a branch for a hundred feet. Above that, and on to the very tops, the green branches stretched out and interwove, until they spread a broad leafy canopy from column to column. Professor Brewer determined to make this camp a home for the week, during which we were to explore and study all about the neighborhood. We were on a great granite spur sixty miles from east to west by twenty miles wide, which lies between the Kaweah and King's River cañons. Running in bold sweeps from the plain, this ridge joins the Sierra summit in the midst of a high group. Experience had taught us that the cañons are impassable by animals for any great distance, so the plan of campaign was to find a way up over the rocky crest off the spur as far as mules could go.

In the little excursions from this camp, which were made usually on horseback, we became acquainted with the forest, and got a good knowledge of the topography of a considerable region. On the heights above King's Cañon are some singularly fine assemblies of trees. Cotter and I had ridden all one morning northeast from camp under the shadowy roof of forest, catching but occasional glimpses out over the plateau, until at last we emerged upon the bare surface of a ridge of granite, and came to the brink of a sharp precipice. Rocky crags lifted just east of us. The hour devoted to climbing them proved well spent.

A single little family of alpine firs, growing in a niche in the granite summit, and partly sheltered by a rock, made the only shadow, shielding us from the intense light, as we lay down by their roots. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, heaved the broad green waves of plateau, swelling and emerging through endless modulation of slope and form.

Conspicuous upon the horizon, about due east of us, was a tall pyramidal mass of granite trimmed with buttresses which radiated down from its crest,

each one ornamented with fantastic spires of rock. Between the buttresses lay stripes of snow, banding the pale granite peak from crown to base. Upon the north side it fell off, grandly precipitous, into the deep upper cañon of the King's River. This gorge, after uniting a number of immense rocky amphitheatres, is carved deeply into the granite two and three thousand feet. In a slightly curved line from the summit, it cuts westward through the plateau, its walls for the most part descending in sharp, bare slopes, or lines of ragged *débris*, the resting-place of processions of pines. We ourselves were upon the brink of the south wall. Three thousand feet below us lay the valley, — a narrow, winding ribbon of green, in which, here and there, gleamed still reaches of the river. Wherever the bottom widened to a quarter or half a mile, green meadows and extensive groves occupied the level region. Upon every niche and crevice of the walls, up and down sweeping curves of easier descent, were grouped black companies of trees.

The behavior of the forest is observed most interestingly from these elevated points above the general face of the table-land. All over the gentle undulations of the more level country sweeps an unbroken covering of trees. Reaching the edge of the cañon precipices, they stand out in bold groups upon the brink, and climb all over the more ragged and broken surfaces of granite. Only the most smooth and abrupt precipices are bare. Here and there a little shelf of a foot or two in width, cracked into the face of the bluff, gives foothold to a family of pines, who twist their roots into its crevices and thrive. With no soil from which the roots may drink up moisture and absorb the slowly dissolved mineral particles, they live by breathing alone, moist vapors from the river below and the elements of the atmosphere affording them the substance of life.

I believe no one can study, from an elevated lookout, the length and depth of one of these great Sierra cañons,

without asking himself some profound geological questions. Your eyes range along one or the other wall. The average descent is immensely steep. Here and there side ravines break down the rim in deep lateral gorges. Again, the wall advances in sharp, salient precipices, rising two or three thousand feet, sheer and naked, with all the air of a recent fracture. At times the two walls approach each other, standing in perpendicular gateways. Toward the summits the cañon grows perhaps a little broader, and more and more prominent lateral ravines open into it, until at last it receives the snow-drainage of the summit which descends through broad, rounded amphitheatres separated from each other by sharp, castellated, snow-clad ridges.

Looking down the course of the river, the vertical precipices are seen to be less and less frequent, the walls inclining to each other more and more gently, until they roll out on the north and south in round wooded ridges. Solid, massive granite forms the material throughout its whole length. If you study the topography upon the plateaus above one of these cañons, you will see that the ridges upon one side are reproduced in the other, as if the outlines of wavy table-land topography had been determined before the great cañon was made.

It is not easy to propose a solution for this peculiar structure. I think, however, it is safe to say that actual rending asunder of the mountain mass determined the main outlines. Upon no other theory can we account for those blank walls. Where, in the upper course of the cañon, they descend in a smooth ship-like curve, and the rocks bear upon their carved sides the markings and striations of glaciers, it is easy to see that those terrible ice-engines gradually modified their form, and towards the foot-hills the forces of aqueous erosion are clearly indicated in the rounded forms and broad undulations of the two banks.

Looking back from our isolated crag over the direction of our morning's ride,

we saw the green hills break down into the basin of Thomas's Mill, but the disk of meadow lay too deep to be seen. Forests dense and unbroken grew to the base of our cliff. The southern sunlight, reflected from its polished foliage, gave to this whole sea of spiry tops a peculiar golden green, through which we looked down among giant red and purple trunks upon beds of bright mountain flowers. As the afternoon lengthened, the summit rank of peaks glowed warmer and warmer under the inclined rays. The granite flushed with rosy brightness between the fields of glittering, golden snow. A mild, pearly haziness came gradually to obscure the ordinary cold blue sky, and, settling into cañon depths and among the vast open corridors of the summit, veiled the savage sharpness of their details.

I lay several hours sketching the outlines of the summit, studying out the systems of alpine drainage, and getting acquainted with the long chain of peaks, that I might afterward know them from other points of view. I became convinced, from the great apparent elevation and the wide fields of snow, that I had not formerly deceived myself as to their great height. Warned at length by the deepening shadow in the King's Cañon, by the heightened glow suffusing the peaks, and the deep purple tone of the level expanse of forest, all forerunners of twilight, we quit-
ted our eyry, crept carefully down over half-balanced blocks of *débris* to the horses, and, mounting, were soon heading homeward in what seemed, by contrast, to be almost nocturnal darkness.

Wherever the ground opened level before us we gave our horses the rein, and went at a free gallop through the forest; the animals realized that they were going home, and pressed forward with great spirit. A good-sized log across our route seemed to be an object of special amusement to Kaweah, who seized the bits in his teeth, and dancing up, crouched, and cleared it with a mighty bound, in a manner that was indeed inspiring, yet left one with

the impression that once was enough of that sort of thing. Fearing some manner of hostilities with him, I did my very best to quiet Kaweah, and by the end of an hour had gotten him down to a sensible, serious walk. I noticed that he insisted upon following his tracks of the morning's march, and was not contented unless I let him go on the same side of every tree. Thus I became so thoroughly convinced of his faculty to follow the morning's trail, that I yielded all control of him, giving myself up to the enjoyment of the dimly lighted wood.

As the sun at last set the shadow deepened into an impressive gloom, mighty trunks rising into that dark region of interlocking boughs, only vaguely defined themselves against the twilight sky. We could no longer see our tracks, and the confused rolling topography looked alike whichever way we turned. Kaweah strode on in his confident way, and I was at last confirmed as to his sagacity by passing one after another the objects we had noted in the morning. Thus for a couple of hours we rode in the darkness. At length the rising moon poured down through broken tents of foliage its uncertain silvery light, which had the effect of deepening all the shadows, and lighting up in the strangest manner little local points. Here and there ahead of us, lighted columns rose like the pillars of an ancient temple. The forest, which an hour before overpowered us with a sense of its dark enclosure, opened on in distant avenues as far as the eye could reach. As we rode through denser or more open passages, the moon sailed into clear violet sky, or was obscured again by the sharply traced crests of the pines. Ravines, dark and unfathomable, yawned before us, their flanks half in shadow, half in weird, uncertain light. Blocks of white granite gleamed here and there in contrast with the general depth of shade. At last, descending a hill, there shone before us a red light; the horses plunged forward at a gallop, and in a moment we were in camp. After

this ride we supped, relishing our mountain fare, and then lay down upon blankets before a camp-fire for the mountaineer's short evening. One keeps awake under stimulus of the sparkling, frosty air for a while, and then turns in for the night, sleeping till daybreak with a light, sound sleep.

The charm of this forest life, in spite of its scientific interest and the constant succession of exquisite highly colored scenes, would string one's feelings up to a high though monotonous key, were it not for the half-droll, half-pathetic *genre* picturesqueness which the Digger Indians introduce. Upon every stream and on all the finer camp-grounds throughout the whole forest are found these families of Indians, who migrate hither during the hot weather, fishing, hunting, gathering pine nuts, and lying off with that peculiar, bummerish ease, which, associated with natural mock dignity, throws about them a singular and not unfrequently deep interest.

I never forget certain bright June sunrises when I have seen the Indian *paterfamilias* gather together his little tribe and address them in the heroic style concerning the vital importance of the grasshopper crop and the reverence due to the giver of manzanita berries. You come upon them as you travel the trails, proud-stepping "braves" leading the way, unhampered and free, followed by troops of submissive squaws loaded down with immense packages and baskets. Their death and burial customs, too, have elements of weird romantic interest.

I remember one morning when I was awakened before dawn by wild, unearthly shrieks, ringing through the forest, and coming back again in plaintive echoes from the hills all about. Beyond description wild, these wails of violent grief followed each other with regular cadence, dying away in long, despairing sobs. With a marvellous regularity they recurred, never varying the simple refrain. My curiosity was aroused, so far as to get me out of my blankets, and, after a hurried bath in an icy

stream, I joined my mountaineer acquaintance, "Jerry," who was *en route* to the rancheria, "to see" as he expressed it, "them *tar-heads* howl." It seems my friend "Buck," the Indian chief, had the night before lost his wife, "Sally the Old," and the shouts came from professional mourners hired by her family to prepare the body and do up the necessary amount of grief. Old widows and superannuated wives who have outlived other forms of usefulness gladly enter this singular profession. They cut their hair short, and with each new death plaster on a fresh cap of pitch and ashes, daub the face with spots of tar, and, in general, array themselves as funeral experts.

The rancheria was astir when we arrived. It was a mere group of half a dozen smoky hovels, built of pine-bark propped upon cones of poles, and arranged in a semicircle within the edge of the forest, fronting upon a brook and meadow. Jerry and I leaned our backs against a large tree, and watched the group.

Buck's shanty was deserted, the body of his wife lying outside upon a blanket, being prepared by two of these funeral hags. Buck himself was quietly stuffing his stomach with a breakfast of venison and acorns, which were handed him at brief intervals by several sympathizing squaws.

Turning to Jerry with a countenance of stolid seriousness, he laconically remarked: "My woman, she die! Very bad. To-night, sundown" (pointing to the sun), "she burn up." Meanwhile the tar-heads rolled Sally the Old over and over, all the while alternately howling the same dismal phrase. Indian relatives and friends, having a general air of animated rag-bags, arrived occasionally and sat down in silence at a fire a little removed from the other Diggers, never once saluting them.

As we walked back to our camp, I remarked on the stolid, cruel expression of Buck's face; but Jerry, to my surprise, bade me not judge too hastily; he went on to explain that Indians had just as deep and tender attach-

ments, just as much good sense, and, to wind up with, "as much human into 'em as we educated white folks."

His own squaw had instilled this into Jerry's naturally sentimental and credulous heart, so I refrained from expressing my convictions concerning Indians, which I own were formerly tinged with the most sanguinary Caucasian prejudice.

Jerry came for me by appointment just before sunset, and we walked leisurely across the meadow, and under lengthening pine shadows, to the rancheria. No one was stirring. Buck with the two vicarious mourners sat in his lodge door, uttering low, half-audible groans. In the opening before the line of huts a low pile of dry logs had been carefully laid, upon which, outstretched and wrapped in a red blanket, lay the dead form of Sally the Old, her face covered in careful folds. Upon her heart was a grass-woven water-bowl and her last papoose basket.

Just as the sun sank to the horizon one tar-head stepped out in front of the funeral pile, lifted up both hands, and gazed steadily and silently into the sun. She might have been five minutes in this statuesque position, her face full of strange, half-animal intensity of expression, her eyes glittering, the whole, hard figure glowing with a deep bronze reflection. Suddenly she sprang back with the old wild shriek, seized a brand from one of the camp-fires and lighted the funeral heap, when all the Indians came out and grouped themselves in little knots around it. The children of Sally the Old clung about an ancient mummy of a squaw, who squatted upon the ground and rocked her body to and fro, making a low cry as of an animal in pain. All the Indians looked serious; a group who, Jerry said, were relatives, seemed stupefied with grief. Upon a few faces falling tears glistened in the light of the fire, which now shot red tongues high in the air, lighting up with weird distinctness every feature of the whole company. Flames slowly lapped over, consuming the blanket, and caught the

willow papoose basket. When Buck saw this, the tears streamed from his eyes; he waved his hands eloquently, looking up to heaven, and uttered heart-broken sobs. The papoose basket crackled for a moment, flashed into a blaze, and was gone. The two old women yelled their sharp death-cry, dancing, posturing, gesticulating toward the fire, and in slow, measured chorus all the Indians intoned in pathetic measure, "Himalaya! Himalaya!" looking first at the mound of fire and then out upon the fading sunset.

It was all indescribably strange: monarch pines, standing in solemn ranks back far into the dusky heart of the forest, glowing and brightening with pulsating reflections of firelight; the ring of Indians, crouching, standing fixed like graven images, or swaying mechanically to and fro, each tattered scarlet and white rag of their utterly squalid garments, every expression of barbaric grief, or dull, brutal stolidity brought strongly out by the red flaming fire.

Buck watched with wet eyes that slow-consuming fire burn to ashes the body of his wife of many years, the mother of his group of poor frightened children. Not a stoical savage, but a despairing husband, stood before us. I felt him to be human. The body at last sunk into a bed of flames, which shot up higher than ever with fountains of sparks, and sucked together, hiding the remains forever from view. At this Buck sprang to the front and threw himself at the fire; but the two old women seized each a hand and dragged him back to his children, where he fell in a fit of stupor.

As we walked home Jerry was quick to ask, "Did n't I tell you Injuns has feelings inside of 'em?" I answered promptly that I was convinced; and long after, as I lay awake through many night hours, listening to that shrill death-wail, I felt as if any policy toward the Indians based upon the assumption of their being brutes or devils was nothing short of a blot on this Christian century.

My sleep was light, and sunrise found me dressed, still listening, as under a kind of spell, to the mourners, who, though evidently exhausted, at brief intervals uttered the cry. Alone, and filled with serious reflections, I strolled over to the rancheria, finding every one there up and about his morning duties.

The tar-heads, withdrawn some distance into the forest, sat leaning against a stump, chatting and grinning together, now and then screeching by turns.

I asked "Revenue Stamp," a good-natured, middle-aged Indian, where Buck was. He pointed to his hut, and replied, with an affable smile: "He whiskey drunk." "And who," I inquired, "is that fat girl with him?" "Last night he take her; new squaw," was the answer, I could hardly believe, but it was the actual truth; and I went back to camp an enlightened but disillusioned man. I left that day, and had never an opportunity to "free my mind" to Jerry. Since then I guardedly avoid all discussion of the "Indian question." When interrogated, I dodge or protest ignorance; when pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or, if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Quakers will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated.

The mill people and Indians told us of a wonderful group of big trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), and about one particular tree of unequalled size. We found them easily, after a ride of a few miles in a northerly direction from our camp, upon a wide, flat-topped spur, where they grew, as is their habit elsewhere, in company with several other coniferous species, all grouped socially together, heightening each other's beauty by contrasts of form and color.

In a rather open glade, where the ground was for the most part green with herbage and conspicuously starred with upland flowers, stood the largest shaft we observed. A fire had formerly burned off a small segment of its base, not enough, however, to injure the symmetrical appearance. It was a slowly

tapering, regularly round column of about forty feet in diameter at the base, and rising two hundred and seventy-four feet, adorned with a few huge branches which start horizontally from the trunk, but quickly turn down and spray out. The bark, thick but not rough, is scarred up and down at considerable intervals with deep smooth grooves, and is of brightest cinnamon color mottled in purple and yellow.

That which impresses one most, after its vast bulk and grand, pillar-like stateliness, is the thin and inconspicuous foliage, which feathers out delicately on the boughs like a mere mist of pale apple-green. It would seem nothing when compared with the immense volume of tree for which it must do the ordinary respirative duty; but doubtless the bark performs a large share of this, its papery lamination and porous structure fitting it eminently for that purpose.

Near this "king of the mountains" grew three other trees, one a sugar-pine (*Pinus lambertiana*) of about eight feet in diameter and hardly less than three hundred feet high, although we did not measure it, estimating simply by comparison of its rise above the *Sequoia*, whose height was quite accurately determined.

For a hundred and fifty feet the pine was branchless, and as round as if turned, delicate bluish-purple in hue, and marked with a network of scorings. The branches, in nearly level poise, grow long and slenderly out from the shaft, well covered with dark yellow-green needles. The two remaining trees were firs (*Picea grandis*), which sprang from a common root, dividing slightly as they rose, a mass of feathery branches, whose load of polished blue-green foliage for the most part hid the dark wood-brown trunk. Grace, the exquisiteness of the spire-like taper boughs, whose plumes of green float lightly upon the air, elasticity, and symmetry, are its characteristics.

In all directions this family continues, the trees grouping themselves always with attractive originality. There

is something memorable in the harmonious yet positive colors of this sort of forest. The foliage and trunk of each separate tree contrast finely, — cinnamon and golden apple-green in the *Sequoia*, dark purple and yellowish-green for the pine, deep wood-color and bluish-green of fir. The sky, which at this elevation of six thousand feet is deep, pure blue, and often cloudless, is seen through the tracery of boughs and tree-tops, which cast downward fine and filmy shadows across the glowing trunks. Altogether it is a wonderful setting for the *Sequoia*. The two firs, judging by many of equal size whose age I have studied, were about three hundred years old; the pine, still hale and vigorous, not less than five hundred; and for the "king of the mountains" we cannot assign a probable age of less than two thousand years.

A mountain, a fossil from the deepest geological horizon, a ruin of human art, carries us back into the perspective of centuries with a force that has become perhaps a little conventional. No imperishableness of mountain-peak or of fragment of human work, broken pillar, or sand-worn image half lifted over pathetic desert, — none of these links the past and to-day with anything like the power of these monuments of living antiquity, trees that began to grow before the Christian era, and full of hale vitality and green old age, still bid fair to grow broad and high for centuries to come. Who shall predict the limits of this unexampled life? There is nothing which indicates suffering or degeneracy in the *Sequoia* as a species. I find pathological hints that several other far younger species in the same forest are gradually giving up their struggle for existence. That singular species, *Pinus sabiniana*, appears to me to suffer death-pains from foot-hill extremes of temperature and dryness, and notably from ravenous parasites of the mistletoe type. At the other extreme the *Pinus flexilis* has about half given up the fight against cold and storms. Its young are dwarfed, or

huddled in thickets with such mode of growth that they may never make trees of full stature, while higher up, standing among bare rocks and fields of ice, far above all living trees, are the stark white skeletons of noble dead specimens, their blanched forms rigid and defiant, preserved from decay by a marvellous hardness of fibre, and only wasted by the cutting of storm-driven crystals of snow. Still the *Sequoia* maintains perfect health.

It is then the vast respiring power, the atmosphere, the bland, regular climate, which give such long life, and not any richness or abundance of food received from the soil.

If one loves to gather the material for travellers' stories, he may find here and there a hollow fallen-trunk, through whose heart he may ride for many feet without bowing the head. But, if he love the tree for its own grand nature, he may lie in silence upon the soft forest floor, in shadow or sunny warmth if he please, and spend many days in wonder, gazing upon majestic shafts, following their gold and purple flutings from broad, firmly planted base up and on through the few huge branches and among the pale clouds of filmy green traced in open network upon the deep cobalt-blue of the sky.

Groups of this ancient race grow along the middle heights of the Sierra for almost two hundred miles, marking a line of groves through the forest of lesser trees, still retaining their power of reproduction, ripening cones with regularity whose seed germinates, springs up, and grows with apparently as great vital power as the descendants of younger conifers. Nor are these their only remarkable characteristics. They possess hardly any roots at all. Several in each grove have been blown down and lie slowly decomposing. They are found usually to have rested upon the ground with a few short pedestal-like feet penetrating the earth for a little way. Too soon for my pleasure the time came when we must turn our backs upon these stately groves, and push up towards the snow.

Our route lay eastward between the King's and Kaweah Rivers, rising as we marched, the vegetation as well as the barometer accurately measuring the change.

We reached our camp on the Big Meadow plateau on the 22d of June, and that night the thermometer fell to 20° above zero. This intense cold was followed by a chilly, overcast morning, and about ten o'clock an old-fashioned snow-storm set in. Wind howled fiercely through the trees, coming down from the mountains in terribly powerful gusts. The green flower-covered meadow was soon buried under snow; and we explorers, who had not a tent, hid ourselves under piles of brush and on the lee side of hospitable stones. Our scant supply of blankets was a poor defence against such inclemency. So we crawled out and made a huge camp-fire, around which we sat for the rest of the day. During the afternoon we were visited. A couple of hunters, with their rifles over their shoulders, seeing the smoke of our camp-fire, followed it through the woods and joined our circle. They were typical mountaineers,—outcasts from society, discontented with the world, comforting themselves in the solitude of nature by the occasional excitement of a bear-fight. One was a half-breed Cherokee, rather over six feet high, powerfully built, and picturesquely dressed in buckskin breeches and green jacket; a sort of Trovatore hat completed his costume, and gave him an animated appearance. The other was unmistakably a Pike-Countyian, who had dangled into a pair of butternut jeans. His greasy flannel shirt was pinned together with thorns in lieu of buttons, and his hat, having lost its stiffness by continual wetting, was fastened back in the same way. The Cherokee had a long, manly stride, and the Pike a rickety sort of shuffle. His anatomy was bad, his physical condition worse, and I think he added to that a sort of pride in his own awkwardness. Seeming to have a principle of suspension somewhere about his shoulders which main-

tained his head at the right elevation above the ground, he kept up a good rate in walking without apparently making an effort. His body swayed with a peculiar corkscrew motion, and his long Mississippi rifle waved to and fro through the air.

We all noticed the utter contrast between them as these two men approached our fire. The hunter's taciturnity is a well-known *rôle*, but they had evidently lived so long an isolated life that they were too glad of any company to play it unfaithfully; so it was they who opened the conversation. We found that they were now camped only a half-mile from us, were hunting for deer-skins, and had already accumulated a very large number. They offered us plenty of venison, and were greatly interested in our proposed journeys into the high mountains. From them we learned that they had themselves penetrated farther than any others, and had only given up the exploration after wandering fruitlessly among the cañons for a month. They told us that not even Indians had crossed the Sierras to the east; and that if we did succeed in reaching this summit, we would certainly be the first. We learned from them also that a mile to the northward was a great herd of cattle in charge of a party of Mexicans. Fleeing before the continued drouth of the plains, all the cattle-men of California drive the remains of their starved herds either to the coast or to the high Sierras, and graze upon the summer pastures, descending in the autumn and living upon the dry foot-hill grasses, until, under the influence of winter rains, the plains again clothe themselves with pasturage. The following morning, having received a present of two deer from the hunters, we packed our animals and started eastward, passing after a few minutes' ride the encampment of the Spaniards. About four thousand cattle roamed over the plateau, and were only looked after once or twice a week. The four Spaniards divided their time between drinking coffee and playing cards;

they were engaged in the latter amusement when we passed them, and although we halted and tried to get some information, they only answered us in monosyllables, and continued their game. To the eastward the plateau rose towards the high mountains in immense granite steps. We rode pleasantly through the forest over these level tables, and climbed with difficulty the rugged rock-strewn fronts, each successive step bringing us nearer the mountains and giving us a far-reaching view. Here and there the granite rose through the forest in broad, smooth domes, and several times we were obliged to climb these rocky slopes at the peril of our animals' lives. After several days of marching and counter-marching, we gave up the attempt to push farther in a southeast direction, and turned north toward the great cañon of King's River, which we hoped might lead us up to the snow-group. Reaching the brink of this gorge, we observed, about half-way down the slope, and standing at equal levels on both flanks, singular embankments, shelves a thousand feet in width, built at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the valley bottom, their smooth, evenly graded summits rising higher and higher to the eastward on the cañon wall, until they joined the snow. They were evidently the lateral moraines of a vast extinct glacier, and that opposite us seemed to offer an easy ride into the heart of the mountains. With great difficulty we descended the long slope, through chaparral and forests, reaching at length the level, smooth glacier-bottom. Here, threading its way through alternate groves and meadows, was the King's River, a stream not over thirty feet in width, but rushing with all the force of a torrent. Its icy temperature was very refreshing after our weary climb down the wall. By a series of long zigzags we succeeded in leading our animals up the flank to the top of the north moraine, and here we found ourselves upon a forest-covered causeway, almost as smooth as a railroad embankment. Its fluted crest enclosed

three separate pathways, each a hundred feet wide, divided from each other by roughly laid trains of rocks, showing it evidently to be a compound moraine. As we ascended toward the mountains the causeway was more and more isolated from the cliff, until the depression between them widened to half a mile and to at least five hundred feet deep. Throughout nearly a whole day we rode comfortably along at a gentle grade, reaching at evening the region of the snow, where, among innumerable huge granite blocks, we threaded our way in search of a campground. The mountain-amphitheatre which gave rise to the King's River opened to the east, a broad valley, into which we at length climbed, and among scattered groves of alpine pines and on patches of meadow rode eastward till twilight, watching the high pyramidal peak which lay directly at the head of the gorge. By sunset we had gone as far as we could take the animals, and in full view of our goal camped for the night. The form of the mountain at the head of our ravine was pure gothic.

A thousand up-springing spires and pinnacles pierce the sky in every direction, and the cliffs and mountain ridges are everywhere ornamented with countless needle-like turrets. Crowning the wall to the south of our camp were series of these jagged forms, standing out against the sky like a procession of colossal statues. Whichever way we turned, we were met by extraordinary fulness of detail. Every mass seemed to have the highest possible ornamental finish. Along the lower flanks of the walls, tall, straight pines, the last of the forest, were relieved against the cliffs, and the same slender forms, although carved in granite, surmounted every ridge and peak.

Through this wide zone of forest we had now passed, and from its perpetual shadow had come out among the few black groves of fir into a brilliant alpine sunshine. The light, like the rare high air, although surprisingly vivid, was of a purity and refinement quite different from the strong glare of the plains.

Clarence King.

IV.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

SEPTEMBER 16th.—Among those who were most influential in restraining the people of Vivarais from rescuing and from avenging their pastor was Paul Rabaut, whose memory Protestant tradition consecrates as that of the model servant of Christ. This man, the true chief and leader of a people whose hereditary king made himself known to them only by exactions and persecutions, had, for years, no other home than that the fastnesses of the mountains afforded him. A den made of stones thrown rudely together to avoid the appearance of design, the entrance masked by a growth of brambles, was a cherished retreat to which he returned after his journeys, and which he regretted when it was disclosed and he was forced to abandon it.

The commune where the presence of a minister was detected was visited by punishment. Yet the news of Paul Rabaut's intended coming was received with heartfelt joy by the faithful. Messengers were sent out through a wide circuit to announce it, and to designate the wild, unfrequented spot which had been fixed on as the place of prayer. The religious meeting was hardly less dangerous to the disciples than to the teacher; but eight, ten, twelve thousand people gathered at the appointed place to join in the prayers and listen to the exhortations of the revered man.

The galleys and confiscation of goods for attendance on a meeting for prayer; the galleys for knowing of such a meeting and not denouncing it: thus it was in France a century ago, under that blessed royalty whose return is invoked.

Only twenty-five years before the convocation of the notables, François Rochette, a native of Gévaudan, a sister state of Vivarais, was passing near the town of Caussade, in what is now

the department of Tarn-et-Garonne. A robbery had been committed in the neighborhood. A patrol, in search of the robbers, met and captured him with two peasants, his guides. The mistake was at once discovered, and he would have been set at liberty, if, in giving his name, he had not also declared his profession,—that of a minister of the Reformed religion. It was intimated to him by those who examined him, that he might withdraw this avowal, and they would consider it unspoken. His youth, his intrepidity, his bearing, described as uniting in a remarkable manner grace, sweetness, and spirit, moved them to compassion; but in vain. He would not deny his calling or purchase his safety by a departure from truth. He was sent to Toulouse for the trial, whose issue could not be doubtful. Condemned, he had to console his jailers and sentinels, who had learned to love him. "My friend," he said to a soldier who was shedding tears over his fate, "you are ready to die for the king; and do you pity me, who am to die for God?"

This type of man is not extinct in France. Beside these figures from the past, dignified, simple, devoted, rise figures of the present, not unworthy to take place beside them. And those congregations, which by thousands and tens of thousands braved such dangers to offer their united worship to the true God, are they unrepresented? Their descendants, now upon the scene, inherit with their blood the tradition of endurance and persistence. It was the office of the fathers to keep alive a pure religious faith; it is that of the sons to make it practical in the larger life, to regenerate their country through its means. The struggle is the same; it is still the war between freedom and arbitrary power, between progress and stagnation, between order and sys-

tematized anarchy, between the world that God organized and the world that rebels to his law have contrived.

September 17th. — We have just returned from the Louvre, where we have passed a delightful morning with the children. Apart from the acquaintance with art gradually formed there, galleries of paintings are very instructive places for children. Pictures suggest so many questions. And instruction given when it is asked for is so much more welcome and so much more fruitful than when it is administered! I believe the children really learn more in a few hours at the Louvre, than in as many days or perhaps weeks at school; and how cheerfully, how swiftly these hours go by!

Both the boys enjoy their visits to picture-galleries, but each in a different way. Alfred, having read about painters and paintings, and knowing something of the relative standing of the different masters, has, with the pleasure which a natural love of art gives, also some share of that which is found in the exercise of the critical faculty. Willie takes things strictly on their own merit, their merit, that is, to him. The freshness and frankness of the little fellow's tastes and emotions is a constant delight. I have never let the Bible become hackneyed to him. He is familiar enough with it to be interested in what relates to it, and not enough for its scenes to have lost their vividness and reality. He stopped before a picture of the Crowning with Thorns and turned quickly to me with a look which seemed to say, "*Can it be?*" "Yes; it is our Saviour, mocked by the soldiers." He turned sternly back to it. Then, as he looked, his compressed lips quivered; his eyes flashed through the mist that had begun to gather over them; his little hands were clenched unconsciously. "*O, how mean!*" I could not convey to you the intensity of the accent.

Evening. — There is a sad contrast between the life of foreigners here for their pleasure, who can every morning plan out a day full of cheerful interest, to be closed by an evening of amuse-

ment, and the life dragged on in apprehension and uncertainty by the poor refugees from despotism who looked for an asylum in the Republic of France. Many find here the prison they came here to escape. Numbers are forced to take up again the staff of travel, and go forth to face the pains and humiliations of a new exile, a new struggle for a spot to stand on and work in. Many, not driven out, go, through fear of worse. For those who remain, every step, every act, is haunted by fear. They endanger those who show them kindness; they are endangered by those who are the most prompt to offer it. It is not a home they have here, hardly a resting-place. They can look forward but some months at most; and a breath may destroy their claim to even this narrow hospitality.

The republicans assert that refugees from oppression ought to live, in republican France, under at least as favorable conditions as in monarchical England. They draw upon themselves the persecutions they cannot avert from others; but at least they have exonerated themselves from the complicity of cowardice.

September 18th. — These times, so cruel and so hateful under some aspects, have yet their consoling side. Nothing can be more admirable than the intrepidity of the republican editors and writers, — "soldiers of the press," as one of their number has called them.

I send you a bold *jeu d'esprit* from the *Charivari*, — a *jeu d'esprit*, but, indeed, a very serious one: —

"ARDÈCHE UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

"Ardèche is under martial law. The other departments are soon to have their turn, concluding with the department of the Seine. M. Léon Faucher has justified this vigorous measure before the committee of surveillance. It was thus that this man of energy expressed himself: —

"Ardèche is a department which borders on Drôme and Isère, both under martial law. Why should it not

participate in the *régime* of its neighbors? We have been obliged to put an end to this anomaly. Other motives not less grave, and of a logic not less imperious, compel us to severity with Ardèche. The inhabitants profess opinions incompatible with the existence of a well-regulated society. They are republicans. In the cities the greatest depravation prevails. The *National* and the *Charivari* have subscribers there in great numbers. The call for a revision has found there only some few signatures. It is a gangrened country.

"In the rural districts it is still worse. There the schoolmasters enjoy the sympathy of the population. The Frères Ignorantins have not been able to fix themselves there in a complete and durable manner. Republicanism leads to irreligion. Men who do not send their children to the Ignorantins are atheists. Who is capable of all crimes? The atheist.

"We have ejected a great number of schoolmasters, hoping that, without bread, without shelter, and the greater part burdened with families, starvation would rid us of them. The inhabitants have taken them in, have fed them, have withdrawn them from their merited punishment.

"Lastly, devoted men who have endeavored to promulgate through France the Napoleonic idea, the idea of modern times, in Ardèche have not been able to obtain a hearing.

"The savage inhabitants even affected never to have heard of the Emperor! They carry their stupidity even so far as to prefer the Republic to the splendors of the Imperial epoch. The failure of the apostles of prolongation has at last fully enlightened us as to their condition.

"Can we let a department, a portion of our country, stagnate in irreligion, ignorance, and republicanism? No. This reply, which you approve because you are statesmen, the council has also sanctioned, by adopting my proposition to place the department of Ardèche under martial law.

"Rouher wishes this benefit to be extended to Cantal, and Fould to the Eastern Pyrenees; but we have been obliged to restrict ourselves. Later, we shall find means to satisfy this double wish. I only wait an occasion. For the rest, gentlemen, be without uneasiness. The government will not be wanting to its mission.

"Every department which shall give signs of republicanism shall be placed under martial law. It is time to purify this unhappy country infested with democracy.

"M. Léon Faucher ended by assuring the commission that, with the aid of martial law, he would answer for the tranquillity of Ardèche. The committee separated, satisfied with the political situation of the country."

The *Charivari* has hardly caricatured the language of the reaction. Some of the most respectable of that party, members of the Assembly or journalists of note, employ language in speaking of republicanism and republicans which make one doubt one's eyesight and go back to read again. The extravagancies of the magistracy in this line are something incredible. At the trial of some republican editors of the Southwest, for a political offence, the *procureur-général* made an address to the jury, which, if it had not come from a procureur, might well have been taken for burlesque.

September 19th. — This trial, which was of great interest on more than one account, took place recently before the assize court of Lot-et-Garonne. A plot against the safety of the state was in question. It was known as the plot of the journalists of the West. It was, in fact, an offshoot of the Lyons plot. The accused, who had already suffered ten months' imprisonment, underwent a part of it at Lyons, but happily escaped coming before the military tribunal there.

The journalists from whom this branch of the great conspiracy "for the overthrow of the government" takes its name are, M. Gauzence, editor of *Le*

Republicain de Lot-et-Garonne; M. Desolme, editor of *Le Republicain de Dordogne*; and M. Lesseps, described as a journalist residing in Paris. With them a M. Dufau was tried as their accomplice. The advocates who had charge of the defence were all members of the National Assembly. M. Lesseps was defended by M. Jules Favre; M. Desolme, by M. Crémieux; M. Gauzence, by M. Destours; M. Dufau, by M. Bac.

The city of Agen, where the trial took place, overflowed with strangers on the day of the opening. The authorities, in anticipation of this concourse, had taken "all the measures necessary for public security." That is to say, in addition to a large force of gendarmes, a strong detachment of regular troops occupied the streets leading to the Palais de Justice. For the more complete tranquillization of the timid friends of order, the fact was made known that these troops were of the Seventeenth of the line; "which had particularly distinguished itself under the walls of Rome."

The origin of this plot, like that of the plot of Lyons, is found by the prosecution in the dissatisfaction occasioned by the electoral law of the 31st May. Thus, the Act of Accusation: "It will be remembered *what a lively emotion was excited in the country by the debates of May, 1850, in the Legislative Assembly*," etc. The procureur-général spoke of "*the lively effervescence that the project of electoral law in May, 1850, spread throughout the demagogical party*."

Thus, whatever general accusations of criminal designs the present possessors of power may bring against the republican opposition, they continually show themselves aware that all that the people desire, or their leaders for them, is the share in their own government which the Revolution of '48 won for them and which their Constitution secures to them.

The part taken by the republican representatives in restraining the people and preventing violent opposition

to the law of the 31st May was distinctly recognized by the prosecution.

Some imprudent articles and passionate letters written while this law was under discussion in the Assembly and after its passage made all the important part of the evidence against the accused. As usual, unsupported charges, foreign to the present trial, were introduced to prejudice the minds of the jury and of the public. M. Gauzence was the principal sufferer in this way. When the Act of Accusation had been read by the *greffier*, and the procureur had made his opening statement, the president of the court ordered the reading of the letters on which the prosecution rested its case. The last of these was one sent by the prefect of Haute Garonne to the prefect of Lot-et-Garonne. It concerned M. Gauzence. "The accused," says the reporter of the trial, "is represented as professing ardent opinions which he disseminated in the clubs in 1848. His private life was made the object of very severe animadversion. But the vagueness of the expressions employed in the letter indicates that the details given by M. le Préfet reached him only by hearsay."

When the president began to interrogate M. Gauzence, the accused requested permission, before replying, to protest against "a defamatory piece" which had been read; "a tissue of falsities," he pronounced it to be.

M. Crémieux, his counsel, was betrayed into an indignant exclamation. "Explain your words, M. Crémieux," cried the president; "this piece comes from the prefect of Haute Garonne." As if calumny were sacred, coming from a prefect! "I referred to the anonymous authority," replied M. Crémieux, composedly.

M. Gauzence stated, in reply to the assertions contained in the letter, that he had been three years professor in a school in Toulouse, without incurring the smallest reproach; that he had afterwards been professor of history in a college of the West, and, still later, in his native city, Pamiers; that in

both these situations his conduct had, in like manner, been exempt from reproach; that he was still at Pamiers when the Revolution of February took place; that he was a republican, and had expressed his opinions openly before his fellow-citizens, as so many others had done.

The most cruel charge which the letter brought against M. Gauzence was that of having ill-treated his wife, and to such a degree as to cause her death. M. Gauzence said that his wife, who was the daughter of a notary, and not of a baker, as the letter asserted, had died of consumption; that she had made him her sole heir; but that he had broken the will and given all her property to her relatives. M. Gauzence, in making these explanations, the reporter says, "appeared the prey of violent emotions."

The president resumed his interrogatory. M. Gauzence, however, had afterwards his little triumph.

"You make yourself the apologist of civil war!" cried the president.

"Pardon, M. le President," replied the accused journalist, "this eulogium of civil war is not mine; it is an extract from a legitimist journal, *La Mode*, and I only cited it to show the condition of minds, and to denounce it."

If M. Gauzence was not proof against the cruel attacks upon his domestic life, he did not falter where his political principles were concerned. Like the convicted of the Lyons plot, he maintained that in case of an attempt at usurpation, it was the right and duty of the people to defend the Republic. Questioned concerning a certain letter addressed to him, he replied. "This letter was in reply to an hypothesis proposed by me. Remember the circumstances of that period; the principle of universal suffrage was attacked; the projects of the reaction were becoming more clear every day. They were extolling civil war. It was my duty as a journalist to keep watch for the defence of the threatened Republic. I proposed to Dufau an hypothesis in

this sense. Dufau answered. This is the whole conspiracy. The opinions and sentiments of that time I still hold; and on leaving this place, if I am acquitted, as I ought to be, I shall repeat that I will resist usurpation."

M. Dufau, the writer of the letter, being questioned in regard to it, answered with similar firmness: "I expressed my personal opinion in reply to a question addressed to me. If the Republic were menaced, I should rise to defend it."

The procureur warned the jury that "the times were not such as to allow them to follow the dictates of their hearts, and exercise clemency, as they might perhaps do, without great damage to society, if there were union between parties, if minds were in the same views and governed by the same principles, and if ideas of order were everywhere powerful and respected.

"Do you suppose," cried he, "that the conspiracy woven by the accused has not committed ravages in the country because it did not break out? When they say incessantly in their letters, 'We have democratized city and country; all is organized, the communes, the cantons, the arrondissements,' judge what a work of agitation they must have carried on in the minds of the masses to arrive at such a result! How many unhappy working-men they must have democratized! how many bad instincts they must have awakened! in how many hearts and families they must have enfeebled or annihilated the love of labor and the respect for authority!

"Would you, then, send out the accused on the theatre of their sad exploits, that they may continue this demoralizing work, and recommence all these appeals to the worst passions of the human heart? No! I know you. I have observed you in the course of this session; I have appreciated your rectitude, your firmness, your love of duty. You will come to the aid of society shaken by so many storms, and you will have gained the gratitude of all good men. The public conscience will

applaud your patriotism and your inflexible spirit of justice."

The defence was conducted in a very able and fearless manner. The counsel for the accused alleged that the forms of French justice had been shamefully violated on the part of the prosecution.

M. Crémieux and M. Jules Favre protested energetically against the irregularity of the proceedings and the neglect of the ordinary forms of law; against what M. Crémieux called "this incredible forgetfulness of all there is of protective, of generous, of humane, in the laws of our Revolution; this incredible return to all there was of abusive, of secret, of inquisitorial, in the laws of past times."

When the reporter comes to the part of M. Jules Favre, he seems to forget the impartiality he usually imposes upon himself: "M. Jules Favre rises in the midst of a most profound silence. He presents the defence of Lesseps. In a few fervent words he recalls the long combat sustained by Lesseps in the Paris press against the corruption and the arbitrary acts of the last reign; then entering on the trial, he examines the procedure; brands it as null in a legal point of view, and as unworthy of our civilization and manners. He protests energetically against the rigors of preventive imprisonment; against the recklessness with which the liberty of the citizen is trifled with; and, above all, against the intrusion of the police into the intimacies of friendship and the fireside.

"Then he examines the evidence, entirely written, brought forward against his client. Word by word, sentence by sentence, he reads, he destroys it. The prosecution more than once bows the head before his keen exposition, the stinging shafts of his sarcasms.

"The powerful logic of the defender takes, one by one, each argument of the procureur-général, and breaks it. When he has thus completely demolished the whole procedure, and thrown the most withering scorn upon 'these

dark conspiracies of folly and the police,' he finishes magnificently by an appeal to respect for the law, to the impartiality of justice, declaring that the Republic will know how to defend the constitution and to repel usurpation, whether it come darkly in the form of conspiracy, or openly in that of empire."

The jury were probably unwilling to forfeit altogether the high opinion formed of them by M. le Procureur-Général, yet they seem to have been willing to buy its continuance as cheaply as possible. They found one of the accused, M. Gauzece, guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. This verdict meant, I suppose, that he was guilty of the crime on which the procureur had enlarged so eloquently, that of "democratizing the people." An extenuating circumstance was probably found in his innocence of the offence for which he was tried.

M. Gauzece was condemned to one year's imprisonment and to five years' interdiction of civic rights. Yet he may surely think himself a fortunate man. If he had been tried by a military tribunal, he might have shared the fate of poor Longomazino, the journalist of Digne, sentenced to deportation.

The jury acquitted the three other prisoners, MM. Lesseps, Desolme, and Dufau; so that M. Gauzece was left conspiring alone, and that publicly, in the columns of his journal.

M. Lesseps and M. Desolme, on leaving the court-house, set off immediately for Villeneuve, where M. Lesseps was to rejoin his family. M. Jules Favre accompanied them. The news of the acquittal had gone before them. Two miles before they reached the city they were obliged to alight from their carriage to respond to the congratulations of the crowd which had poured out to meet them. Men, women, and children gathered about them crying, "Vive la république!" "Vive la constitution!" "Vive Lesseps!" "Vive Jules Favre!" The prisoner left behind was not forgotten. His

name was mentioned with expressions of regret and sympathy. In the public square of Villeneuve an immense crowd was assembled. It was addressed by M. Jules Favre and by M. Lesseps briefly, but fervently. "And now," said M. Lesseps, "give to the slanders of the reaction a decisive refutation by the example of submission to the laws. Withdraw quietly and give our enemies no pretext for fresh persecutions." In ten minutes the place was empty.

M. Dufau, who was accompanied by M. Bac and M. Detours, had a similar reception from his townsmen of Porte-Sainte-Marie. "All took part in it," says the republican account, "except the juge de paix, the gendarmerie, and the police."

I have several times mentioned M. Crémieux, one of the defenders of the accused of the plot of Agen. Let me tell an interesting incident in his life. His father, a political prisoner during or after the French Revolution, was released from his captivity to find that his house was ruined and that a compromise had been made with his creditors. It was many years after his death that these facts first came to the knowledge of his son, who held his memory in peculiar veneration, and who immediately devoted himself to redeeming it from the reproach even of a bankruptcy which had in it nothing dishonoring. He toiled for many years with this object before him, and at last paid off the principal of the debt, with thirty years' interest. A decree of the court of Nîmes rehabilitated his father's memory in 1838.

Is this man likely to be among the enemies of "property and the family," or the defender of those who are?

This crime of democratizing the people which is at the present time one of the most serious which can be committed in France was committed in 1848 by the framers of the Constitution and by the constituent Assembly which accepted the Constitution.

That instrument declares that "the French Republic is *democratic*, one

and indivisible." Nor was this word admitted without due consideration of all that it implied.

When this article was proposed to the Assembly for acceptance, M. de la Rochejacquelein asked what the word "democratic" meant.

It was M. Dupin, one of the committee who drew up the Constitution, who undertook to give an answer:—

"M. Dupin: If there is anything in France which has no need of definition, it is the word 'democracy.' In 1789 France was disembarassed of the aristocracy which ruled over her. In 1830 the last remnant of aristocracy disappeared. What we now call democracy is what we formerly called the third estate, that which a man of genius has demonstrated to be the whole nation. *It has its symbol in universal suffrage.*"

M. de la Rochejacquelein expressed his entire satisfaction with this explanation, and congratulated himself on having been the means of calling it forth.

These three words, *democratic*, *one*, *indivisible*, were afterwards separately put to the vote and separately adopted.

The republicans stand to-day on the same ground on which M. Dupin and the other members of the constituent assembly who now belong to the reactionary majority of the Legislative Assembly stood with them in 1848.

M. Michel (de Bourges) in a conciliatory speech, made last July, when the revision of the Constitution was under debate, defended and explained the Republic:—

"The Constitution would have labor and capital no longer enemies; and, to this end, would have both concur in making the laws.

"Universal suffrage; the Republic; they are the same thing. Universal suffrage is the Republic; the Republic is universal suffrage.

"And now let us say what republic it is that we want. I will proceed by the method of exclusion. We do not want the ancient republic. The ancient republic is organized brigandage;

it is the strife of robbers for ill-earned wealth.

"We have now the Republic of the United States, — less slavery. This is the Republic we want; the Republic of work. Unite all the statesmen of our time, they can invent nothing better. This Republic in which all unite to make the laws, has it anything which alarms you? What do we ask? What justice asks; what humanity asks: the freedom of all, the well-being of all."

September 20th. — *La Presse* has recently republished from *La Tribune* of twenty years ago an acknowledgment of a sum of money contributed towards the payment of a fine imposed upon the editor of that journal, a liberal organ of the time. Here is the paragraph from *La Tribune* as cited by M. Emile de Girardin in *La Presse*: —

"We have received a letter from Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-king of Holland, who subscribes two hundred francs towards the payment of the fine to which M. Armand Marrast has been sentenced. It is as a French citizen that M. Bonaparte sends us this offering, which is a new homage rendered to the freedom of the press."

M. de Girardin asks how the subscription of 1831 is to be reconciled with the prosecutions of 1851.

He brought forward this incident from the President's time of obscurity with especial reference to the prosecution of *L'Événement*, a republican journal, for an article on the right of asylum.

The prosecution resulted in a condemnation. *L'Événement* was suspended for a month. The responsible editor, M. Paul Meurice, was condemned to nine months' imprisonment and three thousand francs' fine; M. François Hugo, the author of the article, to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of two thousand francs. M. François Hugo is the son of Victor Hugo. He is to be confined at the Conciergerie, where his elder and only brother is already a prisoner. It re-

quires some courage to be an opposition journalist in France at this time. The *Événement* has now four of its editors in prison.

The article which has given occasion to this last condemnation is an answer to one in the *Constitutionnel*, which defended, or rather lauded, the conduct of the government towards the unfortunate refugees who are now especially the objects of persecution. As far as facts are concerned, M. François Hugo does not differ materially from the Napoleonist writers. It is only that these extol what he denounces, the solidarity of the government of the French Republic with the despotic governments of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Naples. He writes, indeed, with an eloquence which they have not at command, and yet with a certain discretion; for his animadversions are almost exclusively directed against the ministers. The President is spoken of directly only twice; once as the former "proscrit de Thurgovie," once as the actual "auxiliaire de la sainte-alliance." This last is the only passage concerning him personally which could justly be found offensive; and why should imperialists find it offensive?

That the advocate-general did not think the article, as it stood, sufficiently criminal, would appear from his finding it necessary to misrepresent it absurdly. But it made little difference probably what the article was, or what the advocate-general said of it. A republican accused is to be convicted; and a republican who is also the son of Victor Hugo!

The other republican journals stand by the *Événement* in its misfortunes. They have come out with brave expressions of praise and sympathy. "All those," concludes an article in the *National* on this subject, — "all those who have, like us, followed the courageous struggle which the young writers of the *Événement* have supported with so much talent and so much success against the men and the things of the past, will understand, without

difficulty, the feelings we are obliged to restrain."

L'Événement found itself forced to go out of existence, but came immediately to life again as *L'Avènement du Peuple*. The last number of *L'Événement* appeared on the 17th of this month; on the 18th appeared the first number of *L'Avènement*. It contained a letter from Victor Hugo to the editor, M. Vacquerie, the last remaining of the staff of *L'Événement*. Victor Hugo speaks feelingly of the course and the fate of the journal of which his two sons were among the founders. There is a mingling of pride and grief in his tone which is very touching. But the resolution and faith of the devoted citizen and true man predominate over all.

TO M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE, *Editor in Chief of L'Avènement du Peuple*.

MY DEAR FRIEND: *L'Événement* is dead, — dead by violence in the midst of the most brilliant career. Its standard is not prostrate. You are still bearing it on high. You appear in this breach where five of your comrades have fallen, intrepidly barring the way to this reaction of the past against the present, to this conspiracy of monarchy against the Republic, defending all that we love and value, — the people, France, humanity, Christian ideas, universal civilization.

It is four years since you founded the *Événement*, — you, Paul Meurice, our dear and generous Paul Meurice, my two sons, two or three young and firm auxiliaries. In our time of trouble, of irritation and misunderstanding, you had one thought, to calm, to console, to explain, to enlighten, to conciliate. You held out a hand to the rich, a hand to the poor, your heart always a little nearer to the last. This was the holy mission you had dreamed. An implacable reaction would hear nothing, would understand nothing. It has rejected conciliation and demanded the combat. You have fought with regret, but resolutely. *L'Événement* has not spared itself; friends and foes both do

it this justice; but fighting, it has remained true to itself, been consistent with itself. It has never deviated from its first aims: fraternity, civil and human; universal peace; the inviolability of right; inviolability of life; amelioration of manners; increase of intelligence by liberal education and free teaching; the destruction of misery, the welfare of the people, the end of revolutions, the triumph of democracy, progress by progress.

L'Événement has urged upon all political parties, as upon all social systems, amnesty, pardon, clemency. It has remained true to every page of the gospel. It has had two great condemnations: the first for attacking the scaffold, the second for defending the right of asylum. It seemed to the writers of the *Événement* that this right of asylum, which the Christian formerly claimed for the Church, they, Frenchmen, ought to claim for France. The soil of France is sacred as the pavement of a temple. This they thought and said. Before the juries which decided their fate they defended themselves without concession, and accepted their condemnation without bitterness. They have proved that the men of gentleness are also the men of strength.

It will soon be two thousand years since this truth was brought to light. We are nothing beside the august confessors who manifested it for the first time to the human race. The first Christians founded their faith by suffering for it. When the tortures of one were ended, another offered himself. Thanks to God, thanks to the Gospel, thanks to France, the martyrdom of our days has not these terrible proportions. But such as it is, it imposes suffering and demands courage. Courage, then, and forward!

I say it to you, I say it to all who accept valiantly the sacred strife of progress, have faith! You are strong. You have on your side the hour which is passing and the hour which is coming, the reason of this world, the justice of the next.

A man may be put down,—a million of men; but truth cannot be put down. The ancient parliaments have sometimes tried to suppress truth by a decree. The recorder had not signed the sentence, when truth has appeared erect and radiant above the tribunal.

You say the people love my name, and you ask me for what you are pleased to call my support. You ask me to give you my hand in public. I do so warmly. I am only a man of good-will. If the people, as you say, love me a little, it is because in another quarter I am greatly hated. I do not know why the men—blinded, for the most part, and worthy of compassion—who form the party of the past do me and mine the honor of a special rancor. It seems, at times, that the freedom of the tribune does not exist for me, that the freedom of the press does not exist for my sons. When I speak, clamors try to drown my voice; when they write, fine and prison. But let us pardon our personal wrongs. Our judges themselves are our brothers. Let us not retaliate, even by resentment. Let us fix our eyes on our aim. Let us think only of the good of the people, only of the future.

Let us pardon our personal wrongs. Let us pardon the ill which has been done us or intended for us. But the ill which has been done the Republic, the ill which has been done the people,—these are wrongs which it is not ours to pardon. I wish, without hoping it, that no one may have an account to render, no one a punishment to undergo.

And yet what happiness, my friend, if by one of those *dénouements* which are always in the hands of Providence, and which suddenly disarm the guilty rage of these, the just anger of those, what happiness if, by one of these *dénouements*, that the abrogation of the law of the 31st May permits us to have a glimpse of, we could arrive safely, tranquilly, without convulsion, without reprisals, at this magnificent future of peace and concord, which is there before us; this inevitable future in which

the country will be great, in which the people will be happy, in which the French Republic will, by its example alone, create the European republic; when we shall all on this beloved soil of France be free as in England, equal as in America, brothers as in heaven!

VICTOR HUGO.

September 18, 1851.

The first number of *L'Avènement du Peuple* was seized in the post-office and at the office of the journal by command of the procureur of the Republic, who has ordered a prosecution to be commenced against the responsible editor of that journal, "on account of a letter signed 'Victor Hugo,' and of an article signed 'Auguste Vacquerie,' beginning, 'Nous arborons cette admirable lettre.'" The letter and the article introducing it are charged with a threefold offence,—disrespect to the law, an apology of acts designated crimes or misdemeanors by the penal code, and provocation to civil war. This we learn by the journals of this morning.

September 22d. — The frequency and severity of assaults upon the press have occasioned uneasiness beyond the limits of the liberal party. Even the *Journal des Débats* has been disturbed by these excesses of authority, and has confessed, though with avowed reluctance, that it "has seen with affliction many journals and many writers, among others two young men bearing a celebrated name, visited by condemnations which it cannot prevent itself from finding very severe."

The republicans ask how it is to be explained that, while they are continually prosecuted and condemned for "exciting to hatred and contempt of the government of the Republic," accusation and punishment never fall on those who attack the Republic expressly and avowedly, urging the claims of royalty or empire, and advocating the most illegal and violent measures for their establishment. The reactionists affirm that it would be useless to attempt to punish journalists for such offences, inasmuch as the jury would

not convict them. The republicans rejoice that such an assertion implies an insinuation in regard to the manner in which jurors are selected, which they themselves are very far from presuming to make.

A little episode in the debate on the right of petition, which took place last summer in the National Assembly, throws light on the verdicts of Paris juries. It is a very characteristic scene, and has not only a political but a dramatic interest.

M. Hennequin offered an amendment to a proposed law on the exercise of the right of petition; but added that, whatever the fate of his amendment, he should oppose the law, for the reason that, even if good in itself, it was bad in the hands of the actual administration. He remained in the sentiments of distrust which the Assembly had manifested by a solemn vote. Other members might have found reasons for passing from distrust to confidence, but he, for his part, had found none. Prosecutions for the violation of this law must come either before the magistracy or before the jury; and M. Hennequin had confidence in neither, where political matters were in question.

M. Hennequin. The jury! but we have all protested against its organization; we have pointed out twenty times what there is monstrous in this fact, that the jury is chosen from a list prepared by a commission which, at Paris, is named by the government itself.

M. le President broke in: Permit me. I cannot allow the institution of the jury to be attacked from the tribune.

M. Crémieux. There is no jury at Paris; there is a commission.

M. le President. I cannot, I ought not, to allow the institutions of the country to be attacked here.

M. Bac. This is not an institution.

M. Hennequin. It is not my intention to attack the institutions of the country. But in each of us the citizen is to be distinguished from the legislator. When the simple citizen appears

before the jury, he must submit to its decision, he must respect it, he must not protest against it. But when we are here as legislators, called to examine whether the institutions of the country are good or bad, we ought in all sincerity, in all liberty, to examine into the vices of legislation. It is evident that our mandate would be limited if we could not say that the institution of the jury appears to us defective.

M. le President. You have not the right to enfeeble respect for institutions.

M. Charras. The Constitution is attacked every day with impunity.

M. le President. You can make more noise than I. There is no doubt of that. You have perfectly the right to make propositions for modifying the institutions of the country; but you have not a right to say, in speaking of the jury, that it is a monstrous institution.

From the Left. He did not say that.

M. le President. I heard distinctly.

M. Hennequin. Gentlemen, the words of M. le President will be recorded in the *Moniteur*. I must efface their trace as far as depends on me. If I had used the expression which M. le President attributes to me, I should withdraw it at once, and I should ask pardon of the Assembly for having uttered it. Gentlemen, I am positively sure that the ears of M. le President have deceived him. I used the word *defective*, and not *monstrous*.

M. le President. The explanation suffices. I shall not consult the Assembly to know whether it heard as I did. I believe I heard correctly.

A voice from the Centre. M. Hennequin spoke first of a monstrous fact, and then of a defective institution.

M. Benoist d'Azy, one of the vice-presidents, presided on this occasion.

The lucid intelligence of M. Benoist d'Azy presided over the meeting of the permanent committee which found the decree of the President placing the department of Ardèche under martial law "a good and necessary measure."

M. L. P.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE Frank waited for Mr. Beaumont, in order to ask him whether he might or might not propose marriage, he either walked up and down before Mrs. Armitage in absent-minded silence, or he talked altogether of Kate.

This behavior did not make him tiresome to the lady; on the contrary, she found him incessantly agreeable and fascinating. A man who has donned the cross of love and set his adventurous face toward the holy city of marriage is to a woman one of the most interesting objects that she can set eyes on, even though he looks for his crown to some other queen of beauty. To her mind he is bound on the most important and noblest of pilgrimages: the question of his success or failure impassions her imagination and kindles her warmest sympathies; she can hardly help wishing him good fortune, even though he is a stranger.

"But I must weary you, Mrs. Armitage," apologized Frank, not knowing the above-mentioned facts. "I must seem terribly stupid to you."

"No, indeed," returned Nellie, innocently, and continued to prattle away about her sister, telling every minute more of the subject than she meant to tell, and revealing through sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks her satisfaction with the state of things.

But this quarter of an hour of delightful expectation was a false portal, not opening to higher felicities. In place of Peyton Beaumont came his tropical henchman, Cato, riding up at the usual breakneck speed of darkies on horseback, rolling out of his saddle with the prompt agility of a kicked football, and holding forth a letter with the words, "Powerful bad news, Miss Nellie."

Mrs. Armitage read to herself and then read aloud the following note from

her father: "Tell Kate—gently, you understand—that her grandfather is sick; you might say quite sick. On the whole, you had better send her over here to take care of him. I may stay here overnight myself. Now don't scare the child out of her senses. Just send her over here at once."

"You see," said Nellie, looking up at Frank with something like a pout of disappointment at the postponement of the love business.

"I see," answered the young man, turning anxious and gloomy. "I must come another time."

He started soberly homewards; then, after going a quarter of a mile, he had a bright thought and returned to escort Kate over to Kershaw's; but, although he thus secured a half-hour with her, he proffered no manner of courtship, knowing well that it was no time for it. Finally, after seeing Lawson and learning from the troubled man that the good old Colonel was dangerously ill, he once more turned his back on his queen of hearts, the love message still unspoken.

Reaching home, he met in the doorway his evil genius, and politely bowed to him without knowing him. This fateful stranger, this man who, without the slightest ill-will toward Frank, or the slightest acquaintance with him or his purposes, had come to cross his path and make him dire trouble, was in some points a creature of agreeable appearance, and in others little less than horrible. His blond complexion was very clear, his profile regular and almost Greek, his teeth singularly even and white, and his smile winning. But he was unusually bald; his forehead was so monstrous as to be a deformity; his eyes had the most horrible squint that ever a scared child stared at; his expression was as cunning, unsympathizing, and pitiless as that of a raccoon or fox. His moderate stature was made

to seem clumsily short by over-broad shoulders, thick limbs, and a projecting abdomen. It was difficult to guess his age, but he might have been about forty-five.

The Judge was escorting this visitor to his carriage with an air of solemn politeness and suppressed dislike, such as an elephant might wear in bowing out a hyena.

"I regret that you can't at least stay to dinner, Mr. Choke," he said, smiling all the way from his broad wrinkled forehead to his broad double chin. "As for the business in hand, you may rely upon me."

"I expect nothing less from your intelligence and noble ambition, Judge," replied Mr. Choke, with a smile so sweet that for a moment Frank failed to notice his squint.

Let us now go back an hour or so, and learn what was "the business in hand." Although this combination of beauty and the beast had come unexpectedly to the McAlister place, and had simply announced himself through Matthew as "Mr. Choke of Washington," the Judge had guessed at once what mighty wire-puller it was who waited in his parlor, and had thoughtfully stalked thither, snuffing the air for political traps and baits and perfidies. He, however, remembered his manners when he came face to face with his guest; he uttered a greeting of honeyed civility which at once set on tap all Mr. Choke's metheglin. Each of these remarkable men (two of the most remarkable men in our country, sir! says Jefferson Brick) was by many degrees more polite than the other.

"I am delighted to welcome you to South Carolina, sir," said the Judge, with such a benevolent smile as Saint Peter might have on admitting a new saint into Paradise. "I have long known the Hon. Mr. Choke by reputation. Let us hope that you are prepared to stay with me for some weeks at least."

"You are exceedingly courteous and hospitable," replied Mr. Choke. "You

are even more courteous and hospitable than I expected to find you. The South, Judge McAlister, is the land of hospitality and of courtesy. It should be. Heaven has lavished abundance upon it. What a soil, what a climate, and what men!" looking up reverently at the McAlister's lofty summit. "Even the water is a luxury."

It must be observed that these two men flowered out thus in compliments from very different causes. The host blossomed because he had grown up in doing it, and because all the people whom he knew expected it; while the guest, an extremely business-like man by nature, was merely talking what he considered the *fol-de-rol* of the country.

"We are unworthy of our gifts, and you do us too much honor, Mr. Choke," chanted the Judge, when it came his turn in the responses. "I beg pardon. Excuse me for having forgotten your proper title. Judge, I believe, is it not?"

"No," returned the visitor, beaming out a smile of humility which was pure flattery. "I have not yet gained your eminence. I am merely an attorney-at-law, and of late a member of Congress. I have no claim to any address beyond plain Mister."

Merely a member of Congress! The Judge could not prevent the blue philanthropy of his eyes from turning a little green with envy. The title of "M. C." had been for more than a quarter of a century the mark of his ambition. To set those two letters to his name he had spent money, gushed eloquence, intrigued, entertained, flattered, bowed, grinned, lived, and all in vain. Ever since age had qualified him to run for that goal, the State party had been an overmatch for the Union party in his district, and it was always a Beaumont, or some other Calhounite, who had won the congressional race. At last, two years previous to this interview, he had despaired of being called to save his country, had publicly announced his final withdrawal from politics, and declined a candidature.

But the disappointment rankled in

his soul, and he still cherished wild dreams of success. His desire and hope were increased by his contempt and dislike for the men who had beaten him. In his opinion the Hon. Peyton Beaumont was nothing but a well-descended blockhead and rowdy. It was abominable that a man who had the rhetoric of a termagant and the logic of a school-boy should represent year after year a district which contained within its bounds the copious, ornate, argumentative, and learned Judge McAlister. A man who hoarsely denounced a spade as a spade had surely no claims compared with a man who blandly reproved it for being an agricultural implement. Moreover, Beaumont made few speeches in Congress, and those few excited bitter opposition. The Judge imagined himself as orating amid the echoes of the Hall of Representatives with such persuasiveness and suavity as to draw even the Senate around him, and to beguile Sumner himself into moderation. Yet he was not elected, and his inferiors were. It was horrible; like the belted knight who was overcome by the peasant, he cried, "Bitter, bitter!" and, in his revolt at such outrage, he could not believe that Heaven would be forever unjust.

Mr. Choke was an experienced detective of feeling. Looking modestly at the floor with his oblique eye, but studying his host's face steadily with his direct one, he perceived that he had won the game. The Judge was bitterly envious; the Judge furiously desired to go to Congress; the Judge could be made use of. Suddenly dropping the conversational roses and lilies which he had waved hitherto, Choke entered upon business.

"Judge, we want you alongside of us," he said with an abruptness which wore the charm of sincerity. "We need just such men as you are in Congress. We need them terribly."

It was precisely McAlister's opinion, and he could not help letting his eyes look it, although he waved his hand disclaimingly.

"Now don't object," begged Mr.

Choke. "I must be earnest, as I have been blunt. I must beg you to consider this matter seriously. I came here for that purpose; came here solely and expressly for that; hence my abruptness. Yes, I came here to beg you to take your proper place in the Congress of the United States."

"O, if I only could!" was the wish of the Judge's heart. But he controlled himself, wore his dignity as carefully as his wig, and pursed his mouth with the air of a Cincinnatus who does not know whether he will or will not save an ungrateful country.

"You are perhaps not aware, Mr. Choke, that I have withdrawn definitely from public life," he said, stroking his chin. This chin, we must repeat, was on a magnificent scale; it was even broader than the capacious forehead which towered above it; it gave its owner's face the proportions of an Egyptian gateway. It had development forward, as well as breadth of beam. It was one of those chins which proudly front noses. From any point of view it was a great chin. There was plenty of room about it for rubbing, and the Judge now went over it pretty thoroughly, stirring it up as if it contained his spare brains.

"We understand that Beaumont is going to run again for the House," continued Mr. Choke, who did not believe that any old politician ever withdrew definitively from public life, and had no time to waste upon pretences to that effect. "We don't want him there. He is a marplot. He is a barking bulldog who brings out other bulldogs. Every word that he utters loses us votes at the North. If he and such as he continue to come to Congress and keep up their stupid howling there, the party will be ruined, and that shortly."

The great, calm, and bland Judge could scarcely help frowning. It did not please him to observe that Mr. Choke spoke only of the party. In connection with these matters the leader of the moderates of Hartland district always said, "The country!"

"We must get rid of these mules

who are kicking the organization to pieces," continued the straightforward and practical Choke. "That is the object of my present tour. If we can bring into Congress twenty Southerners who will talk moderation, we are saved. It is all important to make a break in this phalanx of fire-eaters. It is almost equally important that the break should be made here in South Carolina. Divide the voice of this State, and you split disunion everywhere. Am I right?" inquired the Hon. Choke, perceiving that it was time to flatter the Judge, and stopping his speech to smile his sweetest.

"I entirely coincide with you," bowed McAlister, who, anti-Calhounite as he was, believed that South Carolina marched at the head of the nations, and that what she did not do would be left undone. He was a little out of breath, by the way, with following after the speaker. He was not accustomed to such rapid argumentation and application. It was his custom to go over a subject with long chains of reasoning, staking them out deliberately, and often stopping to look back on them with satisfaction. Mr. Choke was rather too fast for him; had the air of hurrying him along by the collar; might be said to hustle him considerably. The Judge did not quite like it, and yet it was obviously his interest to listen and approve; it was clear that something good was coming his way.

"Well, we look to you," pursued Mr. Choke, with that bluntness of his which was so startling, and yet so flattering because confidential,—"we look to you to beat Beaumont."

The Judge was like a woman on a sled drawn over smooth ice by a rapid skater. Unable to stop himself, he must hum swiftly along the glib surface, even though a breathing-hole should yawn visibly ahead. He had an instantaneous perception that running against Beaumont would reopen the family feud, and spoil Frank's chances for marrying the presumptive heiress of the Kershaw estate, besides

perhaps leading to new duellings and rencontres. But how could he check his lifelong mania for going to Congress, while this strong and speedy Choke was tugging at the cords of it? The sagest and solidest of men have their weak and toppling moments. Unable to reflect in a manner worthy of himself, and incapable of restraining his ambition until Frank should have made sure of the Kershaw succession, he sprawled eagerly at full length toward the House of Representatives, and agreed to run against Beaumont.

"If you need help, you shall have it," instantly promised Choke, anxious to seal the bargain. "Our committee will furnish you with the sinews of war. The organization will go deep into its pockets to secure the presence of such a man as Judge McAlister in Congress. You can draw upon us for five thousand dollars. Do you think that will do it?"

"I should think it highly probable," bowed the Judge, virtuously astounded at the hugeness of the bribe, and unable to imagine how he could use it all.

"My best wishes," said Mr. Choke, taking off a very modest glass of the McAlister sherry. "And now allow me to wish you good morning."

"But, God bless my soul! you must stay to dinner," exclaimed the Judge, breathless with this haste.

"A thousand thanks. But I really have n't the time. I must gallop over to Newberry, arrange matters with Jackson there, and get on to Spartanburg by the evening train. A thousand thanks for your lavish hospitality. Let us hear from you. Good morning."

And Mr. Choke bustled, smiled, and squinted his way out of the McAlister mansion, leaving its master thoroughly astounded at the unceremoniousness and speed of "these Northerners."

But the chief of the Hartland conservatives was soon himself again. By dint of fingering that talisman, his broad chin, he rubbed out his emotions and restored his judgment. Once more in a reasoning, independent frame

of mind, he coolly queried whether he should keep his promise to Mr. Choke, or break it for some patriotic reason. He had very little difficulty in deciding that he would hold fast to it. There, to be sure, was the family feud, certain to "mount" him if he ran for Congress; but it was a burden which lifelong habit had made easy to his shoulders. There, too, was the strong probability that his candidature might upset Frank's dish of cream. But if he should once beat the Beaumonts, if he should once show them that he was a rival to be feared, would they not be all the more likely to agree to an alliance, not only matrimonial, but political? As for the boy's heart, the Judge did not think of it. It was so long since he had been conscious of any such organ, that he had forgotten its existence. On the whole, he would keep his promise; on the whole, his word as a gentleman was engaged; especially as revenge and power and fame are sweet. But there should be discretion shown in the matter; until his trap was fairly set, nobody should know of it, excepting, of course, his trusted and necessary confederates; from the sight of even his own family he would hide it, as he knew how to hide things. Meanwhile, before the Beaumonts could so much as suspect what he was about, his son might lay an irrevocable hand on the heart of their heiress.

"Frank," he said next morning, "you ought to ride over to Kershaw's and inquire about the Colonel. If Miss Beaumont is still there, present her with my kindest regards and sympathies, and tell her I am distressed to hear of her grandfather's illness. Exceedingly distressed, you know!" emphasized the Judge, his brow wrinkling with an agony that stirred his wig.

So Frank rode over to Kershaw's, obtained an interview with Miss Beaumont, and spoke the speech which his father had dictated, but not the one which his father had intended. How could a sensitive, generous young fellow spring love-traps upon the woman

whom he worshipped, while she was trembling for the life of her adored grandfather? This fruitless riding to and fro went on until the Judge became impatient and very anxious. Of the probability of Kershaw's death and the certainty that his estate would go to Kate Beaumont he talked repeatedly to his wife, hoping that she would be inspired to repeat these things to Frank, and that the boy would be led thereby to make haste in his wooing. At times, when it occurred to him that he might be ruining his son's chances of success and happiness, he was so far conscience-stricken and remorseful as to wrinkle his forehead and go about the house muttering. In those days guileless Mrs. McAlister could not imagine what it was that made her usually calm and bland husband nervous and waspish.

Frank, too, was in sore trouble; he wore a troubled brow, and grew thin. He afflicted himself with imaginations of Kershaw dying and of Kate weeping by the bedside. In more selfish moments he cringed at the thought that funeral robes would prevent him for weeks or months from telling the girl what was in his heart! The longer the great declaration was put off, the more he feared lest it should be ill received. There were whole days in which he felt as if he were already a rejected lover. Even Mrs. Armitage could not keep up his spirits, although she was by this time keenly and obviously interested in his success, and talked to him daily in a very sweet way about her sister.

At last, unable to bear his suspense longer, he resolved that he would at least utter his gentle message to the father, trusting that some blessed chance would waft it on to the daughter. Anxiety and doubt walked with him to the interview; and his heart was not lightened by the countenance with which he was received. Peyton Beaumont, always sufficiently awful to look upon, seemed to be in his grimmest mood that morning. His very raiment betokened a squally temper. The neat-

ness of attire which marked him when Kate was at home and saw daily to his adornment had given way to a bodeful frownsiness. He had dressed himself in a greasy old brown coat and frayed trousers, as if in preparation for a rough and tumble. Apparently he had slept badly; his eyes were watery and bloodshot, perhaps with brandy; his voice, as he said good morning, was a hoarse, sullen mutter.

"Mr. Beaumont, I have come to ask a great favor," began Frank, with that abruptness which perhaps characterizes modest men on such occasions. "I ask your permission, sir, to offer myself to your daughter."

Beaumont was certainly in a very unwholesome humor. His eyes had none of the kindness which frequently if not usually beamed from their sombre depths when he greeted the savior of his favorite child. Even at the sound of that tremulous prayer of love they did not light up with the mercy or at least sympathy which such an orison may rightfully claim. They emitted an abstracted, suspicious, sulky stare, much like that of a dog who is in the brooding fit of hydrophobia.

"I don't understand this at all," he replied, deliberately and coldly. "Your father and you — between you — I don't understand it, I don't, by heavens! It looks as though I was being made a fool of," he added, in a louder and angrier tone, his mind reverting to McAlister perfidies of other days.

"I beg your pardon, — I don't comprehend," commenced Frank, utterly confused and dismayed. "I should hope that —"

"Is n't your father preparing to run against me for Congress?" interrupted Beaumont, his black, blood-streaked orbs lighting up to a glare.

"I don't believe it!" was the amazed and indignant response.

The elder man stared at the younger for what seemed to the latter a full minute.

"Mr. Beaumont, do you suppose I am deceiving you?" demanded Frank,

his face coloring high at the ugly suspicion.

After gazing a moment longer Beaumont slowly answered, "No — I don't, — no, by Jove! But," he presently added, his wrath boiling up again, "I think your father is humbugging us both. I think, by heavens —" He had been about to say something very hard of the elder McAlister's character as to duplicity; but, looking in the frank, manly, anxious face of this younger McAlister, his heart softened a little; he remembered how Kate had been saved from death, and he fell silent.

"It is useless now to ask an answer to my request," resumed Frank, after a pause.

"Yes," said Beaumont. "Things don't stand well enough between our families. What you propose would only make worse trouble."

"I will go home and inquire into what you allege against my father," continued the young man, with a sad dignity. "Meantime, I beg you to suspend your judgment. Good morning, sir."

He held out his hand. Beaumont took it with hesitation, and then shook it with fervor.

"By heavens, I don't know but I'm a brute," he said. "If I've hurt your feelings — and of course I *have* hurt them — I beg your pardon; I do, by heavens. As for what you propose — well, wait. For God's sake, wait. Good morning."

More miserable than he had ever been in his life before, Frank rode home to call his father to an account.

CHAPTER XIX.

WORDS are a feeble, undisciplined rabble, able to perform little true and efficient service. Even the imagination is an uncertain general who gets no full obedience out of wretched soldiers and sees not how to marshal them so that they may do their best duty. It seems at times as if there were nothing real

and potent about the human being, except the passion which he can feel and which he cannot describe.

Here is a man full of love, — full of the noblest and far the strongest of all passions, and this passion so intensified by anxiety and disappointment that it is near akin to frenzy, — riding furiously homeward to encounter his father with a face of white anger, and to ask hoarsely, Is it true that you have made me wretched for life? So far as feeling is concerned, the figure is one of high tragedy. The youth is mad enough to break his neck without recking, mad enough to commit a crime without being half conscious of it. He is so possessed by one imperious desire, that he cannot take rational account of the desires of others. Flying over the slopes between the Beaumont house and his home, he is impatience and haste personified. He comes in upon his father with the air of an avenger of blood. Well, have we described him in such a way that he can be seen and comprehended? Probably not.

"Is it true, sir, that you are running for Congress?" were his first words.

The Judge dropped back in his large office-chair, and stared over his spectacles at this questioning, this almost menacing apparition. It was the first time in his life that he had been frightened by one of his own children. For a moment he was too much discomposed to speak. It was really a strange thing to see this large, sagacious, cunning face, usually so calm and confident and full of speculation, reduced to such a state of paralysis.

"Is it true, sir?" repeated the young man, resting his tremulous hands on the back of a chair and sending his bold blue eyes into his father's sly gray ones.

"Why, good heavens, Frank," stammered the Judge, "what is all this?"

Frank said nothing, but his face repeated his question; it demanded a plain answer.

"Why, the fact is, Frank," confessed

the Judge, with a smile of almost humble deprecation, "that I have been badgered, yes, I may say fairly badgered, into trying my luck again."

Uttering a groan, or rather a smothered howl of anger and pain, the young man sat down hastily, his head swimming.

"But good heavens, Frank, is there anything so extraordinary in it?" asked the father.

"Mr. Beaumont charged you with it," said Frank, dropping his face into his hands. "I did n't believe it."

"Charged me with it!" repeated the Judge. "Is it a crime, then?" he demanded, feeling somehow that it was one, yet trying to be indignant.

"It reopens the old account of blood," the youth muttered without looking up.

"Not at all. I don't see it," declared the Judge, glad to find a point on which he could argue, and grasping at it.

"It breaks my heart," were the next words, uttered in a whisper.

All notion of an argument dropped out of the Judge's head. A world suddenly opened before him in which no ratiocination was possible. He became aware of the presence of emotions which were as mighty as afreets and would not listen to logic. He was like a man who has denied the existence of devils, and all at once perceives that they are entering into him and taking possession. He was so startlingly and powerfully shaken by feelings without and feelings within, that for the first time in many years his healthy blood withdrew from his face. His cheeks (usually of a red-oak complexion) flecked with ash color, he sat in silence watching his silent son.

For some seconds Frank did not look up; and if he had raised his eyes, he would not have seen his father; he was gazing at Kate Beaumont and bidding her farewell.

"That is all," he broke out at last, rising like a denunciatory spectre and speaking with startling loudness and

abruptness, so little was his voice under command. "I have nothing more to say, sir."

"See here, Frank," called the Judge, as the young man strode to the door.

"I beg your pardon," muttered Frank, just turning his discomposed face over his shoulder. "I can't speak of it now."

He was gone. The Judge looked at the closed door for a minute as if expecting to see it reopen and his son reappear. Slowly his eyes dropped, his ponderous chin sank upon his deep chest, and he slipped into perplexities of thought. For a long time he emitted no sound, except a regular and forcible expulsion of breath through his hairy nostrils, which was a habit of his when engaged in earnest meditation. At last he said in a loud whisper, "Good heavens! He really likes her. Loves her."

Then he tried to remember his way back thirty-five years and pick up something which would enable him to understand clearly what it was to be in love. In the midst of this journey he found himself on a platform before a crowd of his fellow-citizens, explaining to them his very eminent fitness for a seat in Congress. Next, after another plunge toward the lang-syne of affection, he became aware of the offensive propinquity of Peyton Beaumont, and gave him just for once a plain piece of his McAlister mind, calling him an unreasonable old savage, a selfish, greedy brute, etc.

"Ah!" gasped the Judge, angrily, recurring to his loud whisper. "Must I quit running for Congress because *he* demands it? What business has he to domineer over me in this fashion? By the heavens above me, I will run and I'll beat him. I'll be master for once; I'll bring him down; I'll smash him. Then we'll see whether he won't beckon my son back. I'll make him glad to accept my son. I'll make him jump to get him."

Of course he was greatly pleased with this idea. It laid hands on the goal of the Capitol, and humiliated the

life-long enemy, and secured the Ker-shaw estate, and made Frank happy. Perhaps no man, however judicial-minded by nature or habit, is entirely lucid on the subject of his ruling passion. The Judge felt almost sure of winning his seat in the next Congress, and quite sure that that success would make all other successes easy. After some further loud breathing, he resumed his whispering.

"I can help Frank. I can do better for him than he can do for himself. If I give up, and he gets the girl by that means, he will be a slave to the Beaumonts for life. But let me once lay her father on his back, and he can make his own terms. Beaumont will be glad to come to terms with a family that can beat him. Beaumont will jump at the marriage. The girl will jump at it. Frank will have reason to thank me."

Then came more expulsions of breath, and then calmness in that mighty breast. The Judge was tranquil; he had reasoned the matter clean out; he had reached a decision.

Somewhat of these meditations he revealed to Frank at their next interview, taking care, of course, to deal in delicate hints, so as not to hurt the boy's feelings.

"I have no right to stand in your way, sir," was the cold, hopeless reply.

"Why no, of course not," was the feeling of Judge McAlister, although he failed to say it. It did not seem to him, now that he had had time to reflect upon the matter, that any human being, not even his favorite son, had a right to stand in his way, especially when that way led to the House of Representatives. At the same time he repeated to himself that neither would he stand in the boy's road, but, on the contrary, would help him mightily.

"It will be all right, Frank," he declared blandly and cheerfully, meanwhile looking at the ceiling so as not to see the youngster's gloomy face. "You will find that your father is right."

Thus it was that the Judge's candidature went on, and that as a consequence the old feud blazed out volcanically. Any one who could have studied the two families at this time would have judged that they hated each other all the more because they had stricken hands for a few weeks. The Beaumonts raved against McAlister duplicity, and the McAlisters against Beaumont imperiousness and insolence. The Hon. Peyton breathed nothing but brandy and gunpowder from ten minutes after he woke up to two hours or so after he went to sleep. His boys, even to the fat and philosophic Poinsett, oiled their duelling-pistols, wore revolvers under their shooting-jackets, refreshed their memories as to the code of honor, and held themselves ready to fight at a whistle. The McAlisters, a less aggressive and fiery people, but abundantly capable of the "defensive with offensive returns," made similar preparations. The women of the two houses were blandly but firmly warned by their men that they must not call on each other. There were no advocates of peace, at least none in a state to intervene. The good gray head of Kershaw was tossing on a sick-pillow; and the pure, sweet face of Kate was always hovering near it, her soul so absorbed by his peril that she scarcely heard of other troubles. Nellie Armitage, bewildered by the sudden reflux of the traditional hate, and believing with her father that Judge McAlister had shown himself the most puny of men, had not a word to say for her sister or her sister's lover. In the rival house the women were silent, obedient to their male folk, as was their custom. Frank, not at liberty to speak against his father, not at liberty to plead the cause of a heart which nobody seemed to care for, was voiceless, helpless, and miserable. *He* wore no revolvers; he wanted to be shot at sight.

The village of Hartland was charmed with this fresh eruption of its venerated volcano. Men and women and boys were in as delightful an excitement

over it as ever were so many physicists over a convulsion of nature. There was no end to the discussions and the predictions and the bettings. But we cannot listen to all these crowding talkers; we must select some little knot which shall sufficiently chorus to us public opinion; and perhaps we cannot do better than incline our ears to our old-time acquaintance, Wilkins and Duffy. Every evening, after trading hours were over, these two friendly rivals in merchandise had a "caucus," sometimes in the "store" of one and sometimes in that of the other, and discussed the Beaumont-McAlister imbroglio with the aid of other village notables. These little reunions were very interesting to Wilkins, and at the same time very provoking. His ancient crony was much in liquor at this period of Hartland's history. The excitement which filled the district had been too much for Duffy. Duffy had taken to drink to quiet his nervousness, and his head as we remember, being uncommonly weak, the remedy had increased the disease. He rushed into the imprudence of three "horns" a day, and consequently he was more or less flighty from morning to night.

"I tell you, Wilkins, it's all right," he affirmed in the course of one of these parliaments. "All come out right in the end. Make up an' marry yet. Bet you a hat they will. Bet you a hat, Wilkins. Any kind of a hat. Black hat or white. Broad brim or narrow brim. Bell crown or stove-pipe. Bet you a hat, Wilkins."

"Now don't be a d-a-a-m fool!" implored Wilkins, for perhaps the tenth time that evening. "I don't want to win your hat. I don't want your bet. Just shut up about your hat and listen to reason."

They were in the little room in rear of Duffy's "store"; the room where he kept his double-barrelled shot-gun and revolver; the room where he slept. It was nearly midnight; buying and selling were long since over; several of the village gossips had been in for an hour; there had

been much talking and some drinking. General Johnson, a little, thin, pale-faced, gray-headed man, attired in a black dress-coat, black satin vest, and black trousers frayed around the heels, stood with his back to the Franklin stove, his hands behind him, his coat-tails parted, apparently under the impression that he was warming himself, although there was no fire and the weather was stifling. Colonel Jacocks, a plethoric young lawyer with a good-natured flabby face and a moist laughing eye, sat on Duffy's bed, his fat thighs spreading wide and his fat hands in his pockets. Major Jobson (the partner of Jacocks), a slender, very dark and sallow young man, with piercing black eyes and an eager martial expression, marched up and down the room like a sentinel, striking the floor with a thick black cane, the handle of which was evidently loaded. Duffy, very soggy with his last little drink, was astride of a chair, holding on by the back and staring argumentatively at Wilkins. Wilkins, his leathery and humorous face much more in earnest than usual, was gesturing at Duffy.

All these men, excepting the prudent and strong-headed Wilkins, were solemnly and genteelly the worse for liquor. Jacocks, notwithstanding that he sat there so quietly, was to that extent elevated that he had insisted on saying grace over the last "drinks around," taking off his broad-brimmed hat and raising his fat hand for the purpose. General Johnson had been so far from seeing any impropriety in the act, that he had reverently bowed his head and dropped a tear upon the floor, muttering something about "pious parents." But drunk as the gentlemen were, they could remember that they were gentlemen and keep up a fair imitation of sobriety. Even the jolly Jacocks, although he had fallen from his religious exaltation into a spirit of gayety, was only blandly merry.

"Go on, Duffy," he said, winking at the fierce Jobson. "No man who can sit astride of a rocking-chair can

be beaten in an argument. Hold fast by your opinion. Only don't bet hats; bet drinks for the crowd. The crowd will stand by you."

"I will," responded Duffy, with obvious thickness of speech,—speech as broad as it was long. "I'll bet drinks for the crowd, an' I'll bet hats for the crowd. I say those two families 'll make it up yet; shake han's all roun' an' make 't up; make 't up an' marry. Bet you those two families 'll make 't up. Bet you they will. Bet you drinks for the crowd. Bet you hats for the crowd. Bet you they 'll make 't up. Bet you they will."

"O just hear him now!" exclaimed Wilkins, driven to desperation by such persistent unreason. Then walking up to General Johnson, he whispered confidentially, "That's the way he always is, if he takes anything. Only had one horn since supper, and here he is drunker than you or I would be on a quart. And those two fellows are putting him up to make a fool of himself. I don't call it the square thing."

"Allow me, Mr. Duffy," interposed the General, thus incited to remonstrate. "And you, my dear Colonel Jacocks, excuse me for disagreeing. Knowing as I do the characters of these two families, and having been intimately familiar with them from my youth up, I venture to say that I unhappily see no reason to believe that there can be any lasting amity between them, especially in view of the political differences which have lately arisen, or rather which have always smouldered beneath their intercourse. My impression is, and I cannot tell you how much I regret to insist upon it, that the Beaumonts and McAlisters, incited by a family history without parallel in the history of the world, are destined to remain enemies for many years to come, until circumstances, more potent than have yet been developed, shall arise to soothe the passions which boil betwixt them, and lead them irresistibly into one common bond of friendship cemented by inter-

est and new methods of thought and feeling."

General Johnson had a disputed reputation as an orator. He could talk in a diffuse, inconclusive, incomprehensible manner for hours together. His admirers, among whom was young Jobson, gave him credit for "flights of eloquence"; these flights being the passages in which he took leave of intelligibility altogether. On the present occasion, as the reader must have observed, he came very near a flight. Jobson looked at him with ebony eyes of intense admiration, glanced about the company to call attention, and tapped his cane smartly on the floor. But Duffy was neither entranced nor convinced nor even interested. He had simply his own ideas about the subject in hand, and he was bent solely on uttering them.

"That's so," he declared, just as if the General had agreed with him. "Always told you fellahs they'd come together. Told you two so months ago. Told you they'd marry an' put an' end to the fight. You know it, Bill Wilkins. Told you so on board the Mersey. That's what I said. I said they'd marry an' put an end to the fight. Don't ye mind how I said so?"

"O — blast it!" groaned Wilkins.

"Well, blast it, if you want to. But don't ye 'member it? Don't ye 'member I said so?"

"Yes, I know you said so. But they have n't done it. That's the point. They have n't done it."

"But they're goin' to," persisted the infatuated Duffy. "Bet you hats for the crowd. Bet you they'll make it up an' marry. That's what I bet on. Bet you they will."

"O thunder!" responded Wilkins, driven to wrath. "Well, you may lose your hats, if you will. Yes, I'll bet five hats with you. Time, one year from to-night."

"And drinks for the crowd," amended Jacocks.

"Yes, drinks for the crowd," agreed Wilkins.

"And now, Duffy, tell us about

Hutch Holland's store," grinned Jacocks.

"Took up posish at the corner," commenced Duffy, with a muddy idea that there was humor in the repetition of the old story, although unaware that the joke pointed at himself.

"O, stop," implored Wilkins. "If you go over that confounded bosh again, I'll quit."

"But seriously, gentlemen," interrupted Major Jobson, perceiving that his favorite orator and great man, General Johnson, did not enjoy this trifling, — "seriously, gentlemen, I believe that this feud between the Beaumonts and McAlisters is fuller of earthquake throes than in the times of old. I believe that we shall shortly behold tragedies which will make even sturdy old Hartland recoil with horror. I believe that before the election is over blood will flow in torrents."

"O, not torrents," objected Jacocks, who accused his partner of a tendency to Irish oratory and habitually laughed at him about it. "Say drops."

"Well, drops then," responded Jobson, with a fierce roll of his great blazing black eyes. "But drops from the heart, gentlemen. Drops of lifeblood."

"Meetings are sure," declared General Johnson, thinking how easily he had got into a number of meetings during his life, and feeling not unwilling to assist at some more.

"O, hang it! I hope not," groaned the humane and pacific Wilkins. It must be understood, by the way, that had not General Johnson been a rather seedy old grandee, not given to paying his bills, and much addicted to accepting treats, Wilkins would not have been so free and easy with him. To a Peyton Beaumont or a Donald McAlister this modest and sensible storekeeper would have been far more reverent.

"Your feelings, sir, on this subject honor you, and honor our whole species," melodiously began the frayed and threadbare General. "But, sir, you will pardon me, I hope, for suggesting —"

He was interrupted by the sound of unsteady steps in the darkness of the long outer room. Southerners, when not overexcited by liquor or anger, are fastidious about giving offence; they are more prudent than non-duelling peoples as to letting their opinions reach the wrong ears. The General stopped talking, assumed a diplomatically bland expression of countenance, and waited for the unknown to show himself. His caution was well timed, for the visitor was Tom Beaumont.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the youngster, courteously, although he was clearly in liquor. "Thought I should find somebody hanging up here. We wo-n't go ho-me till morn-ing."

"Duffy is in for a night of it," whispered Major Jobson to Wilkins. "I shall vamos."

"I must see Duffy out," the faithful Wilkins muttered in reply. "If I don't keep watch over him, he'll say some blasted stupid thing, and then Beaumont 'll mount him."

Meantime Tom advanced to a couple of whiskey-bottles which stood on the stove, found a gill or so of liquor in the bottom of one of them, poured it out and drank it pure. He was as confident and superior as if he belonged to a higher scale in creation than these other men. He even seemed to patronize General Johnson, reverend with eloquence and honors, and seedy with noble poverty. Moreover, the respect which he demanded was accorded to him. There was a silence about him as of courtiers. To Wilkins and all the others he represented a great name, the name of a long-descended and predominant family, the name of the Beaumonts. They were not humiliated, but they were reverent; he was not insolent, but he was confident. There was a sort of calm sublimity in the young toper, notwithstanding his thick utterance and ridiculous reeling.

"We wo-n't go ho-me till morn-ing," sang Tom. "Who says he will? Duffy, more whiskey. I treat. Here 's the cash. Roll in the whiskey. None of that, Wilkins," plunging at the door

to prevent the exit of the person addressed. "Over my body, Wilkins."

"Somebody in the store," returned Wilkins, determined to make his escape, if it could be done peaceably.

"Bring him in," laughed Tom, and flung the door wide open.

To the horror of Wilkins the light from the back room disclosed the lofty figure of Frank McAlister, who had entered for the purpose of buying some small matter, and without a suspicion that he should stumble upon a Beaumont.

"Ah!" shouted crazy Tom. "There's the tall fellow. I'll take him down a story. I'll raze him."

Whiskey, the family feud, the pugnacious instinct of his race, made him forget that he owed this man lifelong gratitude. He had not an idea in his buzzing head but the sole stupid idea of rushing to the combat.

"For God's sake, get out of this," whispered Wilkins, springing forward and pushing Frank toward the door. "He's as crazy as a loon. Get out of this, if you don't want mischief."

Our gentle giant certainly did not want mischief with one of Kate's brothers; but in his surprise and indignation he stood his ground, softly putting Wilkins aside.

The next instant the long room rang with the report of Tom's pistol, whether fired by accident or intention no one could afterwards tell, not even the lunatic young roister himself.

CHAPTER XX.

If Tom fired intentionally, then it must be that Frank looked to him about ten feet high, for the ball went a yard or two over the head of the latter, entering the wall only a little below the ceiling.

Wilkins took the hint and dodged into some invisible nook of safety. He was a cool, brave man, and he was pretty well accustomed to this sort of thing, but he had a rational dislike to being shot for some one else. General

Johnson, that bland, yet heroic *habitud* of duelling-grounds, advanced speechifying through the half-darkness, but fell over a pile of ropes and cords with his hands in his pockets, and lay for some seconds helpless. The somnolent Jacocks did not stir from his seat on Duffy's bed; and Duffy, smiling straight whiskeys, remained astride of his rocking-chair. The martial-eyed Jobson hastily pushed the door to with his loaded cane, and then intrenched himself behind the projecting fireplace, remarking, "This is cursed ugly."

The hereditary enemies had a free field to themselves for a fight in the dark.

"Where are you?" shouted Tom, so completely bewildered by drink and the obscurity that he turned his back upon the foe and fired a couple of barrels into Duffy's dry-goods. Frank plunged toward the flashes, wound his long arms around his slender antagonist, pinioned him, disarmed him, and threw the pistol over a counter.

"Let go of me," shouted the struggling Tom. "I say, who is that? Is it you, McAlister? Let go of me."

"Will you be quiet, you idiot?" demanded Frank, who had forgotten that he wanted to be shot, and fought instinctively to keep a whole skin, as other men do.

"O, it's you, is it?" returned Tom. Then came a string of ferocious threats and of such abuse as cannot be written. But it was useless for the madman to scold and scuffle; he was thrown across a chair with his face downward and held there; he was as helpless as a mouse in the iron grasp of a trap. At this point Wilkins, judging that the pistol-firing was over, came out of his unknown hiding-place, and, throwing open the door of the back room, let in light upon the battle-field. General Johnson now saw his way clear to disentangle himself from the coils of rope on which he had made shipwreck, and in so doing kicked a loose bed-cord within reach of the combatants. Frank perceived it and instantly grasped it.

"Will you give me your word of

honor to keep quiet?" he demanded.

"No, I won't," gasped the captive, still struggling. "Take your hands off me."

"Then, by heavens, I'll tie you," exclaimed Frank, beside himself with anger for the first time in this history.

In half a minute more Tom was wound from head to foot in the bed-cord, like the Laocöon in his serpents.

"My God!" whispered General Johnson to Wilkins. "Tie a gentleman! I never heard of such a thing in the whole course of my experience."

"Let's go out of here," said the martial-eyed Jobson, when he became aware of what was going on. "Beaumont might hold us responsible."

And, raising a window, he leaped into Duffy's back yard, followed the lead of a scared cat, made his way into the street, and hastened homeward with his face over his shoulder. Meantime Jacocks, Duffy, and Wilkins gathered behind the General and stared speechlessly at the pinioned Beaumont, as much confounded at his plight as if they beheld him paralyzed by the wand of an enchanter. Probably the oldest inhabitant of Hartland could not have remembered seeing a "high-tone gentleman" subjected to such treatment. But then the inhabitants of Hartland, meaning those of the masculine gender, rarely lived to be old. A good many were carried off early by whiskey, and a considerable number "died in their boots."

"I wish to prevent him from disgracing himself," said Frank, recovering somewhat of his self-possession as he remembered that his captive was Kate's brother. "A rencontre is not gentlemen's business."

"Mr. McAlister, I approve of your sentiments," murmured General Johnson, growing more cheerful as he saw a duel in prospect. The honor of Hartland and the chivalrous repute of its race of patricians were dear to the noble old militia-man.

"I shall go now," added Frank, after setting Tom in a chair and giving

him a last knotting to fasten him in it. "When he comes to his senses you will please explain the matter to him. His pistol is behind the counter. Mr. Duffy, I came in to purchase something; but it does n't matter now. Gentlemen, good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. McAlister," replied the General, touching his seedy beaver, while the other three simply bowed without speaking, so fearful were they of drawing upon themselves the wrath of the high and mighty Beaumonts."

"Untie me, won't you?" roared Tom, as his eyes followed Frank out of the street door. "I tell you, by — I untie me."

"Yes, yes," assented the pacificatory Wilkins, pretending to pick and pull at the bedcord. But he was so judiciously slow and bungling that before he had half finished the disentanglement the gallop of a horse was heard outside; and when Tom at last seized his pistol and rushed howling into the street, no McAlister was in the neighborhood.

"That's just as right as can be," observed Wilkins, peering out cautiously. "But it is n't, by gracious, any too right. There 'll be a duel sure. Duffy, you've lost your hats."

"Bet you, I have n't," returned the imperturbably idiotically smiling Duffy.

"O, you go to bed and sleep off your quarter of a thimbleful of whiskey," advised Wilkins, as he marched homewards.

This adventure between Tom Beaumont and Frank McAlister sent all Hartland into fits of excitement. For three days hardly any business was transacted in the little borough. Duffy, who had seen a little of the fight, told a great deal; and Jobson, who had not seen "the first lick" of it, told much more. General Johnson narrated and lectured and prophesied on every corner; and, being invited into various bar-rooms, repeated himself until he grew pathetic over "those two noble young men, by G—d, sir"; meanwhile leaning his shining elbows for support

on a sloppy counter and letting his tears mingle with a thin drizzle of tobacco-juice. The only spectator of the "unpleasantness" who could not be got to remember anything about it was the sagacious Wilkins; blandly intent upon saying nothing which should offend either mighty Beaumont or doughty McAlister, and also pleased to go on with his trading while others entertained the bummers; whereby he got into temporary disfavor with the chivalry of Hartland, a race scornful of prudence and of finance.

If the village was thus excited, imagine the tempest at the Beaumont place. It must be understood that Tom got home without breaking his neck, fell a slumbering in a heap while unbuckling his spurs, was found and put to bed by a helot accustomed to such duties, and in the morning related his mishap to his father, at least so far as he could remember it. Such, by the way, was the candid habit of the junior Beaumonts; they always went to the head of the family with the tale of their disagreements. The father was proud of this frankness, looked upon it as the behavior of true-born gentlemen, and contrasted it favorably with the managements of other youngsters, who, as he said, sneaked into their duels.

Peyton was utterly astounded by the story of the tying, and could not bring himself to believe it on Tom's unsupported testimony, half suspecting the boy of delirium-tremens or other lunacy. But the insult being at least possible, he rode over to the village in search of General Johnson, and obtained a full, finished, and flowery statement of what had happened at Duffy's. When he got home he was in such a fit of rage as nobody could be in but an old-time Beaumont. He drank a pint of brandy that forenoon without feeling it.

"Vincent, this is perfectly awful," he said, drawing a gasp of horror, as he thought anew of the hitherto unheard-of indignity which had been inflicted upon a Beaumont. "I really don't

know what to do, Vincent," he added, almost pathetically.

"Tom will have to fight him, of course," replied the eldest son of the family, his face perfectly calm over this terrible announcement. "The old obligation is more than cancelled."

"Cancelled! Of course it is," exclaimed Beaumont, senior. "An insult cancels any obligation. Of course, Tom must fight. He could n't stay in the State if he did n't. But how? I never heard of such an outrage. What sort of fighting will avenge it?—Ah!"

This "Ah" was a whispered confession of fearful pain. At that moment one of the most dolorous of Peyton Beaumont's diseases gave him a twinge which seemed as if it would separate soul from body. He straightened himself, threw his head slowly backward, grasped the arms of his chair with both hands, and remained silent for a few seconds, his forehead beaded with perspiration and his eyes fixed in agony. As the transport passed he drew another low sigh, this time a deep breath of relief, and resumed the conversation. Not a complaint, not an explanation, not even a groan. If the old fellow was something of a savage, he at all events had the grit of a savage, and he was for a moment sublime.

"Does it seem to you, Vincent," he calmly asked, "that Tom ought to insist upon any peculiar terms? Fighting over a handkerchief, for instance?"

"I don't see it," put in Poinsett. "Tom's own story is that he fired his revolver, and that the other man did not fire. Tom has already had his shot."

"Suppose you have your shot on the duelling-ground, and then your antagonist rushes on you and pulls your nose?" returned Vincent.

"Yes; there is your case," said Beaumont, senior, turning upon Poinsett. "There is McAlister's behavior. A most beastly business! Just worthy of a nigger."

"I beg your pardon, but I can't see it," declared the clear-headed Poinsett, educated to law and logic. "There

was no duel here. Tom passed an insult and fired a pistol, all without immediate provocation. I don't excuse the tying, understand. After McAlister had disarmed Tom, he was at liberty to kill him, or to leave him. The tying was superfluous and insulting. But at least a part of the wrong of it is removed by the fact that Tom had taken the initiative and forced the rencontre. I don't believe that we should be justified in demanding any unusual proceedings. A duel simple is all we can ask."

After a long argument Poinsett's judicial mind prevailed over the fiery brains of the other Beaumonts, and they decided to demand only a duel simple.

Does the inhabitant of a more peaceful district than Hartland find himself horror-stricken and incredulous over this tremendous family council? The Beaumonts were not inhabitants of a peaceful district; they were the most pugnacious brood of a peculiarly pugnacious population; for generation after generation they had had an education of blood and iron. A Quaker, a New-Englander, or even an ordinary Englishman could not easily comprehend their excitable nature. Two centuries, perhaps seven or eight centuries, of high feeding, high breeding, habits of dominion, and habits of fighting, had made them unlike the mass of men. They were of the nature of blood horses; they had the force, the courage, the nervousness, the fiery temper, and the dangerousness; they were admirable and they were terrible. There was not one of them, old man or boys, not even the lazy Poinsett, who would not have fought to the death rather than submit to what he thought dishonorable. They had a morality very different from the morality of the hard-working, law-abiding bourgeois. It was utterly different, and yet it governed as strictly. They would no more have fallen short of their ideas of honor than Neal Dow would break the Maine liquor law, or Charles Sumner would trade in niggers. If we want to find a

parallel to the Beaumonts in some other land, we must, I think, go to the Green Erin of one or two hundred years ago, and resurrect the profuse, reckless, quarrelsome, heroic O'Neills and O'Learys and O'Sullivans.

Tom's challenge found our usually pacific Frank McAlister in a pugnacious state of mind. He was pale and haggard in these days; he ate little and slept scarcely at all, and fretted continually over his troubles; the consequence was that his nerves were shaky and his temper insurgent and his reason far from clear.

"Look at that," he said, handing the cartel to his brother, Robert Bruce. "Did you ever hear of such an unreasonable, malignant little beast? I disarmed him and tied him to keep him from committing simple murder and bringing himself to the gallows. The young brute ought to thank me on his knees. And here he wants to fight me. By heavens, if it were not for one thing, I don't know but I would; yes, I would—kill him. But that is nonsense," he added, after a moment's pause. "I would do nothing of the sort. I am not bound to fight him, and I won't fight him."

Bruce, meanwhile, his habitually thoughtful and melancholy eyes fixed on the ground, was considering the affair from the point of view of the code. His conclusion was precisely the same with that of the logical Poinsett.

"You had a right to disarm him," he said. "And you had a right to kill him. But the tying was an insult. The challenge is *en règle*."

"What!" exclaimed Frank, astonished by the argument, and at the same time beaten by it. "So, according to the code, I owe a shot to the man whom I would not let murder me? What barbarity!"

"If you had simply disarmed him, he would not have had a foot left to stand upon," said Bruce. "I am sorry you tied him."

"It was an awful outrage!" returned Frank with bitter irony. "I served

him right, and committed an outrage. It won't answer among madmen to be rational."

"What will you do?" asked the elder brother, after a full minute of silence.

"Look here, Bruce," Frank burst forth. "I don't care one straw for your cursed code of honor. It is a beastly barbarity; I hate it and despise it. But I want to be shot. I want this very man to shoot me. He saw me save his sister from death when he had lost her. He is the very man to shoot me; don't you think so? If I want to be shot,—and I do with all my heart and soul,—let *him* do it. You know what is the matter with me, don't you? I love his sister more than my life. I love her, and I have lost her. No use. I stopped this cursed quarrel for a while; I stopped it, as I thought, forever; and here it is again. It will never end in my time. I give up to it. It has beaten me. Even she has joined in it. I have dared to write to her, and have got no answer. I never can marry her; and even if I could, it would only be to make her miserable; and I would rather die than that. O my God, how I love her! And she,—she won't give me one line,—won't say that she does not hate me—like the rest of her family. And for all that I love her. Bruce, I wonder if you or any one can understand it. I wonder if any man ever so loved a woman before. I can call up every expression of her face. I can see her now as plainly as if she were here. O my God, what a heaven I can make around me! But it is a delusion. I am like a spirit in hell, seeing paradise afar off. There is a great gulf fixed. My father fixed it. Her brother helps. All the power of this damnable old feud goes to widen it. There is no crossing. There is no hope at all. Not the least. I wish I was dead. I want to die. Yes, let him fight me; let him shoot at me as much as he pleases; let there be an end of it. I sha'n't fire back. Understand that, Bruce. I sha'n't fire at *her* brother. Not at Kate Beaumont's brother."

His voice broke here and his gigantic frame shook with sobs; he did not try to conceal his agony, for he was not ashamed of it; indeed, he rather gloried in confessing that he suffered for her; it was a strange consolation, and it was his only one. Shall we impute the force of his passion to him as a weakness, and the greatness of his power of suffering as a littleness? It would be an error; the nobility of a soul is gauged as much by its emotional as by its intellectual strength; the being who feels is as sublime as the being who thinks.

Bruce could make no response to his brother's outburst of anguish. There was a silence similar in motive to that which men often keep in the presence of those who lament the dead. It was the speechlessness of sympathy and awe, incapable of giving help and conscious that there is no comfort.

Shall we who do not fight duels condemn the young man for accepting the challenge to the field of honor? We must remember the education of his childhood, the spirit of the society in which he now lived, and the irrationality of overmuch misery. But although he would hazard his life in a way which our reason and his own reason condemned, he would go no further in the path of bloodshed. He persisted in declaring that he would receive Tom's fire, and that he would not return it. On this point he would not listen to argument.

"Then," said Bruce, his own voice wavering a little at last,—"then I will have nothing more to do with it. You must seek some other adviser."

"I shall choose General Johnson," replied Frank.

"The old wretch is murderous," remonstrated Bruce. "He will get you both killed, if possible. He will keep you standing there all day to be shot at."

"So much the better," was the desperate response of one of those rational men, who, when they do go mad, outpace all others' madness.

Old and shaky as General Johnson

was, he no more quailed before the task of seeing Frank through his "difficulty" than a fashionable dowager shrinks from matronizing a young belle through a party. One result of this strange choice of a second was that Tom Beaumont made a still more singular one. Our sociable friend Major Lawson, riding over to the Beaumont place with news of Kershaw and Kate, heard with horror of the projected encounter. The humane, sentimental, friendly creature went through instantaneous, terrible exercises of spirit, and thought like a mill-race. How should he stop the duel, save the life of Frank McAlister, close up once more the abyss of the feud, and bring to a happy ending his poem of *Romeo and Juliet*? Should he apply for aid to Kershaw, or to Kate? Alas, the old man was but just convalescing from a perilous illness, and the shock of such news as this might sweep him back to the borders of the grave! As for the girl, she was worn out with watching; moreover, she had received mysterious letters which paled her young cheeks; she had written answers, and then had torn them up suddenly, as if under a sense of duty; she was evidently wretched and evidently ailing. Clearly she was in no fit condition to wrestle with fresh troubles, and it would be both cowardly and wicked to drag her into an arena of gladiators. Next the Major had thoughts of appealing to Frank, and begging him to prevent the duel by an apology. But the Beaumonts were obviously infuriated to that degree that no act of satisfaction would serve which was not a degradation. Thus baffled wheresoever he looked for aid, our peacemaker took a desperate leap into the darkness of the untried, and resolved to offer himself as Tom's second, with the hope of effecting an arrangement. Knowing nothing of duels except by report, and his whole humane, peaceable nature shrinking from participation in them, his impulse was an inspiration of true heroism.

"My God, my dear Tom!" said the

Major, drawing that warlike youngster to one side, and speaking with such earnestness that he forgot to play his usual vocal variations. "This is a dreadful business; more dreadful than I had expected. I knew of the political misunderstanding. I knew that the Judge had been unwise enough to reopen the quarrel with your excellent father. But I did hope that things might get on without bloodshed. Excuse me. I mean no reflections. My remarks have no personal bearing. I was simply speaking from general considerations of humanity. But allow me. Permit me a friendly question or two. I feel deeply interested in your welfare," protested the Major, who in reality wished that Tom would drop down dead. "May I ask who is to be your second?"

"I wanted Vincent," said Tom, with abominable frankness and calmness. "I thought McAlister would take his brother Bruce; then I could have had Vincent, who knows these things like a book. But he has chosen old Johnson; and that knocks me out of Vincent, of course; and, in fact, I suppose I ought to pick out some other old cock. That's what fellows would call the correct thing."

"Take *me*," begged Lawson, turning pale as he made his great plunge. "My dear young friend, I am quite at your service. Take *me*."

We must do Tom Beaumont justice. When he was in liquor he was a brute; but when he was sober he was a gentleman at all hazards, that is, as he understood gentility. Knowing full well that Lawson was no fit man to take charge of a duel, and profoundly astonished at his audacity in proposing so to do, he instantly and politely accepted his offer. In five minutes more, still trembling from head to foot with excitement, the Major was off to discuss the terms of the meeting with General Johnson.

"What!" exclaimed Vincent, when Tom informed him of his choice of a second. "That old imbecile! He does n't know anything about it."

"How could I help taking him when he offered?" answered the heroic young roister.

"I don't know," admitted the puzzled Vincent, after long consideration.

Peyton Beaumont was equally amazed and displeased when he heard who was to manage for his son on the field of honor. But on learning that Lawson had himself proposed the arrangement, his mouth was stopped at once; and though he had seen Tom at the brink of death through the Major's inability to load pistols, he would not have opened it. It must be admitted that these Beaumonts, domineering and uncomfortable as they were, had their admirable points.

J. W. DeForest.

BUBBLES FROM AN ANCIENT PIPE.

I.

THE AMERICAN RAPHAEL.

"WALK into my studio, don't be afraid,
And examine my wonders of light and of shade;
I came out to Rome only six months ago,
And my progress in Art, I tell *you*, ain't slow.
Here's my 'Tobit,' and 'Venus,' my 'Babes in the Wood,'
My 'Peter F. Jones,' and my 'Jason G. Blood,'
My 'Lincoln'; my 'Jackson'; my 'Angel of Fire'
In color so strong it will make you perspire."

I looked at these terrors in red, blue, and green,
 And all other pigments that ever were seen,
 And asked for the name of this wanderer from home.
 "The American *Raphael* they call him in Rome,"
 Said my friend, as we came down the artist's steep stairs,
 Our heads full of Sinais, and heroes, and bears, —
 "And the reason is this, as his pictures won't sell,
 He *raffles* them off, — and it pays very well!"

II.

COMPLIMENTS.

I.

A POET whose fame is as wide as the world
 Had a call from a youth wishing greatly to know him,
 Who entered with stammer and blush, blurring out,
 "I am one of the *few*, sir, who've read your new poem."

II.

Coming out of church, a hearer, greatly pleased,
 Accosted Dr. Jerman:
 "The best discourse I ever heard you preach, —
 What was the *subject* of your sermon?"

III.

My friend Tom Vox once lectured in a town,
 The audience numbering twenty-two or three;
 And when Tom closed, they took his hand and said,
 "'T was not so *tedious* as we thought 't would be."

III.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

A DAMAGED Phoenix
 From Arabia Felix;
 Has lost a claw,
 And part of his maw,
 Also his jaw.
 His tail is loose,
 So that's no use.
 Has lost both wings,
 And other things.
 He never sings.

He can't fight,
 He can't bite,
 He can't walk,
 He can't talk,
 He can't cry,
 He can't fly,
 He is n't spry,
 Has but one eye.
 Less than a third
 Of the original bird
 Is now for sale
 By Timothy Vail.

THE NEW ENGLISH EDITION OF LAMB'S WORKS.*

THIS collection of Charles Lamb's writings has been some years in preparation, and Elia's admirers expected it would be the standard impression of his works, the edition in which posterity would read the letters and essays of this unique genius. And such, no doubt, it would have been, had the publishers selected a competent person to edit the collection; one who, like John Forster or Barry Cornwall, knew Lamb thoroughly and appreciated him fully. The original editor was Mr. William Carew Hazlitt.† He and the Moxons soon quarrelled, and after they had called each other hard names in the columns of the classical Athenæum, Hazlitt relinquished his labor on Lamb, and some poor hack was hired to finish the work.

At last, after many "put offs and put bys," the first volume of "The Complete Correspondence and Works of Charles Lamb, with an Essay on his Life and Genius by George Augustus Sala," was published. Sala's Introduction was so disliked by the lovers

of Elia, that the publishers wisely withdrew it, and filled its place (perhaps not quite so wisely) with a paper by a Mr. Thomas Purnell, who prattles pleasantly of Elia, and has something like a right idea of his great and peculiar merits.

Sala's proem was a literary curiosity, —a masterpiece of digressive skill and ingenuity, —and under the title of "Charles Lamb and Soforth" it would have done admirably as a contribution to "Temple Bar" or the "Belgravia" magazine. The most roundabout of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," or even Montaigne's famous essay on "Coaches," is, when compared with Sala's dissertation, as "straightforward as a Roman road." In this remarkable article he contrived to descant upon voluminous authors and the man of one book, upon the unliterary work of some famous literary men, upon Boswell and Boswellism, upon De Quincey and opium-eating, upon Abelard and Heloise, upon the life and character of Horace Walpole, upon Napoleon the great and Lord Byron, upon the confessions of Montaigne, Rousseau, Pepys, Sterne, and other well-known writers, upon the vinous excesses of some great and famous Englishmen, upon modern clubs and club men, and, in fact, upon almost everything and

* The Complete Correspondence and Works of Charles Lamb. In Four Volumes. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co. 1870.

† Heine holds it to be an advisable thing, when quoting from an obscure author, to give the number of his house; and perhaps in mentioning Mr. William Carew Hazlitt it would be well to state that he is a grandson of William Hazlitt, the famous critic and essayist.

everybody except Charles Lamb and his works.

And now, two or three years after the appearance of the unlucky first volume, the edition is completed. It fills four goodly duodecimos. Their mechanical execution is quite neat and tasteful; but the editing is, for the most part, bad enough to make a lover of Elia emulate a certain well-known peculiarity of "our armies in Flanders." The editor, whoever he may be, is nearly as well qualified for his business as was George Dyer to criticise the old English dramatists. Macaulay's school-boy would blush to make such gross mistakes about Lamb and his writings as this man does. Many of his inaccuracies are good enough to be added to Disraeli's chapter on "Literary Blunders." Some of the editorial notes marvellously resemble the comments with which Mr. William Carew Hazlitt is wont to enrich the unfortunate publications he attempts to edit. If these notes are his, one cannot be surprised that he and the Moxons quarrelled, though one is surprised that they ever intrusted Lamb to such an incompetent editor as he. If these annotations are not by W. C. Hazlitt, we do not know who could have written them, unless it was the shop-boy whom the publishers set to work upon this edition of Lamb when business was dull.

Lamb says, in a letter to Coleridge, "I think you promised me a sight of Wordsworth's *Tragedy*." Upon this passage the editor comments thus: "A lost production; a specimen of it is quoted in one of Hazlitt's *Essays*." The "specimen" is quoted in Hazlitt's article on Wordsworth, in "The Spirit of the Age," and is taken from the third act of "The Tragedy of the Borderers." This work was written in 1795-96, and was circulated in manuscript among the author's friends. It was published in 1842, and is included in all complete editions of Wordsworth's poetical works. So much for "a lost production."

"Professor, thy glories wax dim,"

writes Lamb in a letter to Manning, dated December 16, 1800. To this sentence the editor appends the following note: "Lamb proceeds to apostrophize himself under this title, showing what he was to have achieved in the way of book-purchasers, etc., if Mr. H. had succeeded." Probably in glancing over this delightful letter, the learned commentator caught sight of the words "we are damned," and remembering Lamb's unsuccessful farce, he hastily concluded that the unlucky play spoken of in the epistle was "Mr. H." Of course if "Mr. H." had been the piece mentioned therein, the Professor must have been Charles Lamb, but as the play in question was Godwin's tragedy of "Antonio," for which Lamb wrote the epilogue, the Professor was Godwin himself. "Mr. H." was not written till five or six years after the date of this letter, and could not, therefore, have been damned in 1800.

Writing to a friend in December, 1806, Lamb says, "Those '*Tales from Shakespeare*' are coming out, and Mary has begun a new work." According to an editorial note this new work of Mary Lamb's was the "Adventures of Ulysses," but in fact it was "Mrs. Leicester's School," which was published in 1807. The "Adventures of Ulysses," as is well known, was written by Charles Lamb.

We are told in a note on one of the letters to Bernard Barton that the Quaker poet was a clerk in a London bank. Barton was never employed in any bank but that of the Messrs. Alexander of Woodbridge; and there he toiled faithfully for forty years, "working till within two days of his death," says his biographer.

To Coleridge, who was preparing for the press a volume of poems by Lamb, Lloyd, and himself, Lamb writes thus: "The Fragments I now send you I want printed to get rid of 'em; for while they stick burr-like to my memory, they tempt me to go on with the idle trade of versifying, which I long (most sincerely I speak it), I long to leave off, for it is unprofitable to my

soul." The editor says these "Fragments" were the "Curious Fragments" from Burton, but he is wrong. They were "The Grandame," and the other well-known fragments of blank verse. The Burton fragments, as the editor observes in another place, were first published with "John Woodvil," in 1801. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt or his anonymous successor informs us that the "Specimens from the Writings of Fuller, the Church Historian," were "probably made when Lamb was in possession [1829] of Mr. Gilman's copy of Fuller." Not made till 1829! Why, you careless, blundering commentator, the specimens from Fuller were originally published in 1811, in the fourth number of Leigh Hunt's "Reflector," and were included in "The Works of Charles Lamb," issued by the Olliers, in "two slight crown octavos," in 1818.

"This article," says Mr. Incompetent, in a note to the fine critical paper "On the Poetical Works of George Wither," "has always found a place in the editions, but its authenticity is very doubtful." Lamb permitted the essay to appear in the Ollier edition of his "Works," thereby proving that *he* at least had no doubts of its authorship.

"Shortly before his death," writes Talfourd, in the "Final Memorials," "Lamb had borrowed of Mr. Cary, Phillips's 'Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,' which when returned by Mr. Moxon, after the event, was found with the leaf folded down at the account of Sir Philip Sidney." Its receipt was acknowledged by some lines to the memory of Charles Lamb. In this new edition of Lamb this effusion of Cary's is printed between inverted commas, and inserted among Lamb's poems, with this heading, "Verses written in a Copy of Phillips's 'Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,' returned by Mr. Cary, with the Leaf folded down at the Death of Sir Philip Sidney." To whom did Mr. Cary (probably a misprint for Mr. Cary) return the book? If he knew the verses were not written by Lamb, why

did the editor print them with Lamb's poetical works? And if he believed they were by Lamb, why put them between inverted commas?

We are informed that Lamb's lines upon the loss of his mother "do not appear in any of the modern editions"; and perhaps in the hope of atoning for that neglect, the editor inserts the verses twice in this edition of his author's writings. He gives them on page 463, Vol. III., under the title of "Lines written about 1797"; and on page 514 of the same volume he prints them under the caption of "Lines addressed to Robert Southey, about a Year after the Death of Mrs. Lamb [September, 1798]." This poem was originally published in "Southey's Life and Correspondence." It was reprinted in the second edition of Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb."

The few fine poems by Mary Lamb included in former editions of Lamb's works are retained in this, though their author's name is not given, nor is there anything said to indicate that they are not by Charles; and therefore all who make the acquaintance of Lamb in this collection of his writings will, if they read poor Mary's verses, credit him with the authorship of them.

The editor is a rare critic, and kindly informs his reader, whom he evidently regards as a greater ignoramus than himself, that Lamb's famous Christmas letter to Manning is "full of fun." This is delicious, and reminds one of the country trader, who hung a dried cod up at his door for a sign, but fearing his customers might not know what it was, labelled it "Salt Fish."

The annotations to the essays of Elia are few, but we should not complain if they were fewer. One of them is occasioned by a casual mention of the Gunpowder Plot, in the paper on "The South Sea House," "upon which there is an essay by Lamb in the Miscellaneous Collection. He says in one of his letters he could scarcely forgive another writer [Ainsworth?] for forestalling him here." Lamb's essay on

Guy Fawkes was originally published in the "Reflector" in 1811, and enlarged and reprinted in the "London Magazine," in 1823. Therefore if Ainsworth, who was born in 1805, "fore-stalled" Lamb in this matter, the author of "Jack Sheppard" was a prodigy of precocity, and must have written his romance of "Guy Fawkes" before he was six years old. The fact is, Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes" was not published till 1841, seven years after Lamb's death. Hazlitt, in the article on Elia, in "The Spirit of the Age," says, "We believe he never heartily forgave a certain writer who took the subject of Guy Fawkes out of his hands." This "certain writer" was no doubt Hazlitt himself, who was the author of a semi-political essay on Guy Fawkes, published in the "Examiner," in 1821. When sketching Lamb's portrait in "The Spirit of the Age," Hazlitt had probably forgotten that Elia's "Guy Fawkes" was first printed in the "Reflector," years before the appearance of the "Examiner" article.

It is generally known that James Harrington wrote a work entitled "Oceana," but till we read the editorial notes to the essay on "Oxford in the Vacation," we were not aware that he was the author of a book called "Oceanus." Hallam does not mention such a work, neither does Disraeli in his chapter on Harrington in the "Aménities of Literature." Lowndes never heard of a production so entitled. Perhaps "Oceanus" is one of those "d—d typographical blunders which are the bane and the antidote of editors."

The editor, instead of confining himself to the margin like a modest commentator, meddles occasionally with his author's text, and makes "fine fret-work" of some of Elia's immortal sentences. Like the poor pedagogue mentioned in the essay on "The Old and New Schoolmaster," he apparently thinks he can write the English language more correctly than Charles Lamb. Here is a passage from "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," which

he has impertinently tried to improve: "I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper, — whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners." In the new edition of Lamb the sentence reads as follows: "I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper. [I know not] whether the oily particles," etc. How much better is Elia's dash than this awkwardly repeated "I know not!" What havoc such a commentator as this would make among the beauties and sublimities of Shakespeare!

Having got hold of the original manuscript of the article on "Witches, and other Night Fears," the editor discovers a notable discrepancy between a sentence in the manuscript and the printed copy. In the "London Magazine" and in all the editions of Elia we have examined, the sentence is printed with an exclamation-point at the end of it. But in the manuscript it is closed with four asterisks. Of course this grave error is corrected, and in the new edition of Lamb the sentence stands in this shape: "That detestable picture * * * *." Though this emendation may not give "a new elegance" to Elia, it is of immense importance, as you will perceive by reading the editorial note: "So in MS., but there is authority (Lamb's own) for the belief that these marks are destitute of significance." Why not give the author's very blots, and the blunders and mistakes corrected in the proof? Verily, the editor is remiss in his duty, and has not made his edition of Lamb quite so worthless and contemptible as *he* might easily have done. The manuscript of this paper on witches con-

tains a paragraph which is printed for the first time in this edition of Lamb, though from a rather queerly worded note it would appear that the learned scholiast is not aware of the fact. Undoubtedly the passage reads best in its place in the essay to which it has been restored, yet we think we should please some of our readers by quoting it, and accordingly we do so. Elia, after relating his inauspicious seadream (which we all remember so well), proceeds in this manner: "When I awoke I came to a determination to write prose all the rest of my life; and with submission to some of our young writers, who are yet diffident of their powers, and balancing perhaps between verse and prose, they might not do unwisely to decide the preference by the texture of their natural dreams. If these are prosaic, they may depend upon it they have not much to expect in a creative way from their artificial ones. What dreams must not Spenser have had!"

The editor says the "Essays of Elia" were "first printed in 1823," and "The Last Essays of Elia" in 1833. Both series of the Elia essays were originally published in the "London Magazine" and other periodicals. They were first collected in 1823 and 1833.

Instead of waxing angry with the editor for his ignorance, carelessness, and presumption, the admirers of Charles Lamb should be grateful to the poor commentator for leaving untouched very many note-wanting passages in the letters and essays of their favorite author. The blunders are about well-known matters, and can be easily corrected by any one who has a smattering of literature and is tolerably familiar with Lamb's life and writings. But suppose this man had attempted to take up the dropped stitches in Elia's biography! What a jumble of truth and error there would have been! And who could have separated the one from the other? Unquestionably this edition is a disgrace to its publishers and an insult to the

memory of Charles Lamb; yet it is not nearly so incorrect and unreliable as it would have been had the editor been more industrious or more ambitious. There are, however, many excellent notes scattered through the volumes, but they are by Lamb and Talfourd, though, with one or two exceptions, there is no sign or signature by which to distinguish them from the editor's own comments. Perhaps he would like to have them pass for his; thereby showing excellent taste, and proving that he really knows what would do him credit. He also honors the editor of "Elia" by taking most of his notes, some of which are credited to that gentleman, others to "Editor," and the rest are kindly fathered by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt or his worthy successor.*

Notwithstanding the editor evidently desired to make this edition as complete as possible, even by the admission of what he is pleased to call "poor stuff" and articles of "no value," he has omitted, among other things, Lamb's admirable contributions to the "Tales from Shakespeare," and the "Poetry for Children." Elia's admirers are greedy for everything he wrote, and will blame the editor for not collecting all their beloved author's contributions to newspapers and magazines; and for not including among the correspondence all his letters and notes scattered about in various publications, among which are the little notes to Thomas Allsop, which George William Curtis introduced to Elia's American readers so finely a few years since; and the letter to Leigh Hunt in which Lamb says he "should be proud to hang up as an alchouse sign."

They want his verses on "Prince Dorus, the Long-Nosed King," men-

* "In the old queen of Portugal's time," says Southey, "an engineer was sent to inspect the Bugio, a castle at the mouth of the Tagus, and report what was necessary for putting it in an effective state. His report was comprised in three words, — *A new fort.*" And as the present is such a faulty collection of Charles Lamb's works, the Messrs. Moxon had better melt up the plates, and make another attempt to publish a complete and correct edition of the writings of this favorite author.

tioned by Crabb Robinson. They want the theatrical criticisms he wrote for the "Examiner," which are highly praised by Mr. John Forster. They want the article on Keats's Poems, published in a London newspaper, and said to be worthy of both its writer and its subject. They even want the witty paragraphs, or "jokes," which he contributed daily to "The Morning Post" for a long twelvemonth.

But if this collection of Charles Lamb's writings is not so complete as it might be or as it should be, it contains many things not to be found in any other edition of his works, not even in Widdleton's, which includes "Elia." The additional matter consists of several ordinary occasional poems; "Satan in Search of a Wife"; a "Comic Opera," in three acts; three prose articles entitled "Saturday Night"; "Ritson *versus* John Scott the Quaker"; and "Recollections of a Late Royal Academician"; a number of new letters and "letterets";* and the hitherto suppressed passages of the correspondence, of which we shall have a word or two to say anon. "Satan in Search of a Wife" is a poetical *jeu d'esprit* of very little merit; and the "Comic Opera," which is now printed for the first time, is a rather poor performance, with perhaps here and there "a witty sprinkle or two." Indeed, though Mr. P. G. Patmore, to whom the manuscript formerly belonged, maintains that the authenticity of the work is placed beyond question, "by every portion of it, even to the minutest alterations, erasures, etc., being in his [Lamb's] handwriting," one cannot help having grave doubts about the Opera being Charles

Lamb's. In neither matter nor manner does it resemble him. Possibly, however, it may be a production of his salad days,—one of his first "callow flights in authorship." "Saturday Night," a delightful little "essaykin," was copied out of the annual in which it originally appeared into the "Atlantic Almanac" for the present year, and is no doubt familiar to the readers of this magazine. "Ritson *versus* John Scott the Quaker" is a readable and racy paper, and is thus spoken of in a letter to Bernard Barton: "Your poem, which I consider very affecting, found me engaged about a humorous paper for the 'London,' which I had called 'A Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education had been neglected';—and when it was done Tylor and Hessey would not print it, and it discouraged me from doing anything else; so I took up Scott, where I had scribbled some petulant notes, and for a makeshift fathered them on Ritson." The letter to the old gentleman was published in the "London Magazine" a year or two later, upon the discontinuance of De Quincey's "Letters to a Young Gentleman whose Education has been neglected."

"The Recollections of a late Royal Academician" was published in the first number of "Peter's Net," an incomplete series of papers, which Lamb contributed to Mr. Moxon's unsuccessful periodical, "The Englishman's Magazine." It is one of the most charming of Lamb's second-best articles, and is superior to several of "The Last Essays of Elia." It is full of gentle satire and delicious humor, and contains excellent hints and suggestions concerning art. As the paper is too long to quote in full, we will indulge the reader with a brief extract or two. The author thus describes his call upon the painter (George Dawe),* soon after his election

* We were disappointed in not finding among the new letters those to Landor which are quoted from in his Biography by Forster, particularly the one about "the measureless Bethams": "Seventeen brothers and sixteen sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark, every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt-sea ravenner not having his gorge of him: the shortest of the daughters measured five feet eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Surely I have discovered the longitude."

* "James Dawe, R. A.," says an editorial note. Lamb, in forwarding this article to Mr. Moxon, says, "The R. A. here memorized was George Dawe"; and he writes thus in a letter to Manning: "Mr. Dawe is turned author; he has been in such a way lately,—Dawe the painter I mean,—he sits and stands about at Holcroft's and says nothing; then

to a seat in the Royal Academy, and during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England: "I called upon D. to congratulate him upon a crisis so doubly eventful. His pleasant house-keeper seemed embarrassed, owned that her master was alone. But could he be spoken with? With some importunity I prevailed upon her to usher me up into his painting-room. It was in Newman Street. At his easel stood D., with an immense spread of canvas before him, and by his side a live goose. I inquired into this extraordinary combination. Under the rose he informed me that he had undertaken to paint a transparency for Vauxhall, against an expected visit of the Allied Sovereigns to that place. I smiled at an engagement so derogatory to his new-born honors; but a contempt of small gains was never one of D.'s foibles. My eyes beheld crude forms of warriors, kings, rising under his brush upon this interminable stretch of cloth. The Wolga, the Don, and the Nieper were there, or their representative River Gods; and Father Thames clubbed urns with the Vistula. Glory with her dazzling Eagle was not absent, nor Fame, nor Victory. The shade of Rubens might have evoked the mighty allegories. But what was the goose? He was evidently *sitting* for a something.

"D. at last informed me, that having fixed upon a group of rivers, he could not introduce the Royal Thames without his *swans*; that he had inquired the price of a live swan, and it being more than he was prepared to give for it, he had bargained with the poulterer for the *next thing* to it; adding significantly, that it would do to roast, after it had served its turn to paint swans by. *Reader, this is a true story.*"

sighs and leans his head on his hand. I took him to be in love; but it seems he was only meditating a work, — 'The Life of Morland.' The young man is not used to composition." According to Allibone the name of the author of "The Life of Morland" is George Dawe. We have consulted several Encyclopedias, Biographical Dictionaries, etc., but have found not even the name of James Dawe in any of them, though we did find several notices of George Dawe, R. A., who wrote a life of Morland.

This account of another visit to Dawe's studio is equally amusing: —

"I once was witness to a *family scene* in his painting-closet, which I had entered rather abruptly, and but for his encouragement should as hastily have retreated. He stood with displeased looks, eying a female relative — whom I had known under happier auspices — that was kneeling at his feet with a baby in her arms, with her eyes uplifted and suppliant. Though I could have previously sworn to the virtue of Miss —, yet casual slips have been known. There are such things as families disgraced where least you would have expected it. The child *might* be —; I had heard of no wedding; I was the last person to pry into family secrets; when D. relieved my uneasy cogitations by explaining that the innocent, good-humored creature before me (such as she ever was, and is now that she is married), with a baby borrowed from the public house, was acting Andromache to *his* Ulysses, for the purpose of transferring upon canvas a tender situation from the Troades of Seneca."

Here is a graphic and no doubt a very truthful description of the personal appearance of "the young man," as Lamb was fond of calling Dawe, whom he knew well, and who must have given him many "a rare meal of laughter": "My acquaintance with D. was in the outset of his art, when the graving tools rather than the pencil administered to his humble wants. Those implements, as is well known, are not the most favorable to the cultivation of that virtue which is esteemed next to godliness. He might 'wash his hands in innocency,' and so metaphorically 'approach an altar'; but his material puds were anything but fit to be carried to church. By an ingrained economy of soap — if it was not for pictorial effect rather — he would wash (on Sundays) the inner oval, or portrait, as it may be termed, of his countenance, leaving the unwashed temples to form a natural black frame round a picture in which a dead white

was the predominant color. This, with the addition of green spectacles, made necessary by the impairment which his graving labors by day and night (for he was ordinarily at them for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four) had brought upon his visual faculties, gave him a rather singular appearance when he took the air abroad; insomuch that I have seen a crowd of young men and boys following him along Oxford Street with admiration, not without shouts; even as the youth of Rome, we read in Vasari, followed the steps of Raphael with acclamation for his genius and for his beauty, when he proceeded from his workshop to chat with cardinals and popes at the Vatican."

With critical humor and artistic insight, Lamb briefly comments upon the art of this pygmy painter: "The Hoppers and the Lawrences were his Vandykes and his Velasquezes; and if he could make anything like them, he insured himself immortality. With such guides he struggled on through laborious nights and days, till he reached the eminence he aimed at,—of mediocrity. Having gained that summit, he sat down contented. If the features were but cognoscible, no matter whether the flesh resembled flesh or oil-skin. For the thousand tints, the grains, which in the life diversify the nose, the chin, the cheek, which a Reynolds can but coarsely counterfeit, he cared nothing at all about them. He left such scrupulosities to opticians and anatomists. If the features were but there, the character, of course, could not be far off. A lucky hit which he made in painting the *dress* of a very dressy lady—Mrs. W—e—, whose handsome countenance also and tall elegance of shape were too palpable entirely to escape under any mask of oil with which even D. could overlay them—brought to him at once an influx of sitters which almost rivalled the importune calls upon Sir Thomas. A portrait he did soon after of the Princess Charlotte clenched his fame. He proceeded Academician. . . .

"So entirely devoid of imagination or

any feeling for his high art was this painter, that for the few historical pictures he attempted any sitter might sit for any character. He took once for a subject *The Infant Hercules*. Did he choose for a model some robust antique? No. He did not even pilfer from Sir Joshua, who was nearer to his own size. But from a *show* he hired to sit to him a child in years, indeed (though no infant), but in fact a precocious *man*, or human portent, that was disgustingly exhibiting at that period,—a thing to be strangled. From this he formed *his* Infant Hercules. In a scriptural flight he next attempted a Samson in the lap of Delilah. A Delilah of some sort was procurable for love or money, but who should stand for the Jewish Hercules? He hired a tolerably stout porter, with a thickish head of hair curling in yellowish locks, but lithe,—much like a wig. And these were the robust strengths of Samson!"

There is one thing, at least, for which Charles Lamb's readers will thank the editor of these volumes, and that is for printing the correspondence just as it was written, without suppression or mutilation. Talfourd, in preparing Lamb's letters for publication, not only omitted all passages which he feared might pain or offend persons then living who were gravely or sportively mentioned therein, but in the despotic exercise of editorial power he seems to have slashed right and left, cutting out sentences and paragraphs without judgment or reason. If the restored passages are not remarkably humorous or original, they are full of characteristic quips and cranks, and have considerable biographical interest and value. Lamb had a great partiality for the epithet "damned," as Mr. Edmund Ollier observes in his pleasant Introduction to Hotten's sixpenny "Elia." But Talfourd, who was sometimes more nice than wise, in editing the letters, changed the word "damn" into "hang," somewhat to the detriment of Elia's humor and the reader's pleasure. Lamb's "Damn"

is as harmless as Marjorie Fleming's "Devilish"; and in examining this edition of his writings we were glad to find that the editor had generally discarded the "Hangs" and restored the "Damns."

The "bard of nature," so humorously ridiculed in one of the letters to Manning, was, it appears, Mr. Joseph Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, whom Lamb respected as a man and laughed at as a poet. The passage about him was too rich to be suppressed, and so Talfourd published it in full, merely changing Joseph Cottle into "Joseph D." "A. K.," so often mentioned in the correspondence with Barton, and for whom Elia seems to have felt a kindness that "almost amounted to a *tendre*," was Anne Knight. One would like to know more about her.

It is evident, from one of these hitherto unpublished paragraphs, that Lamb was not paid very promptly for his early contributions to the "London Magazine." "Baldwin?", who first engaged me as Elia, has not paid me up yet [1823] (nor any of us without repeated mortifying appeals), yet how the knave fawned when I was of service to him. Yet I dare say the fellow is punctual in settling his milk-score, etc." In one of the "notelets" to Hone, all of which are now printed for the first time, Lamb thus writes of the second series of "Elia," which was then ready for publication: "Our little book is delayed by a heathenish injunction threatened by the man Taylor"; and in a restored sentence at the close of a letter to Cary, Lamb says that he and Taylor are at law about the second volume of "Elia." Talfourd makes no mention of this lawsuit; and, indeed, judging from his introduction to one of Lamb's letters to Moxon, in the "Final Memorials," in which this matter is plainly hinted at, it may be doubted whether the biographer knew anything of the injunction. Taylor, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, was one of the publishers into whose hands the "London Magazine" passed upon the death of John Scott, its original ed-

itor. "The great Beast! the beggarly Nit!" as Lamb in mock anger called Taylor, probably maintained, and no doubt honestly believed, that the Elia papers were his property, because he had paid a handsome sum for each article upon its appearance in the magazine.

Although having an almost reverential admiration for Wordsworth, Lamb was not blind to the poet's faults, as the following passage from one of the mutilated letters proves: "He [Wordsworth] says he does not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he had a mind to try it. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind. Even Coleridge was a little checked at this hardihood of assertion." Of course, such an enthusiastic lover of the Poet of Rydal Mount as Talfourd took heartfelt satisfaction in suppressing the anecdote.

This pleasant paragraph about Miss Coleridge, the gifted daughter of a marvellously gifted man, is rounded with a very pathetic touch concerning her father: "The she Coleridges have taken flight, to my regret. With Sara's own-made acquisitions, her unaffectedness and no-pretensions are beautiful. You might pass an age with her without suspecting that she knew anything but her mother's tongue. I don't mean any reflections on Mrs. Coleridge here. I had better have said her vernacular idiom. Poor C.! I wish he had a home to receive his daughter in; but he is but a stranger or a visitor in this world."

Here is an amusing bit about some of Lamb's literary companions, which Talfourd cut out of one of the Manning letters: "There's your friend Holcroft, now, has written a play. You used to be fond of the drama. Nobody went to see it. Notwithstanding this, with an audacity perfectly original, he faces the town down in a preface that they *did* like it very much. I have heard a waspish punster say, 'Sir, why did you not laugh at my jest?' But for a man boldly to face one out with, 'Sir, I maintain it, you *did* laugh at my jest,'

is a little too much. I have seen H. but once. He spoke of you to me in honorable terms. H. seems to me to be drearily dull. G[odwin?] is dull, then he has a dash of affectation, which smacks of the coxcomb, and your coxcombs are always agreeable."

We find this interesting account of the genuine Elia in the hitherto unpublished correspondence with "J. Taylor, Esq.," of the firm of Taylor and Hessey, booksellers and publishers, Fleet Street, London: "Poor Elia, the real (for I am but a counterfeit), is dead. The fact is, a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow-clerk at the South Sea House thirty (not forty) years ago, when the characters I described there existed, but had left it, like myself, many years; and I having a brother now there, and doubting how he might relish certain descriptions in it, I clapt down the name of 'Elia' to it, which passed off pretty well, for Elia himself added the functions of an author to that of a scrivener, like myself. I went the other day (not having seen him for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name; for he had died of consumption eleven months ago, and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think; and 'tis all he has left me." The following characteristic passage is from the same letter, and was written after reading (in manuscript?) "Olen's" poetical "Epistle to Elia," published in the "London Magazine," and suggested by the essay on "New-Year's Eve": "You will do me injustice if you do not convey to the writer of the beautiful lines, which I now return you, my sense of the extreme kindness which dictated them. Poor Elia (call him Ellia) does not pretend to see so very clear revelations of a future state of being as Olen seems gifted with. He stumbles about dark mountains at best; but he knows at least how to be thankful for this life, and is too thankful, indeed, for certain relationships lent him here, not to tremble for a possible resumption of the gift. He is too

apt to express himself lightly, and cannot be sorry for the present occasion, as it has called forth a reproof so Christian-like. His *animus*, at least (whatever became of it in the female termination), hath always been *cum christianis*."

Here is an Elia-ish bit concerning "grace," which would make an excellent note to the paper on "Grace before Meat." It is quoted from one of the above-mentioned "notelets" to William Hone, "ingenious Hone," as Lamb styled him in some agreeable commendatory verses:—

"Our Hebrew brethren seem to appreciate the good things of this life in more liberal latitude than we, to judge from their frequent graces. One, I think, you must have omitted: 'After concluding a bargain.' Their distinction of 'Fruits growing upon trees,' and 'upon the ground,' I can understand. A sow makes quite a different grunt (*her grace*) over chestnuts and pignuts. The last is a little above Elia. With thanks, and wishing grace be with you,

"Yours,

"C. LAMB."

The following letter, which Talfourd did not print in the "Life and Letters" or the "Final Memorials," contains considerable new and interesting information concerning the "Tales from Shakespeare." The "baby" therein mentioned so contemptuously was the *second* Mrs. Godwin, who was one of Lamb's "imperfect sympathies." He elsewhere calls her "the Professor's rib," and "that d—d Mrs. Godwin." She has, he informs Manning, "come out to be a disagreeable woman, so much so as to drive me and some more old chums from his house." Godwin was a bookseller as well as a book-writer. He was the proprietor of the "Juvenile Library," No. 41 Skinner Street, London. There, under the name of M. J. Godwin, he published Hazlitt's little work on English Grammar, and many delightful books for children, among which were

Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Mrs. Leicester's School."

"DEAR WORDSWORTH: — We have booked off from Swan and Two Necks, Lad Lane, this day (per coach) the 'Tales from Shakespeare.' You will forgive me the plates, when I tell you they were left to the direction of Godwin, who left the choice of subjects to the bad baby, who from mischief (I suppose) has chosen one from damned beastly vulgarity (*vide* 'Merch. Venice'), where no atom of authority was in the tale to justify it; to another has given a name which exists not in the tale, Nic Bottom, and which she thought would be funny; though in this I suspect *his* hand, for I guess her reading does not reach far enough to know Bottom's Christian name; and one of Hamlet and grave-digging, a scene which is not hinted at in the story, and you might as well have put King Canute the Great reproving his courtiers. The rest are giants and giantesses. Suffice it, to save our tastes and damn our folly, that we left it all to a friend, W. G., who in the first place cheated me into putting a name to them, which I did not mean but do not repent, and then wrote a puff about their *simplicity*, etc., to go with the advertisement as in my name! Enough of this egregious dupery. I will try to abstract the load of tearing circumstances from the stories, and tell you that I am answerable for Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, for occasionally a tail-piece or correction of grammar, for none of the cuts and all of the spelling. The rest is my sister's. We think Pericles of hers the best, and Othello of mine; but I hope all have some good. As You Like It, we like least. So much, only begging you to tear out the cuts and give them to Johnny, as 'Mrs. Godwin's fancy!'

"C. L."

"Thursday, 29th January 1807.

"Our love to all.

"I had almost forgot, my part of the

preface begins in the middle of a sentence, in last but one page, after a colon, thus: — *which if they be happily so done*, etc. The former part hath a more feminine turn and does hold me up something as an instructor to young ladies; but upon my modesty's honor, I wrote it not. Godwin told my sister the Baby chose the subjects: a fact in taste."

Possibly the above epistle, and the one that follows, addressed to Miss Wordsworth, were among those letters of Lamb's which Crabb Robinson says Wordsworth did not choose to send to Talfourd for publication. There is exquisite moral pathos and beautiful Christian feeling in the homely account of the poor rustic wench whom Providence seems to have guided to those good Samaritans, Elia and Bridget.

Nov. 23, 1810.

"We are in a pickle. Mary, from her affectation of physiognomy, has hired a stupid, big country wench, who looked honest, as she thought, and has been doing her work some days, but without eating; eats no butter, nor meat, but prefers cheese with her tea for breakfast; and now it comes out that she was ill when she came, with lifting her mother about (who is now with God) when she was dying, and with riding up from Norfolk, four days and nights in the wagon. She got advice yesterday, and took something which made her bring up a quart of blood, and she now lies in her bed, a dead weight upon our humanity, incapable of getting up, refusing to go into a hospital, having nobody in town but a poor asthmatic uncle whose son lately married a drab who fills his house, and there is nowhere she can go, and she seems to have made up her mind to take her flight to heaven from our bed. Oh for the little wheelbarrow which trundled the hunchback from door to door to try the various charities of different professions of mankind! Here's her uncle just crawled up. He is far liker Death than she. Oh the parish, the parish,

the hospital, the infirmary, the charnel-house!—these are places meet for such guests, not our quiet mansion, where nothing but affluent plenty and literary ease should abound. Howard's House, or where the paralytic descended through the skylight (what a God's gift!) to get at our Saviour. In this perplexity such topics as Spanish papers and Monkhouses sink into comparative insignificance. What shall we do? If she died, it were something; gladly would I pay the coffin-maker and the bell-man and searchers."

We conclude this article by quoting one of the best of Charles Lamb's letters; a letter which is printed for the first time in this edition of his writings, and which Talfourd would have been happy to publish in the "Life and Letters," or the "Final Memorials," had he deemed it right to do so during the lifetime of Mr. Joseph Cottle, who is described in it with great freedom, humor, and truth. And yet, though poor Cottle's literary vanity is unsparringly shown up, the sketch, which is a Shandean bit of writing, is remarkable for its smiling good-nature and its loving, pitying humor. The author of "Alfred" is hit off in Elia's deftest manner, and will go down to posterity in company with Mrs. Battle and Captain Jackson.

The letter, we should add, was written to Coleridge, who was indebted to Cottle for many a kind and generous act.

"October 9th, 1800.

"I suppose you have heard of the death of Amos Cottle.

"I paid a solemn visit of condolence to his brother, accompanied by George Dyer, of burlesque memory.

"I went, trembling to see poor Cottle so immediately upon the event.

"He was in black; and his younger brother was also in black.

"Everything wore an aspect suitable to the respect due to the freshly dead. For some time after our entrance, nobody spoke, till George modestly put in a question, whether *Alfred* was likely

to sell. This was *Lethe* to Cottle, and his poor face, wet with tears, and his kind eye brightened up in a moment. Now I felt it was my cue to speak.

"I had to thank him for a present of a magnificent copy, and had promised to send him my remarks,—the least thing I could do; so I ventured to suggest that I perceived a considerable improvement he had made in his first book since the state in which he first read it to me. Joseph, who till now had sat with his knees cowering in by the fireplace, wheeled about, and with great difficulty of body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where I was sitting, and first stationing one thigh over the other, which is his sedentary mood, and placidly fixing his benevolent face right against mine, waited my observations.

"At that moment it came strongly into my mind, that I had got Uncle Toby before me, he looked so kind and so good. I could not say an unkind thing of Alfred. So I set my memory to work to recollect what was the name of Alfred's queen, and with some adroitness recalled the well-known sound to Cottle's ears of *Alswitha*. At that moment I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1.

"I felt my cue, and strong pity working at the root, I went to work, and beslabbered *Alfred* with most unqualified praise, or only qualifying my praise by the occasional politic interposition of an exception taken against trivial faults, slips, and human imperfections, which, by removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in truth heighten the relish.

"Perhaps I might have spared that refinement, for Joseph was in a humor to hope and believe *all things*. What I said was beautifully supported, corroborated, and confirmed by the stupidity of his brother on my left hand, and by George on my right, who has an utter incapacity of comprehending that there can be anything bad in poetry.

All poems are *good* poems to George ;
all men are *fine geniuses*.

"So what with my actual memory, of which I made the most, and Cottle's own helping me out, for I *really* had forgotten a good deal of *Alfred*, I made shift to discuss the most essential parts entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who repeatedly declared that he loved nothing better than *candid* criticism. Was I a candid greyhound now for all this? or did I do right? I believe I did. The effect was luscious to my conscience.

"For all the rest of the evening Amos was no more heard of, till George revived the subject by inquiring whether some account should not be drawn up by the friends of the deceased to be inserted in Phillip's monthly obituary;

adding, that Amos was estimable both for his head and heart, and would have made a fine poet if he had lived.

"To the expediency of this measure Cottle fully assented, but could not help adding that he always thought that the qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head. I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely the same idea of him; and I apprehend the world will assent to both judgments. I rather guess that the brothers were poetical rivals. I judged so when I saw them together. Poor Cottle, I must leave him, after his short dream, to muse again upon his poor brother, for whom I am sure in secret he will yet shed many a tear. Now send me in return some Greta news.

"C. L."

J. E. Babson.

A SUMMER MOOD.

I LAY me in the growing grass,
A vagrant loving vagrancy;
About me kindred fellows throng,
A very reckless company,—

Gay people of the crowded air,
Who follow Joy's recruiting drums;
Nor thrift, nor any thorn, they leave
To-morrow till to-morrow comes.

Who gathers all, would gather more;
Who little hath, hath need of none;
Who wins a race will long to win
Another that is never won.

I fling me in the grass, content
That not a blade belongs to me,
And take no thought for mowing days,—
A vagrant wed to vagrancy.

Hiram Rich.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELLER.

I.

[The series of familiar letters commenced in this number of the Atlantic Monthly were written home from Europe to a circle of friends.]

ROME, Monday, December 14, 1868.

DEAR SOULS:—Now we are at housekeeping, and this is my house-warming letter. Did n't we have a time of it to get a house at all? O, how easy it looked at first! Every other house has up its sign, "*Camere Mobiliare*": we were not at all ambitious; all we demanded was to have sun in all our rooms, three bedrooms, and a fire in each bedroom. What could be simpler? How our spirits went down, down, as we climbed up staircase after staircase, and found dark rooms, no stoves, or else a kitchen where the *padrona* must have the privilege of coming to cook "just a little trifle two or three times a day"; or else a rent of one hundred and forty dollars a month. Ah, at the end of the first day we were very meek people, and at the end of the second we were abject! There can't be many things in this world so bewildering as looking after lodgings in Rome. In the first place, the door into which you enter, at the beginning, looks like the very dirty and neglected entrance to some old warehouse on a *padarf*, in a city where there has not been any business for a hundred years. You stand there a minute, and say, "O dear!" (especially if you have already been up five or six hundred steps that morning.) "I do wish they would tell on their cards how many rooms there are!" Perhaps we shall find somebody on the third floor who can tell us. Not a bit of it; up flight after flight you crawl; on each floor is one great grim iron door, with a ring and a chain hanging outside. You have no business to pull the ring on any floor but the floor with which your business is; and if you did, they would n't know anything about

any floor but their own. Each floor is its own *house*, as much as if it were six miles off from any other floor. When you get up to the one hundred and seventh stair you would be so glad to sit down, but you can't. They don't put either chairs or benches in these grim passages; and the stairs are all stone. You can't sit on them, not if you are half dead; so you lean up against the wall and get your black cloak all white and cobwebbed, while you wait for the mysterious chain and ring, which you have pulled, to bring forth an answer. Then the great door creaks and opens, and you get breath enough to ask if they have furnished rooms to let, and if there are *three* bedrooms, with sun and fire. After a little while you learn that it makes no difference whether they have or have not; they always say, "*Sì, sì signora.*" Before you learn this, you go in quite gayly, and think you are all right. Then you see one great bedroom with two beds, and one little one, on neither of which the sun has apparently ever shone; a fine parlor, with stands of artificial roses under high glass cases, no end of china teacups sitting around; usually about twenty frightful pictures on the walls; in the dining-room there is a great display of glass and china on the table; and the *Padrone*, if he is at home, and the *Padrona*, and the one or two or three daughters, all down at the heel and down at the neck, and huddled up somehow with pins and strings in the middle, and looking like rag-men and rag-women, begin to talk, all at once, with their tongues and their shoulders and their fingers; and they tell you that the sun shines at some impossible hour of the day, at some impossible angle, into all

three rooms; and that two beds in one bedroom are exactly the same thing, as two bedrooms with a bed in each; and that their linen and their silver and their furniture are "so much, so much," and "so fine, so fine"; and they smile and show white teeth, and their eyes are such a lovely brown-black, that you are in some danger of believing them; and then if you say that you must have a "free kitchen," which means simply that they are not to have the use of your tea and sugar and bread, they shrug their shoulders, and look at each other, with such an expression of injury, that you feel like an awful sneak *yourself*,—just as if you had stolen all your life; and for all that, you know that you are the honest one, and *they* steal, and you know the rooms won't do at all, and you edge along to the door; and then the faces of the Padrone and the Padrona and the daughters all grow black, and the white teeth go down their throats apparently, they disappear so absolutely and forever; and as you fairly step out of the door, if you wish to know the *true* character of the people you might have lived with, turn around quickly and look at the faces which have settled down, behind your back! This is what we did for two days and a half. We exhausted the list which friends had given us; then we drove slowly up and down the streets where it would do to live (by the way, there are not more than a dozen of them in all this great city), and looked at the signs, and whenever we saw one which we thought promised the least chance of success, out we got, and up we climbed. In one place we would find a parlor so sunny, so comfortable, that we could not leave it; then the bedrooms were wrong; in another the bedrooms could be made to answer, but the parlor was a den, and cold as a barn; then we were taken with great love of a view, or of the blankets, or of the china and glass, which we would have liked to take away with us, to use in the other house, which we still firmly believed was awaiting us somewhere. Then we

came upon one quite fine and comfortable and sunny, and then the rent would be at least one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and we would meekly say, "Troppo," and go away, followed by pitying looks between the landlord and lady. By the way, I never thought before of the composition of the word "landlord and lady": no wonder they are so lordly in their ways. At last we found our house. It was my inspiration, and I take great credit to myself; high up on the Via Quattro Fontane (four fountains), just opposite the Barberini Palace, on the corner opposite Miss Hosmer's house. Think of that! Are n't we in luck? Well, it happened oddly that the good people, being modest, had stuck out "Piccolo appartamento" on their sign.

Longingly I had looked at the corner twice, as we neared it, and said to S—, "I suppose there is no use in looking at anything which an Italian *calls* in the outset 'small.'"

"O no," she said, "not the least."

So it came to be near night on the third day, and we were still homeless. We were driving back to our hotel and passed this house. Still the same little sign which had seemed all day to have a magic fascination for me! I said, "Let us look at it; it will do no harm." A strange sort of delight took possession of me as I first trod on the stairs; they were stone, but clean; the flights were short, and the halls were comparatively light. Such a beauty as opened the door for us! Ah, if you could see her! Just now she came to bring me an egg beaten up in milk, and as she set it on the table, and said, "Signora," the grace and gentleness of her motion, the sweetness of her voice,—ah me, I believe I had tears in my eyes to look at her. I never saw just such a human creature before! Well, the beauty opened the door (she is only a maid of all work, this beauty, our Marianina), and then she called the Padrona, who came, having the same sweet, gentle ways, but looking so ill, so ill. She, poor soul, has had the fever. The rooms were charm-

ing,—a parlor on the southeast corner, two windows; a dining-room, two bedrooms, and such a kitchen, resplendent with copper. But that I'll tell you about later. All except the third bedroom, this was our place. How we looked at each other, and went back and forth through the dear six rooms (there was one great dark room), trying to make them count more than they would. I began to feel like the "fifth kitten," and think I might as well be drowned. O dear, only three out of you dear twelve will have the least idea what "fifth kitten" means; never mind, I can't help it, perhaps you can find out. Suddenly I said, "Why need we have a dining-room? We are not grand; we shall not entertain any but our own sort; we can have dinner in the parlor, and the dining-room will make a good bedroom." So it did. So it does; and L—— sleeps in it, and here we are! And now I wonder if I can tell you how the rooms look, and if you will care if I do; at any rate, it is Roman housekeeping, so you might like to know how we do it. Ah, if you would all come and do likewise! I don't believe it is in the least "as the Romans do," though; poor souls, I have a lurking doubt whether even the Dorias and the Borgheses are half as comfortable as we are. The two Romans who have come to see us go away out into the northeast corner of our little parlor to sit down, and look with dismay at our great wood-fire, and say, "O, thank you, I will sit here; we do not have fires." "I think them *exceedingly* beautiful," said Signor L——, the other day, meaning to be very polite, "but I find them very hot!" I really think he supposed we kept our fire for ornament, and endured the discomfort of the heat as the price of the pretty display. But this is not telling you about the house; only, from this you will see that we have wood-fires. Ay, that we do, in the parlor and in two of the bedrooms; mine crackles at this moment as lustily as if it were of Vermont maple, instead of little round sticks of I don't know what, but

something quite worthless and small, which I amuse myself with by building it up into cob-houses on the hearth, and then the fire trips up from side to side and in and out, like an acrobat. Well, well, now I will be exact, and describe a thing or two. You see this old Rome goes to one's head, and it is not easy to keep a steady hand.

Firstly, comes our parlor; it is cosey, and that is a rare thing here; it is long rather than square, and it has one window to the northeast and one to the east; we make much of the east window, for out of it we see such lovely red-tiled roofs and a bit of an orange-garden high up above the roofs, and a whole cypress-tree; into it comes straight sun, and that is worth solid gold, inches deep, for every inch that it covers on our carpet. We don't spread down any Cranford papers! not we! Our northeast window looks out unterrified on the Barberini Palace. There is the lovely, sad Beatrice, who will be my friend in rainy days; I have not sat with her yet, because there has been no rainy day when I dared to go out; and on the pleasant days there is always some artist or other copying her, which I should so dislike that I could not see her well. Clouds I think could not cut off so much light as one man.

At first our parlor had so much glass case and stack of flowers and marble-top table, that we did not know what to do; now it has only two marble-topped affairs, and they are covered with books; then there is a marvellous square dining-table which can be stretched into any size, and I firmly believe also into any shape; I have n't yet seen it in an octagon, but I expect to. As soon as I have learned the Italian verbs, I shall attack this table and find out how it goes. Then we have great arm-chairs, called *poltronas*; (why? for lazy cowards who shirk sitting up straight, I suppose;) and a sofa and common chairs innumerable; and all these are green and the paper is green, and the carpet is green and red. The mantel is covered with red velvet, with

a deep fringe; on it is a pretty clock under a glass case, and a shepherd and shepherdess, who hold candles. There were two china vases, big as hay-stacks, but we banished them to our art gallery in the dark room! Our parlor would delight us unqualifiedly, if it were not for the pictures. We have banished so much of the sweet Padrona's china and glass finery, that we have not the heart to ask to have all the pictures carried off; I think we shall do it ultimately, though, and are wasting our strength in this interval of martyrdom;—it is incredible till you have seen it, this profusion of awful pictures. Out of the parlor opens a bedroom, Miss C——'s; high iron bedstead, lace curtained, handsome dressing-table, wardrobe with full-length glass, bureau, etc., all marble-topped; then comes the dark room; ah, chaos itself! trunks, chairs,—there! I mean to go this minute and count the chairs in our house. There are *thirty-two*, in this tiny little house; it is very droll to see so many; only four small rooms and thirty-two chairs. I am not certain that there are not more, for I could not count those very well which were piled up in stacks in the dark room. Everything is of the nicest quality, solid woods, black-walnut or mahogany, with seats of morocco or green or crimson damask. But now I shall tell you no more about furniture, excepting of my writing-desk; this alone proves that the house was predestined for us. Miss F—— says she never saw such a thing in a Roman house before; I never sat to write at anything half so fine; solid mahogany, quite finely carved, four drawers, then a desk covered with green morocco which lets down, and reveals a shelf with a looking-glass back, and five drawers (one with a false bottom; how I pine for a secret!); then above this another drawer, and on the top, room for many of my dear books, if they ever, ever get here. This stands across one corner of my sunny little bedroom, and one window on my right hand opens on a little ledge called a balcony, and looks out on the wall

of the Quirinal. Ought I not to write to you better than I shall from such a corner as this?

Now I must tell you about our kitchen. This is, after all, the crowning glory of this wonderful little "apartment," our house. Such sun as lies in our kitchen, two windows full! and such copper as it shines on! They must have made ready for a minute prince and princess, who would give dinners to retinues of small people in the little dining-room; twelve shining copper *casserolas*, all sizes, up to big ones so big an orchard could be made into apple-sauce in them; copper jars with handles, copper basins, copper kettles, all hanging on the wall in the sun; all new, shining like mirrors; white wooden table, solid log, on legs, to pound beefsteak on; I think the log must have come from America; it is huge and looks like hickory. Ah, but the place for the fire!—I don't believe I can tell you how odd it is. Every time I go into the kitchen, I stand and look and look at it, and Marianina comes in and finds me, and looks so anxious, because she is afraid something is wrong. Imagine the biggest range you ever saw, only not a range at all, just a great stone table with an arch under it and a chimney above it; you can look right up the chimney; all the steam from things you boil goes up this big chimney. You keep the charcoal in this arch under your stone table, and you build a fire *on* your stone table, anywhere you like, and then there is a little square hole on one side, and you fill that with hot coals from your fire, and set your teakettle on them; and then you put a great gridiron above the whole of your fire, or half of your fire, and set your copper *casserolas* on the gridiron, and that is the way you cook. People who know say great and delicious dinners can be gotten up by these fires on these tables; we don't cook our dinners; they come in a tin box on a man's head, and are smoking hot when we get them; so we only try the wonderful table-cooking to make

our tea, and boil our rice, and bake our potatoes for breakfast; but we are going to stew pears, and make oatmeal pudding, and L—— and I have our eye on a surprise of a hash some morning, if we have a chopping-tray, which we have n't yet remembered to find out. I must not forget our well; that is in the kitchen too, and it has a door to it, a little square door, black like the door to an oven; and it is close to the stone table and chimney, so I said, "Of course this is the oven"; and I popped my head in, — such a stream of cold air! and a slender iron chain, and a dark, wonderful place, which did n't seem to begin or end. Then I looked up and I saw the sky; and I looked down, and way, way down, near China I should think, — or is it *you* who are at bottom now? — there was a gleam of sunshine on water; then I drew my head out, and there stood the Padrona laughing hard. How this water is carried about I do not yet understand; but there it is, ready and flowing, day and night; sun on it by day, and stars by night, and it comes from the fountain of Trevi. So we, of all people in Rome, are sure to get so spell-bound that we shall return and return, since we not only drink once, but daily of the charmed water; and not only drink it daily, but bathe in it daily! From each story in this house opens a little black door into this secret well-turret. Many times a day I hear the chain clinking up and down, as the people above draw water.

Now one thing more is really part of our house. It is on the floor above; a little open *loggia*, out-doors room, where, when it is warmer, we shall sit and study and work; this is over our parlor, so looks down on the palace, and off over the roofs; to the east and north it has a railing, and rows of geraniums and orange-trees in pots around it, and chairs more than we need. This is the best thing of all, perhaps.

Upon this upper floor live our sweet Padrona and her husband and little girl. The husband is a master-mason, and his name is Biagio Frontoni; the

Padrona is Vittoria, and the little girl who has, like two thirds of the lucky little girls in Rome, the lovely low broad brow and straight nose and curved lips on which mothers here look all their days, is called Erminia. Erminia owns four hens and a cock; and they live very happily on corn up five flights of stairs, and never go out. All the money for the eggs is Erminia's, and we are so sorry that we don't eat a great many. I take one every noon, beaten up in milk, partly for love of Erminia. Yesterday Marianina came running at eleven o'clock into the parlor, and, talking very fast, just as if I could understand her, laid one of two snow-white eggs against my cheek so that I might feel how warm it was! not more than half a minute old I should say! Then, seeing that I was so pleased with that, she darted off, and in a minute more came back with the very hen cuddled under her arm, as quiet as a kitten! The hen looked as if she must be purring. I dare say she was — in Italian, which I don't understand.

Now what remains for the housewarming, except to tell you what we have to eat? Soup, roast-beef, or lamb, or mutton, with potatoes; a chicken or a pair of pigeons, with cauliflower, or spinach, or celery; one dish of *dolci* for dessert; sometimes boiled rice, with wonderful sauce made of raspberry jelly; sometimes puffy pie, which people who eat pie would like; sometimes charlotte russe; sometimes stewed pears with raisins, *very* delicious; always four courses. This all comes in a tin box on a man's head from a restaurant, and we pay for it daily only seven francs; always there is meat enough left for our breakfast and lunch the next day. Then when we add Graham bread from the English bakery, almost as good as home-made, and butter fresh each day, a bottle of cream each morning, and oranges and apples by dozens, it is plain that we are feasting.

How much does it cost us? Ah, we don't yet know; we are a little afraid

that when we add all up at the end of the month, we shall be constrained to decide not to eat two oranges apiece at every meal any longer. But just now we don't count costs. The rent of our house, with the service of the beauty Marianina, who does all we want done in doors and out, is seventy-six scudi a month, about eighty-one dollars and fifty cents. The dinners cost us about forty-five dollars a month, — about forty-three dollars a month each, this makes, all told — and we hope to get in the wood and the oil and the bread and the butter and the cream and the oranges, etc., within twenty dollars a month more (for each). This is not very cheap living, but then it is Rome. If we had come earlier, we could have found cheaper rooms; and if it had

been last winter instead of this, everything would have been cheaper still; but if gold will only "stay put," or not get above 1.35, we shall not grumble at paying sixty-five dollars a month for such life as this. Now what will there be to tell you next month, since I have told you all this now, and I am under bonds never to write about ruins? We shall see; perhaps it will be Ostia, after all; for if we go down into those depths with Signor L——, the archæologist, who promises to take us, I think there will be something worth telling, in spite of its being *ruins*! If I do not hear regularly *each month* from you all, I shall write no more. How shall I know you care to hear? How shall I know you are alive? God bless you all. Good by.

H. H.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

VI.

I OBSERVE, my young friend, you have placed our chairs to-day where the portraits of Charles Dickens are easiest seen, and I take the hint accordingly. Those are likenesses of him from the age of twenty-eight down to the year when he passed through "the golden gate," as that wise mystic William Blake calls death. One would hardly believe these pictures represented the same man! See what a beautiful young person Maclise represents in this early likeness of the great author, and then contrast the face with that worn one in the photograph of 1869. The same man, but how different in aspect! I sometimes think, while looking at those two portraits, I must have known two individuals bearing the same name, at various periods of my own life. Let us speak to-day of the younger Dickens. How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then

famous over half the globe! He came bounding into the Tremont House, fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall, as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on first arriving at a Transatlantic hotel. "Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshipped for his genius, belted round by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new conquests of fame and honor, — surely it was a sight long to be remembered and never wholly to be forgotten. The splendor of his endowments and the personal interest he had won to himself called forth all the enthusiasm of old and young America, and I am glad to have been among the first

to witness his arrival. You ask me what was his appearance as he ran, or rather flew up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before. From top to toe every fibre of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigor, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him! He laughed all over, and did not care who heard him! He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a realm or two of fun every hour of his overflowing existence. That night impressed itself on my memory for all time, so far as I am concerned with things sublunary. It was Dickens, the true "Boz," in flesh and blood, who stood before us at last, and with my companions, three or four lads of my own age, I determined to sit up late that night. None of us then, of course, had the honor of an acquaintance with the delightful stranger, and I little thought that I should afterwards come to know him in the beaten way of friendship, and live with him day after day in years far distant; that I should ever be so near to him that he would reveal to me his joys and his sorrows, and thus that I should learn the story of his life from his own lips.

About midnight on that eventful landing, "Boz,"—everybody called him "Boz" in those days,—having finished his supper, came down into the office of the hotel, and joining the young Earl of M——, his fellow-voyager, sallied out for a first look at Boston streets. It was a stinging night, and the moon was at the full. Every object stood out sharp and glittering, and "Boz," muffled up in a shaggy fur coat, ran over the shining frozen snow, wisely keeping the middle of the street for the most part. We boys followed cautiously behind, but near enough not to lose any of the fun. Of course the two gentlemen soon lost their way on emerging into Washington from Tremont Street. Dickens kept up one continual shout of uproarious laughter

as he went rapidly forward, reading the signs on the shops, and observing the "architecture" of the new country into which he had dropped as if from the clouds. When the two arrived opposite the "Old South Church" Dickens screamed. To this day, Jack, I could never tell why. Was it, think you, because of its fancied resemblance to St. Paul's or the Abbey? I declare to you the mystery of that shout is still a mystery to me! If bell-handles had been noses during that rollicking ramble, what a quantity of Boston features would have been disturbed that night! Dickens seemed quite unable to keep his fingers off the inviting knobs that protruded from the doors as he went past, and he pulled them with such vigor that one actually came off in his hand. Up one street, down another, into alleys, through back yards, we saw the merry twain proceed. It was evident to us they had not the remotest suspicion how they were ever to find their way back to the Tremont House. Not a watchman was discoverable, and we felt it would be reserved for us to guide them back to their lodgings. About one o'clock they approached us and asked their way to the hotel. The Earl put the question to our party, and Dickens spoke never a word, but stood by beating his hands and feet for warmth, the night having grown fiercely cold. Delighted with our luck, we volunteered to pilot the lost pair to the Tremont, and only wished we had miles to walk back with them, instead of only a few blocks. When we got near the steps of the hotel, Dickens turned to one of our party, and asked, "What is the punishment in this city when a person is detected in the act of pulling off a door-bell handle?" With admirable promptness, the lad looked him knowingly in the eye, and answered, "The heaviest possible, sir; he is instantly deprived of his Pickwick!" Little did Dickens dream when he addressed us that the "sweet wag" was known, and that we might have shouted, "D'ye think we did n't know ye? We knew ye as well as he that made ye!" Years

afterwards, when I recalled the incidents of that night to Dickens, he remembered them all most clearly and vividly, for his was a brain that had no leaks in it.

The great event of Boz's first visit to Boston was the dinner of welcome tendered to him by the young men of the city. It is idle to attempt much talk about the banquet given on that Monday night in February, twenty-nine years ago. Papanti's Hall (where you learned to dance, under the guidance of that master of legs, now happily still among us and pursuing the same highly useful calling which he practised in 1842) was the scene of that festivity. It was a glorious episode in all our lives, and whoever was not there has suffered a loss not easy to estimate. We younger members of that dinner-party sat in the seventh heaven of happiness, and were translated into other spheres. Your uncle (accidentally of course) had a seat just in front of the honored guest; saw him take a pinch of snuff out of Washington Allston's box, and heard him joke with old President Quincy. Was there ever such a night before in our staid city? Did ever mortal preside with such felicitous success as did Mr. Quincy, Jr.? How he went on with his delicious compliments to our guest! How he revelled in quotations from "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" and "The Curiosity Shop"! And how admirably he closed his speech of welcome, calling up the young author amid a perfect volley of applause! "Health, Happiness, and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens." I can see and hear Mr. Quincy now, as he spoke the words. Were ever heard such cheers before? And when Dickens stood up at last to answer for himself, so fresh and so handsome, with his beautiful eyes moist with feeling, and his whole frame aglow with excitement, how we did hurrah, we young fellows! Trust me, it *was* a great night; and we must have made a mighty noise at our end of the table, for I remember frequent messages came down to us from the "chair," begging

that we would hold up a little and moderate if possible the rapture of our applause.

After Dickens left Boston, he went on his American travels, gathering up materials, as he journeyed, for his "American Notes." He was accompanied as far as New York by a very dear friend, to whom he afterwards addressed several most interesting letters. For that friend he always had the warmest enthusiasm; and when he came the second time to America, there was no one of his old companions whom he missed more. I do not think we can spend the time better while we are together to-day, than by reading some of these letters written by Dickens nearly thirty years ago. The friend to whom they were addressed was also an intimate and dear associate of mine, and his children have kindly placed at my disposal the whole correspondence. Here is the first letter, time-stained, but preserved with religious care.

FULLER'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON,
Monday, March 14, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: I was more delighted than I can possibly tell you to receive (last Saturday night) your welcome letter. We, and the oysters, missed you terribly in New York. You carried away with you more than half the delight and pleasure of my New World; and I heartily wish you could bring it back again.

There are very interesting men in this place, — highly interesting, of course, — but it's not a comfortable place; is it? If spittle could wait at table we should be nobly attended, but as that property has not been imparted to in the present state of mechanical science, we are rather lonely and orphan-like, in respect of "being looked arter." A blithe black was introduced on our arrival, as our peculiar and especial attendant. He is the only gentleman in the town who has a peculiar delicacy in intruding upon my valuable time. It usually takes seven rings and a threatening message from — to produce him; and when he comes he goes

to fetch something, and, forgetting it by the way, comes back no more.

We have been in great distress, really in distress, at the non-arrival of the *Caledonia*. You may conceive what our joy was, when, while we were dining out yesterday, H. arrived with the joyful intelligence of her safety. The very news of her having really arrived seemed to diminish the distance between ourselves and home, by one half at least.

And this morning (though we have not yet received our heap of despatches, for which we are looking eagerly forward to this night's mail), — this morning there reached us unexpectedly, through the government bag (Heaven knows how they came there), two of our many and long-looked-for letters, wherein was a circumstantial account of the whole conduct and behavior of our pets; with marvellous narrations of Charley's precocity at a Twelfth Night juvenile party at Macready's; and tremendous predictions of the government, dimly suggesting his having got out of pot-hooks and hangers, and darkly insinuating the possibility of his writing us a letter before long; and many other workings of the same prophetic spirit, in reference to him and his sisters, very gladdening to their mother's heart, and not at all depressing to their father's. There was also the doctor's report, which was a clean bill; and the nurse's report, which was perfectly electrifying; showing as it did how Master Walter had been weaned, and had cut a double tooth, and done many other extraordinary things, quite worthy of his high descent. In short, we were made very happy and grateful; and felt as if the prodigal father and mother had got home again.

What do you think of this incendiary card being left at my door last night? "General G. sends compliments to Mr. Dickens, and called with two literary ladies. As the two L. L.'s are ambitious of the honor of a personal introduction to Mr. D., General G. requests the honor of an appointment for to-morrow." I draw a veil

over my sufferings. They are sacred.

We have altered our route, and don't mean to go to Charleston, for I want to see the West, and have taken it into my head that as I am not obliged to go to Charleston, and don't exactly know why I should go there, I need do no violence to my own inclinations. My route is of Mr. Clay's designing, and I think it a very good one. We go on Wednesday night to Richmond in Virginia. On Monday we return to Baltimore for two days. On Thursday morning we start for Pittsburg, and so go by the Ohio to Cincinnati, Louisville, Kentucky, Lexington, St. Louis; and either down the Lakes to Buffalo, or back to Philadelphia, and by New York to that place, where we shall stay a week, and then make a hasty trip into Canada. We shall be in Buffalo, please Heaven, on the 30th of April. If I don't find a letter from you in the care of the postmaster at that place, I'll never write to you from England.

But if I *do* find one, my right hand shall forget its cunning, before I forget to be your truthful and constant correspondent; not, dear Felton, because I promised it, nor because I have a natural tendency to correspond (which is far from being the case), nor because I am truly grateful to you for, and have been made truly proud by, that affectionate and elegant tribute which — sent me, but because you are a man after my own heart, and I love you *well*. And for the love I bear you, and the pleasure with which I shall always think of you, and the glow I shall feel when I see your handwriting in my own home, I hereby enter into a solemn league and covenant to write as many letters to you as you write to me, at least. Amen.

Come to England! Come to England! Our oysters are small I know: they are said by Americans to be copy, but our hearts are of the largest size. We are thought to excel in shrimps, to be far from despicable in point of lobsters, and in periwinkles

are considered to challenge the universe. Our oysters, small though they be, are not devoid of the refreshing influence which that species of fish is supposed to exercise in these latitudes. Try them and compare.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

His next letter is dated from Niagara, and I know you will relish his allusion to oysters with wet feet, and his reference to the squeezing of a Quaker.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS,
29th April, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: Before I go any farther, let me explain to you what these great enclosures portend, lest—supposing them part and parcel of my letter, and asking to be read—you shall fall into fits, from which recovery might be doubtful.

They are, as you will see, four copies of the same thing. The nature of the document you will discover at a glance. As I hoped and believed, the best of the British brotherhood took fire at my being attacked because I spoke my mind and theirs on the subject of an international copyright; and with all good speed and hearty private letters, transmitted to me this small parcel of gauntlets for immediate casting down.

Now, my first idea was, publicity being the object, to send one copy to you for a Boston newspaper, another to Bryant for his paper, a third to the New York Herald (because of its large circulation), and a fourth to a highly respectable journal at Washington (the property of a gentleman, and a fine fellow named Seaton, whom I knew there), which I think is called *The Intelligencer*. Then the Knickerbocker stepped into my mind, and then it occurred to me that possibly the North American Review might be the best organ after all, because indisputably the most respectable and honorable, and the most concerned in the rights of literature.

Whether to limit its publication to one journal, or to extend it to several,

is a question so very difficult of decision to a stranger, that I have finally resolved to send these papers to you, and ask you (mindful of the conversation we had on this head one day, in that renowned oyster cellar) to resolve the point for me. You need feel no weighty sense of responsibility, my dear Felton, for whatever you do is *sure* to please me. If you see Sumner, take him into our councils. The only two things to be borne in mind are, first, that if they be published in several quarters, they must be published in all *simultaneously*; secondly, that I hold them in trust, to put them before the people.

I fear this is imposing a heavy tax upon your friendship; and I don't fear it the less, by reason of being well assured that it is one you will most readily pay. I shall be in Montreal about the 11th of May. Will you write to me there, to the care of the Earl of Mulgrave, and tell me what you have done?

So much for that. Business first, pleasure afterwards, as King Richard the Third said when he stabbed the tother king in the Tower, afore he murdered the babbies.

I have long suspected that oysters have a rheumatic tendency. Their feet are always wet; and so much damp company in a man's inside cannot contribute to his peace. But whatever the cause of your indisposition, we are truly grieved and pained to hear of it, and should be more so, but that we hope from your account of that farewell dinner, that you are all right again. I *did* receive Longfellow's note. Sumner I have not yet heard from; for which reason I am constantly bringing telescopes to bear on the ferry-boat, in hopes to see him coming over, accompanied by a modest port-manteau.

To say anything about this wonderful place would be sheer nonsense. It far exceeds my most sanguine expectations, though the impression on my mind has been, from the first, nothing but beauty and peace. I have n't drunk the water. Bearing in mind your caution, I have devoted myself to

beer, whereof there is an exceedingly pretty fall in this house.

One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England, I would certainly have gone into mourning for the loss of such a glorious life. His brother is not expected to survive him. I am told that it appears from a memorandum found among the papers of the deceased, that in his lifetime he gave away in charity £600,000, or three millions of dollars!

What do you say to my *acting* at the Montreal Theatre? I am an old hand at such matters, and am going to join the officers of the garrison in a public representation for the benefit of a local charity. We shall have a good house, they say. I am going to enact one Mr. Snobington in a funny farce called *A Good Night's Rest*. I shall want a flaxen wig and eyebrows; and my nightly rest is broken by visions of there being no such commodities in Canada. I wake in the dead of night in a cold perspiration, surrounded by imaginary barbers, all denying the existence or possibility of obtaining such articles. If — had a flaxen head, I would certainly have it shaved, and get a wig and eyebrows out of him, for a small pecuniary compensation.

By the by, if you could only have seen the man at Harrisburg, crushing a friendly Quaker in the parlor door! It was the greatest sight I ever saw. I had told him not to admit anybody whatever, forgetting that I had previously given this honest Quaker a special invitation to come. The Quaker would not be denied, and H. was stanch. When I came upon them, the Quaker was black in the face, and H. was administering the final squeeze. The Quaker was still rubbing his waistcoat with an expression of acute inward suffering, when I left the town. I have been looking for his death in the newspapers almost daily.

Do you know one General G.? He is a weazen-faced warrior, and in his dotage. I had him for a fellow-passenger on board a steamboat. I had also

a statistical colonel with me, outside the coach from Cincinnati to Columbus. A New England poet buzzed about me on the Ohio, like a gigantic bee. A mesmeric doctor, of an impossibly great age, gave me pamphlets at Louisville. I have suffered much, very much.

If I could get beyond New York to see anybody, it would be (as you know) to see *you*. But I do not expect to reach the "Carlton" until the last day of May, and then we are going with the Coldens somewhere on the banks of the North River for a couple of days. So you see we shall not have much leisure for our voyaging preparations.

You and Dr. Howe (to whom my love) MUST come to New York. On the 6th of June, you must engage yourselves to dine with us at the "Carlton"; and if we don't make a merry evening of it, the fault shall not be in us.

Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Felton and your little daughter, and I am always, my dear Felton,

Affectionately your friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

P. S. I saw a good deal of Walker at Cincinnati. I like him very much. We took to him mightily at first, because he resembled you in face and figure, we thought. You will be glad to hear that our news from home is cheering from first to last, all well, happy, and loving. My friend Forster says in his last letter that he "wants to know you," and looks forward to Long-fellow.

When Dickens arrived in Montreal he had, it seems, a busy time of it, and I have often heard of his capital acting in private theatricals while in that city.

MONTREAL,
Saturday, 21st May, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: — I was delighted to receive your letter yesterday, and was well pleased with its contents. I anticipated objection to Carlyle's letter. I called particular attention to it for three reasons. Firstly, because he boldly *said* what all the others *think*,

and therefore deserved to be manfully supported. Secondly, because it is my deliberate opinion that I have been assailed on this subject in a manner in which no man with any pretensions to public respect or with the remotest right to express an opinion on a subject of universal literary interest would be assailed in any other country.

I really cannot sufficiently thank you, dear Felton, for your warm and hearty interest in these proceedings. But it would be idle to pursue that theme, so let it pass.

The wig and whiskers are in a state of the highest preservation. The play comes off next Wednesday night, the 25th. What would I give to see you in the front row of the centre box, your spectacles gleaming not unlike those of my dear friend Pickwick, your face radiant with as broad a grin as a staid professor may indulge in, and your very coat, waistcoat, and shoulders expressive of what we should take together when the performance was over! I would give something (not so much, but still a good round sum) if you could only stumble into that very dark and dusty theatre in the daytime (at any minute between twelve and three), and see me with my coat off, the stage manager and universal director, urging impracticable ladies and impossible gentlemen on to the very confines of insanity, shouting and driving about, in my own person, to an extent which would justify any philanthropic stranger in clapping me into a strait-waistcoat without further inquiry, endeavoring to goad H. into some dim and faint understanding of a prompter's duties, and struggling in such a vortex of noise, dirt, bustle, confusion, and inextricable entanglement of speech and action as you would grow giddy in contemplating. We perform *A Roland for an Oliver*, *A Good Night's Rest*, and *Deaf as a Post*. This kind of voluntary hard labor used to be my great delight. The *furor* has come strong upon me again, and I begin to be once more of opinion that nature intended me for the lessee of a national

theatre, and that pen, ink, and paper have spoiled a manager.

O, how I look forward across that rolling water to home and its small tepantry! How I busy myself in thinking how my books look, and where the tables are; and in what positions the chairs stand relatively to the other furniture; and whether we shall get there in the night, or in the morning, or in the afternoon; and whether we shall be able to surprise them, or whether they will be too sharply looking out for us; and what our pets will say; and how they'll look; and who will be the first to come and shake hands, and so forth! If I could but tell you how I have set my heart on rushing into Forster's study (he is my great friend, and writes at the bottom of all his letters, "My love to Felton"), and into Maclise's painting-room, and into Macready's managerial ditto, without a moment's warning, and how I picture every little trait and circumstance of our arrival to myself, down to the very color of the bow on the cook's cap, you would almost think I had changed places with my eldest son, and was still in pantaloons of the thinnest texture. I left all these things — God only knows what a love I have for them — as coolly and calmly as any animated cucumber; but when I come upon them again I shall have lost all power of self-restraint, and shall as certainly make a fool of myself (in the popular meaning of that expression) as ever Grimaldi did in his way, or George III. in his.

And not the less so, dear Felton, for having found some warm hearts, and left some instalments of earnest and sincere affection, behind me on this continent. And whenever I turn my mental telescope hitherward, trust me that one of the first figures it will descry will wear spectacles so like yours that the maker could n't tell the difference, and shall address a Greek class in such an exact imitation of your voice, that the very students hearing it should cry, "That's he! Three cheers. Hooray-ay-ay-ay!"

About those joints of yours, I think you are mistaken. They *can't* be stiff. At the worst they merely want the air of New York, which, being impregnated with the flavor of last year's oysters, has a surprising effect in rendering the human frame supple and flexible in all cases of rust.

A terrible idea occurred to me as I wrote those words. The oyster-cellars, — what do they do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended there? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster-openers, — what do *they* do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboard doors and hermetically sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season. Who knows?

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dickens always greatly rejoiced in the theatre; and, having seen him act with the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art, I can well imagine the delight his impersonations in *Montreal* must have occasioned. I have seen him play Sir Charles Coldstream, in the comedy of *Used Up*, with such perfection that all other performers in the same part have seemed dull by comparison. Even Matthews, superb artist as he is, could not rival Dickens in the character of Sir Charles. Once I saw Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Wilkie Collins on the stage together. The play was called *Mrs. Nightingale's Diary* (a farce in one act, the joint production of Dickens and Mark Lemon), and Dickens played six characters in the piece. Never have I seen such wonderful changes of face and form as he gave us that night. He was alternately a rattling lawyer of the Middle Temple, a boots, an eccentric pedestrian and cold-water drinker, a deaf sexton, an invalid captain, and an old woman. What fun it was, to be sure, and how we roared over the performance! Here is the playbill which I held in my hand nine-

teen years ago, while the great writer was proving himself to be as pre-eminent an actor as he was an author. You will see by reading the bill that Dickens was manager of the company, and that it was under his direction that the plays were produced. See the clear evidence of his hand in the very wording of the bill: —

"On Wednesday evening, September 1, 1852,

"THE AMATEUR COMPANY

OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART;

To encourage Life Assurance and other Provident Habits among Authors and Artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honorable rest from arduous labors shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties;

"Will have the honor of presenting," etc., etc.

But let us go on with the letters. Here is the first one to his friend after Dickens arrived home again in England. It is delightful, through and through.

LONDON, 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK, Sunday, July 31, 1852.

MY DEAR FELTON: — Of all the monstrous and incalculable amount of occupation that ever beset one unfortunate man, mine has been the most stupendous since I came home. The dinners I have had to eat, the places I have had to go to, the letters I have had to answer, the sea of business and of pleasure in which I have been plunged, not even the genius of an — or the pen of a — could describe.

Wherefore I indite a monstrously short and wildly uninteresting epistle to the American Dando; but perhaps you don't know who Dando was. He was an oyster-eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster-shops, with-

out a farthing of money, and stand at the counter eating natives, until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered backward, struck his white forehead with his open hand, and cried, "You are Dando!!!" He has been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting, and would have eaten forty, if the truth had not flashed upon the shopkeeper. For these offences he was constantly committed to the House of Correction. During his last imprisonment he was taken ill, got worse and worse, and at last began knocking violent double-knocks at Death's door. The doctor stood beside his bed, with his fingers on his pulse. "He is going," says the doctor. "I see it in his eye. There is only one thing that would keep life in him for another hour, and that is — oysters." They were immediately brought. Dando swallowed eight, and feebly took a ninth. He held it in his mouth and looked round the bed strangely. "Not a bad one, is it?" says the doctor. The patient shook his head, rubbed his trembling hand upon his stomach, bolted the oyster, and fell back — dead. They buried him in the prison yard, and paved his grave with oyster-shells.

We are all well and hearty, and have already begun to wonder what time next year you and Mrs. Felton and Dr. Howe will come across the briny sea together. To-morrow we go to the seaside for two months. I am looking out for news of Longfellow, and shall be delighted when I know that he is on his way to London and this house.

I am bent upon striking at the piratical newspapers with the sharpest edge I can put upon my small axe, and hope in the next session of Parliament to stop their entrance into Canada. For the first time within the memory of man, the professors of English literature seem disposed to act together on this question. It is a good thing to aggravate a scoundrel, if one can do nothing else, and I think we *can* make them smart a little in this way. . . .

I wish you had been at Greenwich

the other day, where a party of friends gave me a private dinner; public ones I have refused. C. was perfectly wild at the reunion, and, after singing all manner of marine songs, wound up the entertainment by coming home (six miles) in a little open phaeton of mine, *on his head*, to the mingled delight and indignation of the metropolitan police. We were very jovial indeed; and I assure you that I drank your health with fearful vigor and energy.

On board that ship coming home I established a club, called the United Vagabonds, to the large amusement of the rest of the passengers. This holy brotherhood committed all kinds of absurdities, and dined always, with a variety of solemn forms, at one end of the table, below the mast, away from all the rest. The captain being ill when we were three or four days out, I produced my medicine-chest and recovered him. We had a few more sick men after that, and I went round "the wards" every day in great state, accompanied by two Vagabonds, habited as Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, bearing enormous rolls of plaster and huge pairs of scissors. We were really very merry all the way, breakfasted in one party at Liverpool, shook hands, and parted most cordially. . . .

Affectionately

Your faithful friend,

C. D.

P. S. I have looked over my journal, and have decided to produce my American trip in two volumes. I have written about half the first since I came home, and hope to be out in October. This is "exclusive news," to be communicated to any friends to whom you may like to intrust it, my dear F.

What a capital epistolary pen Dickens held! He seems never to have written the shortest note without something piquant in it; and when he attempted a *letter*, he always made it entertaining from sheer force of habit. Let us read another batch of his charming missives next month.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Second Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. January, 1871. Boston.

THIS Report contains the results of special investigations made under direction of the Board of Health, and it abounds in matter interesting to the general reader, and worthy of careful study by the medical profession.

Probably the most attractive paper in the Report is that of the president describing his walk at night among the homes of the poor in London and Boston, and contrasting the condition of the two cities in this respect, — not always to our advantage. The president also contributes a very able and entertaining article on the question of sewerage, and the utilization of the refuse of cities.

The inquiries as to the use of leaden water-pipes confirm the commonly received opinion that the safe or unsafe use of such conduits depends upon the kind of water supplied, and this can be determined by experiment only. The water from Lake Cochituate has been supplied through leaden service-pipes for more than twenty years, without, so far as known, developing any new disease or modifying any old one; it may, therefore, be considered safe; and yet this water contains to the U. S. gallon two or three hundredths of a grain of lead derived from the service-pipes or the leaden joinings of the mains. The animal system has the power, within certain limits, of adaptation to slight modifications in the surrounding physical agents, by which they become as it were normal. Otherwise air and water, which contain a little of almost everything, would be poisonous. Fears are sometimes entertained lest the solder of tinned iron cooking utensils should prove poisonous, but the solder is an alloy of tin and lead, and is almost insoluble even in acidulated water. The use of zinc or "galvanized iron" water-pipes is alluded to, and the opinion given, — a correct one, we think, — that under ordinary circumstances they are safe. The carbonate of zinc, the condition in which the metal is usually found, in drinking-water, is a gentle tonic.

The *trichina*, or pork disease, has been

discovered in two localities in the State. Its effects upon the muscular system are described; they are the same that have been observed elsewhere. In one case the disease came from eating dried fresh pork insufficiently cooked, in the other from eating smoked ham cut in thin slices *raw*. There seems hardly any excuse for the disease in those who know that it is fully demonstrated that the parasite producing all the trouble cannot exist after being subjected to a boiling heat, or even fifty degrees less.

The article on Health of Towns brings out the important fact that consumption and diseases of the respiratory organs are more than twice as frequent as all other diseases noted. Another important fact is noticed; four hundred and eighty-seven fatal cases of cholera infantum occurred in Suffolk County, while outside the city limits in an equal population the number of deaths was one hundred. The same proportion holds with regard to other bowel complaints of children, — a most decided indication of the advantage of a country summer residence for young children, even after making allowance for the fact that the above numbers must have contained the deaths among the very poor.

The article on Typhoid Fever is one of the most interesting in the Report. The facts collected (page 167) do not lend much support to the theory that it is caused by the water ordinarily supplied from wells, — a theory strongly urged by some European hygienists. The city of Boston, for the past twenty years, has been supplied with water from a pure source more than twenty miles distant, and yet the number of cases of fever is not materially less than when it was supplied by thousands of wells within the city limits, exposed, many of them, to contaminations which are supposed to be most potent causes of disease. Nor, indeed, has the vast improvement in sewerage consequent upon the introduction of a plentiful supply of water produced a marked effect upon the frequency or severity of the disease. The observation that fever is most rife when the water in the wells is low has certainly been repeated during the past autumn. The surface of the country has seldom been so dry, or the water in the wells so low, or an epi-

demic of typhoid fever so wide-spread in New England, as during the autumn of 1870.

Facts concerning the effects of intoxicating drinks are sought from one hundred and sixty-four correspondents. The answers, as may be supposed, are rather contradictory. In the midst of all these contradictions we shall not be far from the truth if we assume that, as a beverage, alcoholic stimulants to the young and middle-aged are worse than useless; they are fraught with danger; to the old they are valuable helps; and as a remedy in disease they are so important that the art of medicine without them would be halt and maimed.

The chapter on Ventilation of School-houses contains a short description of the causes of the vitiation of the air in occupied rooms; the quantity of fresh air required for removing such vitiation is assumed to be fifteen or twenty cubic feet for each individual a minute. The ways of producing the required change of air are then considered. One of these, the *vacuum* method, is thus explained, page 375: "A volume of air heated from the freezing-point to the boiling-point of water (barometer at 30 in.), expands .375 [according to Rudberg and Regnault more accurately .366], or about three eighths of its volume, or .002 for each degree of Fahr. (*Gay-Lussac's law*." The following is given as an example of the method of calculating the expansion of air: "If the temperature of the air in a school-room is 20° higher than that of the exterior air, its volume has been increased .002 \times 20 = .04 or $\frac{1}{25}$; consequently it is lighter than the exterior air, and tends to rise." This answer is not exact (though perhaps sufficiently so for this purpose), except when the exterior air is at 32° and the interior air at 52°, because air expands .002 of its volume for each degree of Fahr. *only when that volume is taken at 32°*. The air thus expanded is pressed upward through the proper ducts by the colder and heavier air from without. It is recommended that the vitiated air should leave the room at the floor. This we think objectionable. The expired air is usually 25° warmer than the air of the room, and the products of combustion from lights still warmer; they therefore rise and must be forced downwards by a current of air with a velocity often objectionable, even if it did not require a constant moving power without which all ventilation in this direction at once ceases. In the British Houses of Par-

liament, — perhaps the best ventilated buildings in the world, — after experiments extending through many years, the opposite or upward plan has been adopted as both better and more economical. In the Massachusetts State House downward ventilation is used, but it can hardly be deemed a success. New determinations have been made of the amount of carbonic acid in the air in the country, in the city, and in various halls and school-rooms with the following results. In Boston in the *spring*, there were three hundred and eighty-five parts of carbonic acid in a million; in Cambridge in *winter*, three hundred and thirty-seven parts of carbonic acid in a million; in the school-rooms the highest was nineteen hundred and ninety-three and the lowest seven hundred and seventy-three parts in a million. Mr. Stodder's microscopic examination of dust shows some of the difficulties in the way of those who investigate the "germ theory of disease" and of those who are studying "spontaneous generation," and mistaking the so-called brownian movements for evidences of animal life.

As many of the statistics set forth in the Report have been obtained from the replies to circulars sent to persons in various places, it is quite important that the questions should be clearly stated. Question No. 1, page 118, reads thus: "Have you observed a difference in the prevalence of this disease [typhoid fever] between houses supplied with water from wells about the premises, and houses supplied with water conveyed from springs or from ponds of unquestionable purity?" To this twenty-three reply "Yes," but whether the difference is in favor of water from the wells or springs is not stated; and yet this we suppose to be the pith of the question.

A Woman's Poems. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE author has well named this collection of delicate and graceful verses; for they are thoroughly feminine in thought and expression, in subject and treatment. Many of them are a mother's poetization of her children's life and talk; others are poems of sentiment, in which the faith and fear of a woman's passion speaks; others yet are somewhat mystical pictures of the outlying gloom with which the happiest lives love to contrast themselves; but all are womanly. We like them so well for what

they are, that we shall be far from making it a cause of offence in the author that she has not written like a man. It appears to us that the only quality which it is worth while for women to contribute to literature is precisely this feminine quality.

In whatever women write there is apt to be feeling enough, but in what Mrs. Piatt writes there is thought, too; not always the strongest or greatest, and sometimes rather too closely veiled, but thought nevertheless, and uttered in a manner quite her own, which last is a negative virtue so rare that it has almost a positive value nowadays. Almost any of the poems would serve in proof of all this, and we shall quote what we like rather than what is most illustrative of our opinion. Our readers have already, in fact, seen some of these pieces, and will remember a poem called "To-day," as having all the charm of fine feeling and thought:—

"Ah, real thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay.
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday!"

Here is also something quite as characteristic as "To-day," in its subtle sadness, and in its dim portrayal of a fear that it would not be tolerable to have shown more sharply:—

"HER LAST GIFT.

"Come here. I know while it was May
My mouth was your most precious rose,
My eyes your violets, as you say.
Fair words, as old as Love, are those.

"I gave my flowers while they were sweet,
And sweetly you have kept them, all
Through my slow Summer's great last heat
Into the lonely mist of Fall.

"Once more I give them. Put them by,
Back in your memory's faded years,—
Yet look at them, sometimes; and try,
Sometimes, to kiss them through your tears.

"I've dimly known, afraid to know,
That you should have new flowers to wear;
Well, buds of rose and violets blow
Before you in the unfolding air.

"So take from other hands, I pray,
Such gifts of flowers as mine once gave:
I go into the dust, since they
Can only blossom from my grave."

Perhaps it is needless to insist upon the womanliness of the sentiment here: all can see how very tender and delicate it is. In this that follows is the very rapture of motherly fondness and reluctance, with some sense finer yet for which there is no word:—

"LAST WORDS.

"OVER A LITTLE BED AT NIGHT.

"Good-night, pretty sleepers of mine,—
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

"In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
With the wild-bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

"Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear-drops. Good-
by!

"With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair,—
But older than yours are, by hours!

"Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine,
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!"

All the poems which sketch in a light dramatic way the life of mother and children are very lovely, and we should not know where to find greater truth of the kind than they show. One of the best among them is "Questions of the Hour," which is too long for us to repeat here. Some of them are lit with thought not sadder perhaps than always lies at the heart of absorbing love, but which seems to have too frequent expression; others are merely simple and charming scenes, and reproductions of childhood's quaintness. They are, on the whole, we think, the best pieces in the book,—the studies careful, and the meaning natural and unlabored. They are not more womanly, however, than other poems, in which the maternal sentiment does not mingle. Here, for example, is something perfectly feminine, which we hope is also saying it is beautiful:—

"THE FANCY BALL.

"As Morning you'd have me rise
On that shining world of art:
You forget: I have too much dark in my eyes—
And too much dark in my heart.

"Then go as the Night—in June:
Pass, dreamily, by the crowd,
With jewels to mock the stars and the moon,
And shadowy robes like cloud.

"Or, as Spring, with a spray in your hair
Of blossoms as yet unblown;
It will suit you well, for your youth should wear
The bloom in the bud alone.

"Or drift from the outer gloom
With the soft white silence of Snow".
I should melt myself with the warm, close room—
Or my own life's burning. No.

"Then fly through the glitter and mirth
As a Bird of Paradise":
Nay, the waters I drink have touch'd the earth;
I breathe no summer of spice.

"Then—" Hush: if I go at all,
(It will make them stare and shrink,
It will look so strange at a Fancy Ball,
I will go as — Myself, I think!"

The longest piece is "The Brother's Hand," a story of our own modern life, told with strength and clearness, and turning upon one of many tragical possibilities of the war. It is effectively managed throughout, and it has passages of peculiar beauty and power.

We believe that this is Mrs. Piatt's first volume, though she has heretofore published a book with her husband, Mr. J. J. Piatt, and she is well known to the readers of magazines and newspapers. We think of no woman poet in America who equals her in authenticity of touch, and none surpasses her in certain subtle graces which we hope have been discerned in the poems we have quoted from her book. To be perfectly honest, we must own that we have given poems which are less than others disfigured by a vagueness that often wavers into obscurity; and since these are avowedly "A Woman's Poems," we need not withhold the fact that they have their affectations; still, they are true poems, to be valued for their pure, good, natural feeling, and their excellent art.

Voltaire. Von D. F. STRAUSS. Leipzig. 1870.

Aus Russlands Vergangenheit (Sketches from the Early History of Russia). Von DR. WILHELM PIERSON. Leipzig. 1870.

Hegel. Von DR. KARL KÖSTLIN. Tübingen. 1870.

Nahes und Fernes (Far and Near). Von F. W. HACKLÄNDER. Stuttgart. 1870.

Vollständige Geschichte des deutsch-französischen Krieges von 1870 (Complete History of the German-French War of 1870). Vom GRAFEN HOHENTHAL. Leipzig. 1870.

STRAUSS'S *Voltaire* is a reprint of six lectures, which all readers can be glad to have an opportunity to read. Strauss is best known as the author of the *Life of Jesus*, so we may be sure of finding this book free from bigotry. On the other hand, the author is cool enough and the

time is calm enough to permit the publication of a work which can rest simply on its literary qualities, and needs no fanaticism of disbelief to make it famous. In execution the book deserves the warmest praise. It is a difficult task, in so small a compass, to treat of a man whose work was so various, whose character was so complex, and whose influence was so far-reaching as Voltaire's; but the author manages to leave upon us a very complete impression of his subject, without undue attention to any single one of its many attractive qualities. A less careful writer might have been misled into an exaggerated consideration of Voltaire's wit, or his relation to Christianity; but Strauss has held himself continually in check, and the result is a valuable as well as interesting book. Strauss does not attempt to conceal Voltaire's many personal faults, — his timidity, irritability, and a certain carelessness about the truth, — but he claims for him sincerity in that work which has made him really great, namely, his hatred of superstition. That is the point which concerns posterity, because it affects posterity; his irritability was the business of those alone who had to live with him. And in respect to his sincerity, even those most opposed to Voltaire will agree to our author's estimate, and by reading this book they may learn that all the truth is not told by those who so warmly assail him.

His life may be crudely considered as a double one: during the first half he was a poet, during the last a philosopher; but his wit knew no such division. It is interesting to notice the liberality of his mind towards English models, as shown by his enthusiasm for Shakespeare, although so soon obscured, and his admiration of English freedom at a time when such liberality of opinion was almost unheard of. In that respect he was more modern than many of us. Another great advantage — it can scarcely be called a merit — was the length of his life with undecayed mental faculties. If he had died at sixty, although he had won a place in France which would have made him immortal there, upon the world at large his influence would have been very slight in comparison with what it is at present. It is from what he did after that age that he is known to us. He abandoned France, with its sensitive court and bigoted religion, and Germany, where his own disposition prevented him from staying, and on the Lake of Geneva fought the cause of toleration.

Of this sort of after-life, — as if he had received the privilege of beginning again where others leave off, with all the rich experience of his sixty years and a reputation already made, — Strauss gives us an excellent description.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is the fifth, an exceedingly lucid and temperate exposition of Voltaire's philosophy. We have here the best of both Voltaire and Strauss. Appended to the book are some translations of his writings upon religion, and his charming letters in the original French about his ward Marie Corneille, perhaps the most pleasing chapter in his private life, and one we especially recommend to all who hold him but little better than the Fiend incarnate.

Aus Russlands Vergangenheit is an entertaining collection of sketches of the early history of Russia by Dr. William Pierson, who, if we are not mistaken, is a professor in one of the schools of Berlin. He begins with an account of the early Scythians, a race of savages who scalped their foes and slew their king, Anacharsis, who tried to civilize them offhand, and finally succumbed to the Sarmatians. These were themselves succeeded by the Scandinavian Ruriks, in about the fifth century after Christ. They, a warlike race, held their power until 1598. Soon after their appearance they attacked Constantinople, and with success. The emperor, Leo, was obliged to pay them tribute and support the Russian Ambassador. By this intercourse with the Church the Russians became Christians. In the year 957 Olga, the widow of the Grand Duke Igor, was baptized Helena, and was made a saint by the Greek Church. Her grandson Vladimir adopted the same religion, and was baptized in the year 988. He, as ruler of all the Russians, commanded his people to break their idols and become Christians. They, with the disposition for obedience which seems to characterize that race, all obeyed, broke their idols, and in tears went to the rivers and were baptized. So great was their number that sometimes, as among the Lithuanians somewhat later, the inhabitants of one village being baptized together were all called Peter, in another Paul, etc. In spite of this docility, paganism seems to have held out among the Russians until a late date; until the sixth century the worship of the snake endured, and even within a few years there have appeared religious ceremonies

that appear to refer to ancient and mysterious heathen rites.

In the year 1224 came the Tartars, under the orders of Gengis Kahn. They were known as the Golden Horde, and by their numbers and their traditional cruelty conquered the always subservient Russians. Their power was not wholly destroyed until 1778. The two races became allied by intermarriages. Hence we see so sharply defined the peculiarities of both combined in the Russian of the present day. A Pole, if asked about the Russians, will say: "A Russian is a Tartar, and a Tartar is an inferior being of medium height, a broad face, flat nose, small eyes, and black hair, who prefers to eat his soap instead of washing himself with it, who does not cook his beefsteaks, but rides them raw beneath the saddle, and drinks his tea with sheep's blood instead of sugar and cream." Still, the opinion of a Pole about a Russian is apt to be soured by prejudice. A long chapter is devoted to a description of the country in the sixteenth century, and especially of Ivan IV., called Ivan the Terrible. He once, however, met his match. In Pepys's Diary, under the date of September 5, 1662, we find the following anecdote: "And among other discourse, some was of Sir Jerom Bowes, Ambassador from Queene Elizabeth to the Emperor of Russia; who, because some of the noblemen there would go up stairs to the Emperor before him, he would not go up till the Emperor had ordered those two men to be dragged down stairs, with their heads knocking upon every stair till they were killed. And when he was come up, they demanded his sword of him before he entered the room. He told them if they would have his sword they should have his boots too. And so caused his boots to be pulled off, and his nightgown and nightcap and slippers to be sent for, and made the Emperor stay till he could go in his nightdress, since he might not go as a soldier. And lastly, when the Emperor in contempt, to show his command of his subjects, did command one to leap from the window down, and broke his neck in the sight of our ambassador, he replied that his mistress did set more by and did make better use of the necks of her subjects; but said that, to show what her subjects would do for her, he would, and did, fling down his gauntlet before the Emperor, and challenged all the nobility there to take it up in defence of the Emperor against his Queene; for which, at

this very day, the name of Sir Jerom Bowes is famous and honored there." This, probably, only increased the desire of the Czar to marry Queen Elizabeth. When she refused him, he tried to persuade Lady Hastings to share his throne with him, but with equal ill-success.

There are fearful tales told of his cruelty. This account of his death is very characteristic: "Being terrified by a comet in the year 1584, he sent for the most famous astronomers and physicians from all parts of the Empire, and for sorcerers from Lapland. They came, sixty in number, to Moscow to foretell the issue of his illness. They prophesied his death for the 18th of March. For this he sent them to the stake. But his illness grew rapidly worse, and at the same time his penitence increased. After arranging his house and making his peace with Heaven, he took his last pleasure in gazing at his riches, which he had heaped up in his treasure-chamber. Here his daughter-in-law, the Czarina Irene, found him among his money-bags and jewels, and tried to offer him the consolation of the dying. But Ivan treated her with such brutality that she hastily took to flight. Thus the dreaded 18th of March came on. The sick man felt better, and put on an ornamented dressing-gown instead of the monkish cowl, saying he understood his old body much better than did the sixty prophets. He ordered the checker-board to be brought, but while setting the pieces he fell dead." The people endured his brutalities with the utmost patience. They would say, with a submission which has not yet wholly disappeared: "The word of the Czar is the voice of God. His will is God's will. What he commands, that happens, and there can be no resistance," etc. Still, the history of Russia is bloody enough to justify the witty saying of a Russian: "La tyrannie tempérée par l'assassinat c'est la Magna Charte des Russes."

A chapter tells the story of the false Demetrius, one of the most dramatic incidents in history, and which indeed has been dramatized by Pouschkine, Schiller, and Mérimée. Long and interesting extracts from various authors who visited Russia in the seventeenth century are given. We speak at length of this book, because the reader who is at all interested in Russian literature—in some respects, as in contemporary fiction, for example, hardly second to any in Europe—can learn from it

so much that will explain certain Russian peculiarities, the docility of the people, their deep religious feeling, etc., etc. At any rate, they are a people of whom we know but very little, and they well deserve our study; and this book is no mere dull record of dates and facts.

Dr. Karl Köstlin, of the University of Tübingen, has written a very readable book about Hegel, which we can recommend to all who have voluntarily given up the hope of ever knowing anything more than the name of one of Germany's greatest men. Perhaps the book is condemned by the mere fact that it is called readable; whether it fairly represents the philosopher we shall not venture to say, remembering the speech of Hegel on his death-bed: "There is only one man who understands me, and he don't!" But with all modesty we recommend it.

In original fiction Germany lingers behind the rest of Europe, although there is probably no country in the world where foreign novels are so generally read. Hackländer's last volume, *Nahes und Fernes*, however, is rather entertaining. There are two stories; the first, called *Die Spuren eines Romans*, is gently comic, and may well be read by those students of the language who can let their satisfaction at mastering the German replace the proper pleasure the writer of fiction likes to produce within his reader's breast. The other, *Unter den päpstlichen Zuaven*, is sentimental enough and charming enough to touch the crustiest reader.

There is naturally no lack in Germany of books about the war. The *Vollständige Geschichte*, by Count Hohenthal, is a work of popular character. We have only the second part before us. It was published before the close of last year, and contains on its cover the following advertisement, which will serve as an excellent example of the practical and prophetic nature of the Germans: "Immediately after the conclusion of peace a last volume will be published, of about this size and price, entitled, 'Around and in Paris.' Table of Contents of the third volume: Around Paris. The German Heroes. The captured and besieged Fortresses. The Theatre of War in the South and Southeast. The Size and Activity of the Hostile Fleets. In Paris. The Negotiations and Conclusions of Peace. The New Germany. Plan in Paris, etc."

My Study Windows. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, A. M., Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS complement of the charming volume "Among my Books" has the same general character, in being a collection of essays and criticisms hitherto published; but it has a wider outlook, as one may say, and opens not only upon the landscape near by, but the world of affairs and men beyond. In some sort, Mr. Lowell's books always do this, of course; they always treat of literature and of life in their inseparability; poets he always recognizes as a part of out-doors, and the sun and air get into his talk of them; but here in two papers there is a frank invitation to look with him from the study windows, and enjoy the things he likes in summer and winter; while in others he touches themes related to political and national more than to literary interests.

We believe that we have read with more interest than anything else in the book the essay on Pope, which is not the best thing there. We like it as an illustration of what we think the highest and rarest spirit of criticism; for with all our modern talk of liberality, we have scarcely a true appreciation of wide-mindedness. We do not mean to attribute to Mr. Lowell any remarkable softness in judgment or tenderness in sentence; but we do mean to recognize in him a very extraordinary justice to all kinds of excellence. So very few critics are able to allow the existence of virtues and powers which they do not like, that Mr. Lowell is almost unique in his readiness to do so. He is singularly able to declare if a thing is good in its way, without regard to whether it is his way or not; and his criticism on Pope in this volume is a triumph of fairness and generosity. No two men by instinct and by training could well be more different than the poet and this critic of his, yet we doubt if Pope has ever had so much justice done him before; has ever had his faults so clearly separated from his good qualities, and the balance in favor of his being a poet so accurately and frankly stated. It is no easy thing nowadays to say that Pope is a poet; for Mr. Lowell it must have been a very hard thing; but he does say it, and very conclusively, we think. We praise the verdict and its spirit; as for the manner of the essay, or its management in parts, it does not

seem so successful as others in the book. But as you read it you feel that so might some liberal contemporary of Pope, who disliked Pope and his method, have written of him; so might Addison have written if, with an equal graciousness, he had had all our critic's wit and subtlety.

The same liberality is observable in the notices of Swinburne and Thoreau, both affected, in their widely different ways, as well as Pope, yet having each his peculiar excellence. We are not sure, though, after all, that Carlyle did not afford Mr. Lowell a more signal triumph than either of the others. In addition to Carlyle's overweening mannerism and perversity, along with which it is so hard to allow that greatness can exist, there is an outstanding account for damages to the national feeling to settle, only a little less enormous than that on the score of the Alabama; and many of us would like to make him pay with his fame for errors of his head and heart, if we honestly might. Yet Mr. Lowell succeeds in doing him perfect justice, with a leaning to mercy's side. But we doubt if those who have begun to read Carlyle too late to know his value as a liberator will ever be able to rid themselves of the feeling that he has a spice of real malignity in him, and, so far as a man may be, is a misanthrope.

In writing of at least two characters in this book we can conceive that Mr. Lowell had entire and unmixed pleasure. He seems, to be sure, to enjoy the trial and sentence of poor Percival, but still has a conjecturable regret that poor Percival should have existed at all; though we fear that no one else will have the magnanimity to share this after reading the essay which he has occasioned. It is the delight of writing of Emerson and of Chaucer which nothing alloys, and the treatment of both these is responsively fine. The brief paper on "Emerson the Lecturer" is not an examination of his genius, but rather an expression of the common sense of it, the general gratitude, the universal regard; and with what surpassing delicacy is the tribute paid! With what sweetness and warmth is the poet assured of the affection which is in the honor rendered him! The essay lights up even his foibles so tenderly that a palliation of them would seem unfriendly.

Chaucer is an old and favorite subject

with Mr. Lowell, first treated nearly thirty years ago in the "Conversations on some of the old Poets," and again in his lectures on English poets delivered before the Lowell Institute. It is probably as well felt and as well thought out, therefore, as anything that he has written; it is at least one of his most characteristic criticisms. Its form is that into which his more elaborate critical work preferably casts itself. His approach to the Chaucerian peculiarities, virtues, or beauties is wide and discursive; many things by the way arrest him or turn him aside; and when he comes to what Chaucer actually wrote, he has not much to say. He does not give many "striking passages," and his affair seems to have been rather with what Chaucer was than what he wrote; yet somehow you have gained a clear impression of cheerfulness, ease, tolerance, fineness, humor, and tenderness greatly and singularly combined, which form the Chaucer of literature, and which you are glad to believe showed themselves in the Chaucer of history. Reviewing the ground gone over, you see how constantly your steps have tended towards Chaucer, and how those pauses were merely occasions for letting him present himself in better lights. This is the effect; we do not say the design. We are made to know Chaucer in his essential and imperishable modernness, and to realize how much more he is our contemporary than any poet of the last century, or perhaps since Shakespeare; how much more than many men of our own time. He is rescued from the antiquarians and the lovers of the quaint, and set fairly before us in his integrity as a poet.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to speak particularly of the delightfulness of the papers "My Garden Acquaintance" and "A Good Word for Winter," though we regret this the less because they are things that will readily commend themselves. "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" is exquisite in its way, and it is none the less true because it betrays that we are still sensitive to European patronage and despite, however little reason there may be to care for such things. Mr. Lowell's paper is full of well-bred satire and good-humored amusement at the impertinences we suffer; but one still feels that the most effective return made for them was Hawthorne's less admirable *coufflet* full in the condescending and admiring face of Bull.

The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. In three volumes. Vol. II. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

It is now nearly three years since Mr. Greene gave us the first volume of his great ancestor's life; but there is reason for this long delay in the nature of the work done. The present volume is devoted almost entirely to the examination of General Greene's history as Quartermaster-General, from the time of his appointment in 1778 to the time when he assumed the command of the Southern Army, in 1780. This was a period concerning which many questions had arisen, and which had made Greene the victim of much unmerited blame. His biographer, therefore, enters very fully into its details, and the result is a story of perhaps not the greatest general interest, but of the most satisfactory character, as establishing Greene's claim to the gratitude of the country. He was a horn fighter, though a born Quaker, and his acceptance of the office of quartermaster was an act of pure self-sacrifice, which he performed at the earnest instance of Washington, and from motives of unselfish patriotism. He fulfilled its duties in spite of distrust, unfriendly official criticism, and public and private opposition, buying from the reluctance and poverty of the people, with a prodigiously depreciated currency, the provision which the English commanded in abundance with their gold, and encountering with a surprising measure of success the difficulties in his way. It was only when Congress attempted, in the midst of a campaign, to introduce a new system for the conduct of the quartermaster's department, — a system which he totally disapproved, — that Greene refused any longer to serve in a capacity so ungrateful to him. His action created great feeling at the time, and there was talk in Congress of removing him from his command in the line, which he had consented to forego in order to serve as quartermaster; but the warm protest of Washington against this cruel measure helped to defeat it. The approval of the Commander-in-Chief was probably more desired by Greene than that of any or all others, and he received this in the most emphatic terms, in a letter declaring: "You have conducted the various duties of it [the quartermastership] with capacity and diligence, entirely to my satisfaction, and, as far as I

have opportunity of knowing, with strictest integrity."

The remaining chapters, after the history of the quartermastership is disposed of, relate to Greene's appointment to the command of the Army of the South, and his preparations for that service in which he so gloriously distinguished himself. The first two chapters in the volume tell the story of the famous Conway Cabal for the disgrace and removal of Washington; while a chapter of Greene's history as quartermaster treats of the Arnold treason, and the execution of André, — Greene being president of the court that condemned him. In a characteristic letter to his wife he tells the story of Arnold's treason, and utters his own abhorrence of it. The letter ends with a touch of nature which brings the past very amusingly back: —

"Colonel Duer is talking to me, therefore you will have an incorrect letter. *General Putnam is here talking as usual, and telling his old stories*, which prevents my writing more. The old gentleman, notwithstanding the late paralytical shock, is very cheerful and social."

Greene's letters to his wife are always delightful, and paint him in a very charming attitude; they show him a loving father and tender husband, and they are redolent of an old-fashioned manly sentiment which is very agreeable. In his day love was made in a statelier way than now, and even family affection was rather formal, at least in epistles. There remains a pleasant flavor in Greene's letters to his wife, and makes parts of them read like passages from some quaint old romance.

To his wife Greene writes with compassion of André and Joshua Smith, the humble accomplice and victim of Arnold's treason. He expects to be made president of the court for their trial, and is determined to do his duty without shrinking. But he says: "Mr. André is a very accomplished character, and while we abhor the act, we cannot help pitying the man. From his apparent cheerfulness, he little expects his approaching fate." Greene was convinced from the first that André's offence must be punished as that of a spy, and he acted logically throughout, deciding against André the tie vote on his petition to be shot instead of hanged.

Of Arnold Greene writes his wife with unmixed detestation: —

"His Excellency says Arnold has been

guilty of the greatest meanness imaginable, such as cheating the sutlers of the garrison and selling the public stores. From all I can learn Arnold is the greatest villain that ever disgraced human nature. . . .

"My pride and feelings are greatly hurt at the infamy of this man's conduct. Arnold being an American and a New-Englander, and of the rank of Major-General, are all mortifying circumstances. The event will be a reproach to us to the latest posterity. Curse on his folly and perfidy."

The character of Greene does not appear in this volume in any new light, and we know him here, as in the first, for the single-minded, doughty, somewhat wordy patriot he was; a steadfast and fervid friend, with Washington always chief in his love and veneration; a man of few jealousies and very transient resentments; of equal patience and courage, of great belief in the cause he fought for, and a shrewd disrespect for many of the lukewarm, reluctant, and selfish people he was benefiting. The book, through his letters and its careful study of his career as quartermaster, does much to enlighten us as to the actual character of the generation which achieved our independence, and it appears to have been very much like any other generation, — a large mass of greed and grudge, leavened by comparatively little high and relentless purpose. Greene complains of the obstacles he encounters, but he has a hearty pity for the people who have to sustain the war out of their poverty and discontent. As for dissatisfaction, there were enough of it in the civil and military councils to make one lenient to it in the population; and it does not fortify one's regard for all the Revolutionary heroes and statesmen to read of them here.

The author has done himself and his ancestor's memory the justice to reprint in an Appendix his controversy with Mr. Bancroft in full, so that the reader can have no difficulty in forming a fair judgment. The whole volume is written with great clearness and temperance. We could sometimes, indeed, wish that the author had not exercised so strict a self-denial, but had painted now and then in warmer colors, and out of his abundant materials had made more of a picture of the past. However, the fault is on virtue's side.

The third and last volume of the biography is to appear within a short time, and then we hope to recur to it.

